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ABSTRACT

This book of student readings is intended to provide factual information on the Holocaust and help students understand the importance of individual choice and responsibility for the people of a free society. Topics covered include: (1) "Racism and Anti-Semitism in Germany"; (2) an excerpt from "Friedrich" by Hans Peter Richter (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Inc., NY, 1979); (3) "Exclusion 1933-1939"; (4) "Separation and Ghettoization 1939-1944"; (5) "Rescue and Resistance"; (6) "Extermination 1941-1945"; (7) "Liberation and Reaction of the Free World 1945"; and (8) "Implications for Democracy and Universality of the Holocaust 1945 to the Present." An extensive glossary of events, people, places, and terms related to the Holocaust is included for student use. (EH)

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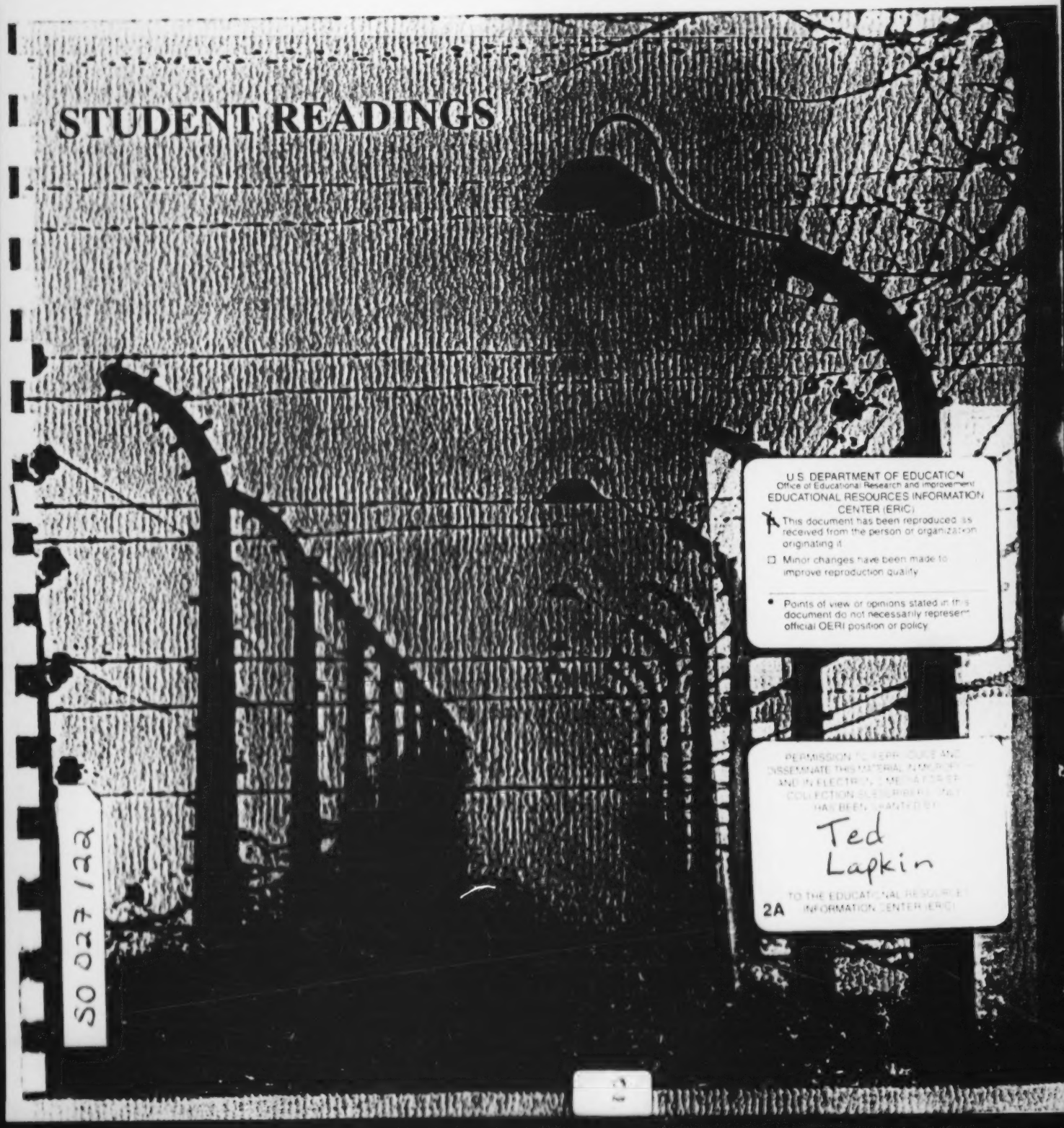
ED 419 720

A STUDY OF

THE HOLOCAUST



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This curriculum was made possible by a seed grant from the family of Monek and Fela Mischkiet. In their memory we hope to educate present and future generations about the nature of the apocalyptic event in which the Mischkiets and their close friend, Selman Spiler, suffered and miraculously survived.

We gratefully acknowledge the major contribution made by the late Rabbi Robert J. Addison, Executive Director of the Bureau for Jewish Living, to the preparation of this curriculum unit. Rabbi Addison earned his Ph.D. in the area of Holocaust studies. All those who knew and worked with him were touched by his ability to create reality out of a dream.

A STUDY OF

THE HOLOCAUST

Developed by the

DES MOINES INDEPENDENT COMMUNITY SCHOOL DISTRICT

and the

COMMUNITY RELATIONS COMMISSION
of the
JEWISH FEDERATION OF GREATER DES MOINES

in cooperation with

HEARTLAND AREA EDUCATION AGENCY

Third Edition

1992

Goals and Objectives

1. To provide students with factual information on the Holocaust.

2. To help students understand the perversion of the legal process and rejection of the institutions of democratic government and western civilization by Nazi Germany.

3. To provide students with learning experiences which will allow them to experience the feelings, emotions, frustration, desperation, and despair which victims suffered as a result of the Holocaust.

4. To give students an understanding and appreciation for the courage, beliefs, and values of the victims of the Holocaust, both living and dead.

5. To teach students the inevitable consequences of hatred, prejudice, bigotry and scapegoating.

6. To help students recognize those factors and conditions which could cause events similar to the Holocaust to happen in any society.

7. To help students understand the importance of individual choice and responsibility for the people of a free society.

Fundamental Facts

1. The Holocaust was the systematic annihilation of certain ethnic and religious groups carried out by the Third Reich.

2. The primary targets of Nazi genocide were Jews and Gypsies.

3. The Nazi racial theories which mandated the complete and utter annihilation of these ethnic groups, down to every last man, woman and child, made the Holocaust a unique event in human history, unparalleled by any other.

4. Participation in the Holocaust was not limited to the SS and the Nazi party. Engrained anti-Semitism and a desire to please their new Nazi masters motivated people under German occupation to willingly aid in the extermination of Jews.

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Adapted from The Holocaust, Yad Vashem, Jerusalem

Racism AND ANTI-SEMITISM IN Germany

Anti-Semitism existed in Germany and other European countries for many hundreds of years before Hitler.

Historically, prejudice and hatred against the Jews stemmed from the fact the Jewish people did not accept Jesus Christ as their Redeemer and did not follow the customs and teachings of Christianity. They preferred instead to follow the customs and teachings of their own religion, Judaism, handed down for centuries by their Jewish forefathers.

Because Jewish beliefs and traditions were different, Jews were kept in a state of servitude, misery and degradation by most of the Christian world. Jewish people spent centuries wandering among the various nations of Europe seeking unsuccessfully religious freedom and equality.

Later, anti-Semitism was reinforced by economic, social and political factors. With the rise of Hitler and the Nazi party in Germany, anti-Semitism became a racial as well as religious prejudice. According to Nazism, German people belonged to a superior Nordic-Aryan race, while Jews were a sub-human race dedicated to undermining the structure of world affairs and taking authority and leadership away from the "superior" Aryan race. Jews were hated not only for their religious beliefs, but also their imagined economic role in society, their tendency to live as a closed social group, and their non-Aryan "tainted" Jewish blood.

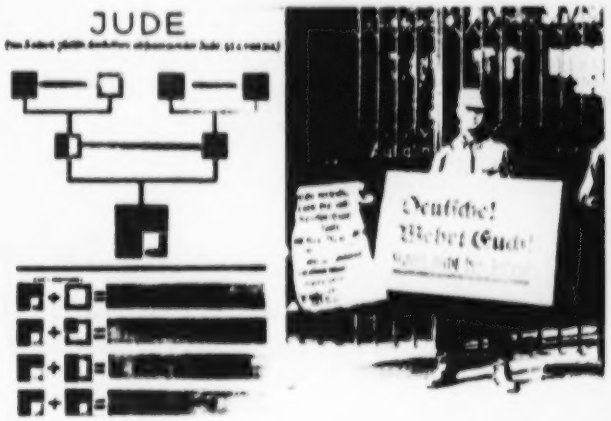
According to Nazi theory, humanity is not a homogeneous unit. When the Nazis came to power, the war of the races reached its climax. If the superior Aryan race was defeated, the victorious Jews would undoubtedly carry out their evil designs and the world would be doomed to decline and deteriorate. Obviously, if the Jews posed such a serious danger to society, any measure taken against them, including extermination, was justified. Such an attitude helped create the background for the "Final Solution".

The economic and political circumstances in Germany between World War I and World War II aided Hitler's rise to power. Many Germans refused to accept that Germany had been defeated in World War I. They claimed that the German army had been "stabbed in the back" and that disloyalty at home had weakened the front and brought about the defeat of Germany. Much of the blame for weakening the front was, of course, heaped upon the Jews.

The terms of the Versailles Peace Treaty, which established the unpopular democratic based Weimar Republic and demanded payment of heavy reparations, were regarded in Germany as measures of revenge. A sense of frustration, refusal to accept the situation and an ever-growing fear of communism created fertile soil for the growth of the Nazi party and the rise of Hitler.

Hitler and his close associates displayed a remarkable talent for propaganda, organization and political extremism. They also realized they had to use legitimate means in order to gain power. However, they made no secret of their contempt for democracy and viewed it merely as a tool to be used to gain power and then be discarded on the day of victory. 1929 brought the beginning of a world-wide economic crisis which intensified the social and political unrest in Germany. This enabled the Nazi party to acquire 107 seats in the Reichstag in the elections of 1930. Hitler's appointment as Chancellor by the President, Field Marshall von Hindenburg, solidified their power.

In "Mein Kampf", Hitler's autobiography, in the Nazi party press and in Nazi publications racist doctrines were openly stated. Anti-Semitism was one of the most powerful propaganda weapons used by the Nazis to gain support for the policies which eventually brought about the ghettoization and extermination of more than six million Jews during World War II.

	1933-34	1935-36
THE RISE AND FALL OF NAZI GERMANY	30 JANUARY Appointment of Adolf Hitler as Reich Chancellor (Prime Minister) MARCH Establishment of the first concentration camp in Nazi Germany: Dachau 14 JULY The Nazi Party proclaimed by law the one and only legal political party in Germany 19 OCTOBER Withdrawal of Germany from the League of Nations 30 JUNE TO 2 JULY 1934 The "Night of the Long Knives," the murderous purge of the S.A.	7 JANUARY Mussolini and Laval sign French-Italian Agreement in Rome 13 JANUARY Saar region annexed to Germany 16 MARCH Conscription reimposed throughout Germany, in open contravention of the Treaty of Versailles 17 MARCH The German Army enters the Rhineland
PERSECUTION AND HOLOCAUST	9 MARCH Outbreak of rioting against German Jews by members of the S.A. and Stahlhelm 10 MAY Public burning of Jewish books and of books by opponents of Nazism 	15 SEPTEMBER Basic anti-Jewish racist legislation passed at Nuremberg 
JEWISH RESPONSE	1 APRIL The "Jüdische Rundschau", a German Jewish newspaper, publishes an article entitled "Wear the Yellow Badge with Pride", the first in a series entitled "Saying 'Yes' to our Judaism." These slogans were adopted by the Jews of Germany 20 AUGUST Boycott of Nazi Germany declared by American Jewish Congress 	30 JUNE General strike of Polish Jews in protest against anti-Semitism

1937-38

16 JULY
Buchenwald concentration camp opened

25 NOVEMBER
Germany and Japan sign a political and military treaty

13 MARCH 1938
Annexation of Austria to the Third Reich

29–30 SEPTEMBER
Munich Conference, attended by Chamberlain, Daladier, Hitler and Mussolini. Britain and France agree to the German annexation of part of Czechoslovakia

OCTOBER 1938
"Aryanization" of property of German Jews begins

28 OCTOBER
Over 17,000 Jews of Polish citizenship expelled from Germany to Zbaszyn on Polish border

9–10 NOVEMBER
"KRISTALLNACHT" Anti-Jewish riots in Germany and Austria. Some 300,000 Jews arrested, 191 synagogues destroyed, 7,500 shops looted

15 MARCH 1938
Mass anti-Nazi rally in New York under the auspices of the Joint Boycott Council

6 NOVEMBER
Herschel Grynszpan assassinates Ernst vom Rath, Third Secretary of the German Embassy in Paris

DECEMBER
Establishment of 'Aliya Beth' in Palestine

1939

15 MARCH
German occupation of Czechoslovakia. Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia established

23 AUGUST
Soviet-German Pact signed by Molotov and Ribbentrop

1 SEPTEMBER
German army invades Poland – beginning of World War II

3 SEPTEMBER
Britain and France declare war on Germany

17 SEPTEMBER
Invasion of Eastern Poland by the Red Army

10 OCTOBER
Establishment of General Government in Central Poland. Annexation of Western Poland by Third Reich

21 SEPTEMBER
Ghettos to be established in occupied Poland each under a "Judenrat", by order of Heydrich

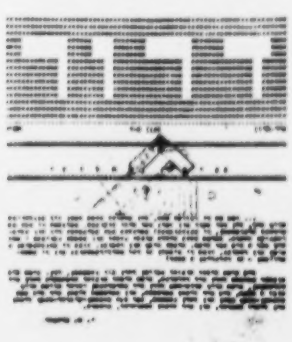
23 NOVEMBER
Distinctive identifying armband made obligatory for all Jews in Central Poland

28 NOVEMBER
Directive by Hans Frank to establish Judenrats in General Government. First Polish Ghetto established in Piotrkow.

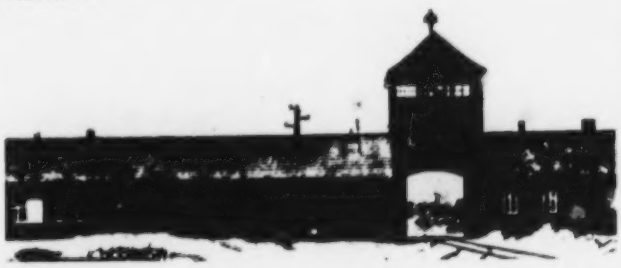
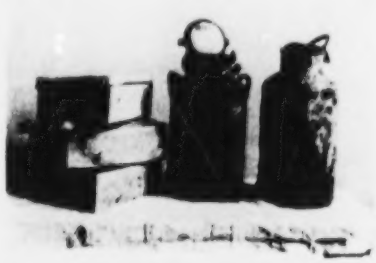
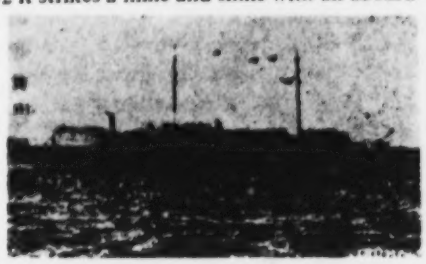
18 APRIL
Anti-Jewish racist laws passed in Slovakia

OCTOBER
The Jewish Community of Palestine demands participation in the war against Nazism: 26,000 join the British Army

NOVEMBER
Dr. Emanuel Ringelblum convenes a conference in Warsaw with representative of underground parties in order to discuss provision of aid to Polish Jews



10

	1940	1941
THE RISE AND FALL OF NAZI GERMANY	9 APRIL German Army occupies Denmark and Southern Norway. Copenhagen and Oslo taken 10 MAY Massive German invasion of Holland, Belgium and France begins 4 JUNE Evacuation of British army from Dunkirk completed 22 JUNE French army surrenders. Marshal Petain signs armistice with Germany 27 SEPTEMBER Establishment of Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis 20–24 NOVEMBER Hungary, Rumania and Slovakia join the Axis	6 APRIL German army invades Yugoslavia and Greece 2 MAY Anti-British revolt headed by Rashed Ali, and encouraged by Germany, in Iraq 22 JUNE Germany attacks U.S.S.R. 12 JULY Military treaty signed between U.S.S.R. and Britain 12 OCTOBER The Germans approach Moscow: partial evacuation of the city 7 DECEMBER Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour 11 DECEMBER Germany and Italy declare war on the United States
PERSECUTION AND HOLOCAUST	27 APRIL Himmler directive to establish a concentration camp at Auschwitz  10 AUGUST Anti-Jewish racist laws passed in Rumania 3 OCTOBER Anti-Jewish laws (Statut des Juifs) passed by Vichy Government 15 NOVEMBER Warsaw Ghetto sealed off	15 MAY Rumania passes law condemning adult Jews to forced labour JUNE Vichy Government revokes civil rights of French Jews in North Africa and decrees many restrictions against them 2 JULY Anti-racist riots in Lwow in which Ukrainian nationalists take part 31 JULY Heydrich appointed by Goering to carry out the "Final Solution" 10 OCTOBER Establishment of Theresienstat Ghetto in Czechoslovakia 23 OCTOBER Massacre of 19,000 Odessa Jews 8 DECEMBER Chelmno extermination camp opened near Lodz; by April 1943, 360,000 Jews had been murdered there
JEWISH RESPONSE	JANUARY–FEBRUARY First underground activities by Jewish youth movements in Poland 17 AUGUST Mass demonstrations by starving people in Lodz Ghetto. Organization of "Forteresse Juive" (later "Armée Juive") begins in France DECEMBER Dr. Emanuel Ringelblum founds "Oneg Shabbat" secret archives in the Warsaw Ghetto 	7–8 JUNE Palmach units take part in Allied invasion in Syria 11 DECEMBER "Struma" sets sail from Rumania for Palestine: on 12th February 1942 it strikes a mine and sinks with all aboard  DECEMBER Formation of an underground Zionist Youth Movement in France (Mouvement de Jeunesse Sioniste). Armed underground organization established in the Minsk Ghetto: the first Jewish partisan group operates in the area

28 JUNE
German and Italian armies reach El Alamein: danger of attack in Suez area

12 AUGUST
Consultations between Churchill and Stalin in Moscow.

2 NOVEMBER
British victorious over the Germans and Italians in the battle for El Alamein

19 NOVEMBER
Major counter-attack by the Red Army in the Stalingrad region

17 DECEMBER
The Allies resolve to inflict punishment on the exterminators of the Jewish people

1942

20 JANUARY
Wannsee Conference. Here the details of the plan to exterminate eleven million European Jews were drafted

1 MARCH
Extermination begins at Sobibor. By October 1943, 250,000 Jews had been murdered there

17 MARCH
Extermination begins at Belzic. By the end of 1942, 600,000 Jews had been murdered there

26 MARCH
Deportation of 60,000 Slovakian Jews, some to Auschwitz, others to Majdanek

1 JUNE
Treblinka extermination camp opened; 700,000 Jews murdered there by August 1943

22 JULY
Beginning of the large-scale "Aktion" in the Warsaw Ghetto. By 13th September, 300,000 Jews had been deported to Treblinka

10–29 AUGUST
"Aktion" in Lwow Ghetto. 40,000 Jews deported to extermination camps

21 JANUARY
"Unified Partisan Organization" (FPO) set up in the Vilna Ghetto

JANUARY
Resistance Organization set up in the Kovno Ghetto

JANUARY
Tuvia Bielski organizes the first partisan base in the Naliwiki forests, Western Byelorussia

MARCH
Belgian Jews establish a mutual aid organization ("Comité de Défense Juive)

APRIL
Anti-Fascist bloc established in the Warsaw Ghetto

JULY
Gizi Fleischman organizes the underground "Working Group" in Czechoslovakia. Founding of the General Staff of the Jewish Maquis in Lyons, France

22 JULY
Armed resistance, during the liquidation of the Nieswiez Ghetto, Western Byelorussia

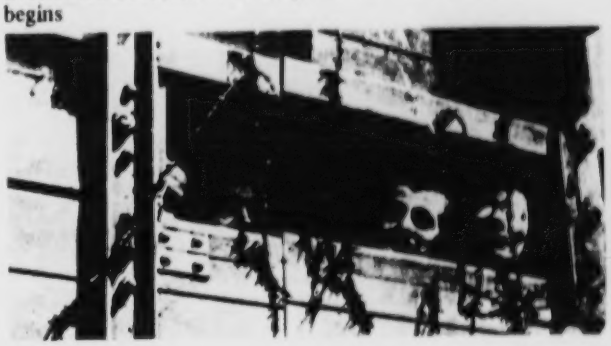
28 JULY
"Jewish Fighting Organization" (Z.O.B.) set up in the Warsaw Ghetto

9 AUGUST
Armed resistance during the liquidation of the Mir Ghetto, Western Byelorussia

3 SEPTEMBER
Armed resistance during the liquidation of the Lahava Ghetto, Western Byelorussia

23 SEPTEMBER
Armed resistance during the liquidation of the Tutzin Ghetto, Western Ukraine. An armed group organized and led by Moshe Geldenman escapes from the Kurtz Ghetto, Western Ukraine, to engage in partisan operations in the area

22 DECEMBER
Jewish Combat Organization set up in Cracow: attacks on German soldiers

	1943	1944-45
THE RISE AND FALL OF NAZI GERMANY	**19 APRIL** Bermuda Conference. Fruitless discussion by U.S. and British delegates on deliverance of Nazi victims **24 JULY** Revolt in Italy; Mussolini deposed by Badoglio **20 SEPTEMBER** Rome occupied by Germans. German army in command of most of the territory of Italy **28 NOVEMBER** Teheran Conference – meeting of Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill	**19 MARCH** German army invades Hungary **6 JUNE** Allied invasion of Normandy **20 JULY** Abortive attempt on Hitler's life by group of Nazi officers **4–11 FEBRUARY 1945** Yalta Conference **30 APRIL** Hitler's suicide **8 MAY** Germany surrenders – the end of the Third Reich
PERSECUTION AND HOLOCAUST	**5–12 FEBRUARY** "Aktion" in Bialystok Ghetto; 1,000 Jews killed on the spot; 10,000 deported to Treblinka **19 APRIL TO 16 MAY** Liquidation of Warsaw Ghetto **JUNE** Himmler orders the liquidation of all Ghettos in Poland and U.S.S.R. **2 OCTOBER** Order for the expulsion of Danish Jews: thanks to the rescue operations by the Danish underground, some 7,000 Jews were evacuated to Sweden: only 475 were captured by the Germans 	**15 MAY** Deportation of Hungarian Jews to Auschwitz begins. 380,000 deported by 27th June **31 OCTOBER** 14,000 Jews transported from Slovakia to Auschwitz **17 JANUARY 1945** Evacuation of Auschwitz; the prisoners' "Death March" begins 
JEWISH RESPONSE	**18–21 JANUARY** First armed resistance in Warsaw Ghetto; street fighting under command of Mordechai Anielewicz **19 APRIL** Warsaw Ghetto revolt **JUNE–SEPTEMBER** Hundreds of underground fighters leave the Vilna Ghetto for the forests **25 JUNE** Armed resistance by Jewish Combat Organization in Czestochova Ghetto **2 AUGUST** Revolt in Treblinka **16 AUGUST** Bialystok Ghetto revolt breaks out. Revolt at Krikov labour camp, Lublin district **1 OCTOBER** Palestinian parachutists are dropped in Rumania	**JANUARY** The Jewish underground in Budapest set up a workshop for forging documents for rescue purposes: by the end of 1944, over 10,000 people had been supplied with such documents **14 MARCH** Group of Palestinian parachutists leave for Yugoslavia, Hungary and Rumania **1 NOVEMBER** Jewish brigade leaves for Italian front **7 OCTOBER** Sonderkommando uprising at Auschwitz

GLOSSARY OF EVENTS, PEOPLE, PLACES AND TERMS OF THE HOLOCAUST

EVENTS

Crystal Night (Kristallnacht): The "night of the broken glass," November 7, 1938. Nazi-backed mobs demonstrated against Jews throughout Germany, smashing windows of synagogues and Jewish businesses. More than 100 Jews were killed.

Final Solution: Hitler's plan to rid Europe of all Jews. The plan was put into effect after the Wannsee Conference of 1942. It included the establishment of concentration camps where all Jews would be brought and exterminated. The Conference determined who would be classified as Jews and marked for extermination. Although aimed specifically at Jews, the plan also refers to the Nazis' attempt to "purify Aryan blood." About 11 million people, including six million Jews, died.

Holocaust: A complete destruction by fire. This term is used to describe one of the most tragic periods in human history. The Holocaust started in Germany on January 30, 1933 with the succession of Nazis to power and ended on May 8, 1945 with the unconditional surrender of Nazi Germany to the Allied forces. The term refers to the murder of 6 million Jews and 5 million other civilian minority victims at the hand of the Nazis.

Mitzvah, Bar and Bat: Son (Bar) or daughter (Bat) of Commandment. The ceremony that marks the beginning of a boy or girl's obligations as an adult member of the Jewish community.

Morgenthau Report: A January 6, 1944 report by U.S. Treasury Secretary Henry Morgenthau to President Roosevelt on Germany's plans for the Final Solution. In this "personal report," Morgenthau cited the "utter failure of certain officials in the State Department" to prevent the exterminations. He also accused the State Department of deliberately trying to hide the news of the mass murders. Despite the report, little was done to try to prevent the exterminations and the subject continues to be a source of controversy.

Nuremberg Laws: Passed in September 1935, the laws actually validated what was already in effect. Basically, they deprived Jews of German citizenship and forbade marriages between Jews and non-Jews. Many other prohibitions were put into effect and a series of proclamations over the next few years essentially made Jews "non-person" in Germany.

Wannsee Conference: A meeting held January 20, 1942 in the Berlin suburb to plan the Final Solution. Plans were drafted for extermination of Europe's eleven million Jews. The meeting was called by Adolf Eichmann and marked the beginning of the Nazi genocide program.

PEOPLE

Anilewitz, Mordechai: A young Jew who organized a fighting unit in the Warsaw Ghetto. He operated a secret radio station and wrote underground news sheets at the risk of his life. His headquarters were at 18 Mila Street. He was killed in the Warsaw Ghetto uprising in 1943.

Darwin, Charles: He was a 19th century scientist who wrote the "Origin of Species" and developed a theory of evolution based on survival of the strongest. His theories were distorted by the Nazis to explain or justify the "master race."

Eichmann, Adolf: He is considered the engineer of the "Final Solution." He was present at the Wannsee Conference of 19542 where it was decided to move all Jews to concentration camps for their eventual extermination. He supervised the killings of Jews in gas chambers. Eichmann was captured by Israeli agents in Argentina, where he had been living on May 11, 1959. He was convicted after a long trial in Israel and executed on May 31, 1962.

Heydrich, Reinhard: Considered one of the "worst" of the Nazi criminals, he was the head of the Reich Security Service and one of the main agents in the genocide campaign. He was chosen at the Wannsee Conference to administer the "Final Solution," but was killed by a bomb thrown by Czech partisans near Prague later that year (1942).

Hitler, Adolf: Born in Austria in 1889, he was the son of a minor customs official. Frustrated in school, he took to painting and later served in the German army during world War I. An admitted anti-Semite, he blamed the Jews for Germany's loss in the war. A spellbinding orator, he took control of the German Workers Party. He tried to take control of the country in an aborted "Putsch" in Munich in 1923 but was arrested and jailed. During his prison term he wrote "Mein Kampf" (My Struggle) in which he outlined his views, including his hatred of the Jews and his plans for extermination. Released from prison after a short term, he began building the Nazi party and was able to come to power in 1933 through legal elections. After the death of elder statesman and President Paul von Hindenburg in 1934, Hitler began to consolidate his power. Named Chancellor in 1933, he also assumed the post of President after Hindenburg's death. He required all members of the German armed forces to take an oath of allegiance to him personally. As supreme commander, or "Fuhrer," he became the most powerful man in Germany. He committed suicide in 1945 as the Third Reich was about to crumble.

Höss, Rudolf Franz: The commander of the Auschwitz concentration camp. Under his command, 2.5 million people were executed and another 500,000 died of starvation.

Mengele, Dr. Josef: Probably the most notorious, of the doctors who conducted experiments on concentration camp inmates.

Nazi: A member of the National Socialist Workers Party. From a few dozen in 1919, it grew to 35,000 by the mid 1920s. In the 1930 elections, the Nazi party got six million votes and 107 seats in the Reichstag (parliament). In 1933, the Nazis got enough votes to elect Hitler Chancellor. At that time, Hitler declared, "The party became the state." Other political parties were banned and the Nazi party became Germany's only political party.

S. S.: (Schutzstaffel) The elite guards of the Nazi party, originally Hitler's personal bodyguards. They were later expanded into a mass army to maintain the Nazi regime. Led by Heinrich Himmler, the S. S. became the most powerful arm of the party. The S. S. played a major role in putting down the Warsaw ghetto uprising and usually followed the army into conquered areas to find and eliminate Jews.

PLACES

Concentration Camps: At first used for political prisoners, they later were used almost exclusively for Jews. After the "Final Solution" they became death camps. Auschwitz was where most of the killings took place. Other death camps were Sobibor, Treblinka, Dachau, Buchenwald and Maidanek.
The Nazis also had a camp called Theresienstadt in Bohemia. It was set up as a model camp and the only one in which foreign observers were allowed.

Ghetto: A quarter of a city in which members of a minority group live because of social, legal, or economic pressure.

Yad Vashem: A research and educational organization in Israel concerned with documenting and preserving the history of the Holocaust. Also the name of the Museum of the Holocaust in Jerusalem. Yad Vashem, translated from Hebrew, means the "Hand of God."

TERMS

Anti-Semitism: Discriminating against or persecuting Jews as a religious or ethnic group. Jews are not a racial group. There are Black, Oriental, Indian Caucasian Jews. Anti-Semitism existed for many centuries before Hitler. However, when anti-Semitism became a major policy of the Nazi totalitarian government, it was used to justify the extermination of men, women and children whose only crime was that they had been born Jews.

"Arbeit Macht Frei": Literally, "Work will set you free." This was a sign posted over the entrances to many concentration camps, notably Auschwitz. It was intended to mislead incoming prisoners but was in reality a cruel hoax.

Aryan Race (Nordics): The so-called "master race" of the Nazis, epitomized by the ideal of the blond, blue-eyed, light-skinned German. The Nazis considered them superior to other races. Ironically, many top Nazis were not Aryan in appearance.

Einsatzgruppen: "Task forces" or mobile units that were charged with carrying out liquidations in countries occupied by the Germans. They were responsible for the murders of about 2 million Jews.

Genocide: The mass destruction of human beings solely on the basis of ethnic, racial, political or religious identification.

Gestapo: (Geheime Staats Polizei) The German secret police created by Hitler to track down and eliminate dissenters, complainers and opponents. They were led by Heinrich Himmler and dressed in civilian clothes. They were used to hunt down Jews, Gypsies, and other "enemies of the state."

Star of David: The symbol of Judaism - as the cross is the symbol of Christianity and the crescent the symbol of Islam. It was the symbol used on the shield of King David of Israel.

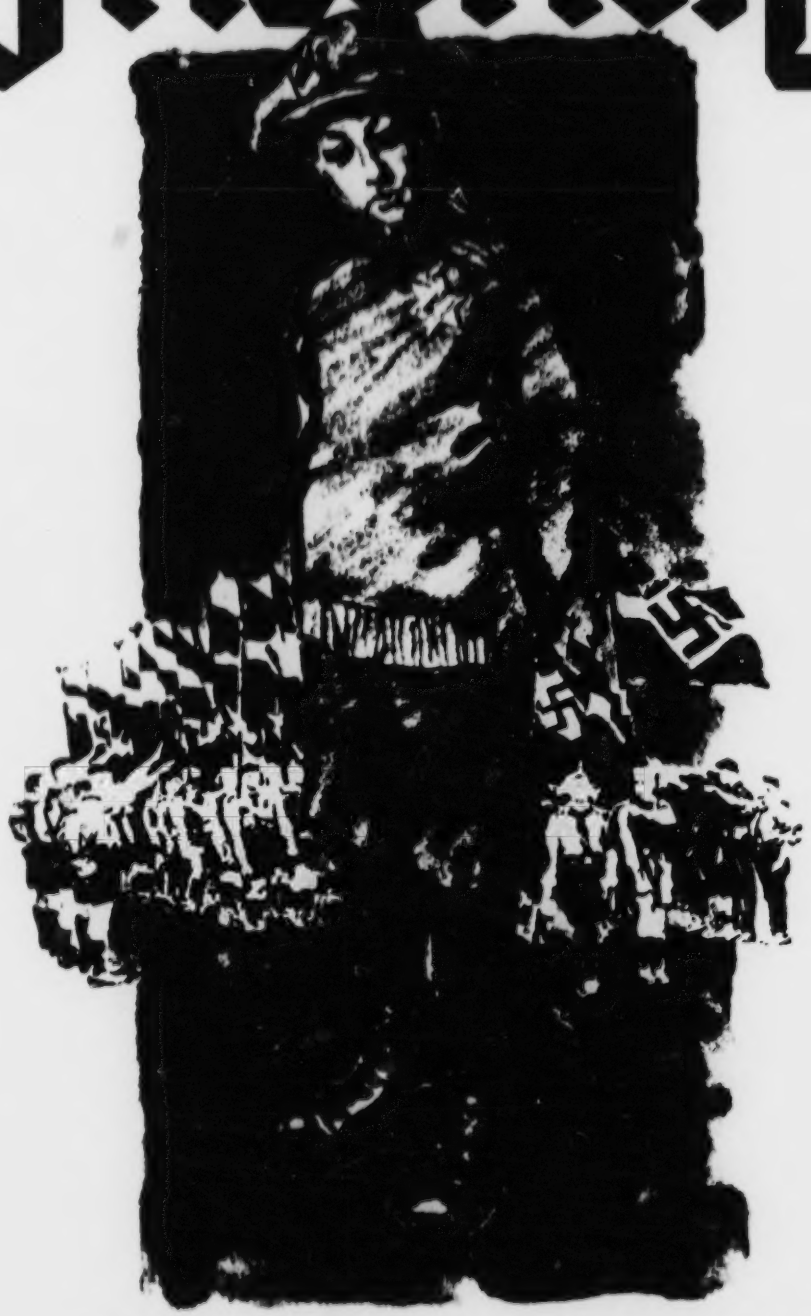
Swastika: An ancient symbol adopted by Hitler as the symbol of the Nazi party. It originally was a sun or good-luck symbol in ancient times.

Third Reich: A Reich is a state or empire. The term is used in a wider sense to mean a glorious historical period. The First Reich lasted from 962 to 1220; the Second Reich from 1871 to 1918. The Third Reich was declared by Adolf Hitler in 1933. He predicted that this empire would last 1000 years.

Untermensch: Means "subhuman." A term used by the Nazis to describe non-Aryan races, such as Jews, Slavs or non-Caucasians.

Hans Peter Richter

Friedrich



Winner of the Mildred L. Batchelder Award

RISE OF NAZISM - EXCLUSION
1933 - 1939

READING:

Friedrich by Hans Peter Richter. Reprinted by arrangement with Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Inc., N. Y. 1979.

Study questions:

1. Look for Germany's economic problems pointed out in the first chapter.

2. What were the feelings of Herr Resch and Hans' grandfather toward Jews? Were their feelings common among Germans of their ages?

3. The author tells about his experience in the Jungvolk. Describe the Jungvolk and the types of things they preached. What influence might a group like this have on young people?

4. Read the incident about the ball and broken window. Who was blamed and why?

5. When Herr Resch was asked why he had permitted the Schneiders to live in his building 10 years earlier and now wanted them out, he replied, "Times have changed." What did he mean?

6. Friedrich's teacher insisted Jews are human beings and appeared not to be anti-Semitic. In fact, he even gave Friedrich a fountain pen at his Bar Mitzvah. But he, too, was one of the "good Germans" who helped the Nazis gain power. How?

7. The infamous Nuremberg Laws affected all German Jews. An example of what these laws meant was illustrated when Frau Penk told Frau Schneider she no longer could work for her. "I'm only 28, you see," she told Frau Schneider. What did she mean?

8. Hans' father joined the NSDAP, although he was not an outspoken anti-Semite or a committed Nazi. What was his explanation for joining the NSDAP? What was Herr Schneider's attitude?

9. Friedrich's father, like many other Germany Jews, chose not to leave Germany when he had the chance. What were his reasons? What would you do if similar things were happening in the United States today?

10. What infamous event was Hans discussing in "The Pogrom?" How did it affect Friedrich and his family, as well as other Jews throughout Germany? What was the main significance of this event? How did Hans react?

11. In 1941 Herr Schneider was forced to wear something on his coat. What was it and who else had to wear it? The Rabbi compared the requirement to something out of the Middle Ages and saw it as a very bad omen. Why?

Setting the Scene

(1925)

Someone had called him Polycarp, and he kept this name all the time he ruled over our front garden.

He wore green trousers, a red waistcoat, and a blue peaked cap. His left hand stuck in his trousers pocket, his right held a long pipe. He stood in the middle of the lawn and surveyed the garden like someone enjoying the end of a hard day's work.

Polycarp never moved from his spot. If the grass grew too high for him to see the dahlias by the fence, the landlord's wife would creep across the lawn on her knees and clip the blades to matchstick length with her garden shears.

We saw Herr Johann Resch, our landlord, only rarely. He never came outside except on holidays—*if* the weather was fine. Then he'd slowly stride to the center of the garden, his wife following with a chair. Snorting, he'd sit down next to Polycarp, his garden dwarf.

Herr Resch always stayed in his chair for exactly one hour, watching the passers-by in the street. Then he'd get up, circle around Polycarp, and puff his way back to the house. Until the next holiday he would watch Polycarp, the front garden, and the street from his window.

Herr Resch wasn't just the owner of a house. He had begun as a salesman of bathing suits, but over the years he'd managed to get promoted to district manager. Now he let other salesmen do his work, while he conducted his business by telephone. At last Herr Resch could rule, and he let everyone feel it. His house was his seat of government—salesmen and tenants were his subordinates.

We lived on the second floor; that is, my parents lived there. My father was out of work, and was about to ask Herr Resch to exchange our apartment for a smaller one, when I was born.

By 1925 most Germans had run through their savings trying to survive the devaluation of the mark. There was very little prospect of finding work. Hardship and unemployment were on the rise throughout Germany.

So my parents were even more worried when I came into the world: I, too, wanted to eat and needed clothes. But I think they were pleased all the same.

Friedrich Schneider was born exactly one week later. The Schneiders lived in the same house, right above us. Herr Schneider was an official with the post office. My parents scarcely knew him. He always said a friendly good morning on his way to work, and an equally friendly good evening when he returned, but only rarely was there any real conversation.

My parents knew Frau Schneider, a small woman with dark hair, even less well. She would do her shopping or clean the stairs and immediately get back into her apartment. She smiled at everyone she met, but unlike her neighbors she never stopped to gossip. Our parents grew closer only after Friedrich and I were born.

Potato Pancakes

(1929)

Mother and I were still at breakfast when Frau Schneider rang our bell. She had been asked to go to city hall and didn't know how long she would be. She didn't want to take him with her either. Could he stay with us?

"Of course," my mother said. "Bring him down and the two boys can play together."

Half an hour later Friedrich was at the door. We knew each other, and had even quarreled. But although he had lived above us for four years, Friedrich had never been inside our apartment before.

Legs spread wide, I blocked the door to my room. My mother's pleas achieved nothing. I didn't budge. Defiantly I looked at Friedrich—I didn't want to share my toys with him.

Friedrich looked back. Then he squatted down with his back against our front door. He pulled a bit of twig from his pocket.

"My father was in the Black Forest," he said. "He brought me this whistle from there. It's a cuckoo whistle!" Friedrich lifted it to his mouth and blew "cuckoo." He put it down again and laughed.

My eyes must have grown very large. Each time Friedrich blew "cuckoo," I moved a step closer till I stood right in front of him.

Friedrich laughed again and pressed the cuckoo whistle into my hand.

At first I didn't understand. Speechless and stupid, I stared at him. Then I understood. I took Friedrich's sleeve, pulled him across the hall, and pushed him into my room and to my toys.

"You can play with them," I told him, saving only my bear. Bear at my side, I crouched in the corner beside my bed and blew "cuckoo," nothing but "cuckoo."

Friedrich started with my building blocks. He unpacked them and tried to build them into a tower. But the tower kept collapsing. At first Friedrich didn't mind. He even laughed. But then he got angry and scolded the wooden blocks. Finally, he toppled everything himself and looked for another toy. He found my truck. He piled the blocks into

it and pulled the loaded truck across the room.

By this time, I'd had enough of cuckoo calls. My lips hurt and my jaw ached from the unaccustomed blowing. I put the whistle aside and got the train out of the toy cupboard.

Friedrich handed me the rails and I fitted them together. Then we set up the cars. I let Friedrich wind the engine. The train pulled off. If we wanted it to stop, we had to slide after it on our stomachs and adjust a lever in the caboose. But the train usually stopped by itself because the engine had run down. At first we played freight train, loading the cars with dried horse chestnuts. Then I showed Friedrich how to derail the train, and we played railroad disaster.

At last we grew tired of playing. Stretched out on the floor, we stared blankly at the lamp. Strewn all around us were building blocks, rails, chestnuts, railroad cars, old rags, and bits of paper. Only my bear still sat upright in his corner, surveying the mess.

Just then Mother came into the room. She asked us to help her make potato pancakes.

We only had potato pancakes on very special occasions. They were my father's favorite dish, and Mother always let us help her make them. Father usually ground the potatoes, and I chopped onions until my eyes watered.

Since Father wasn't home, I stuffed the peeled potatoes into the grinder and Friedrich turned the handle. Mother cut up the onions herself. Friedrich and I sprinkled flour over the batter and added a pinch of salt. We were very proud of our contribution!

Mother put the pan on the burner and poured oil into it. The oil began to sputter. It smelled delicious. Mother turned the pancakes. Ready! The edges were a crisp, dark brown, growing lighter toward the center, and changing into a grayish green.

Friedrich got the first potato pancake.

"Hot!" warned Mother.

Friedrich tossed the pancake from one hand to the other.

I grabbed it from him.

Friedrich got it back.

We wrestled.

Mother scolded.

The oil in the pan sputtered.

The pancake landed on the floor.

We came to an agreement. Friedrich bit into one side, I into the other. That way we ate all the potato pancakes.

A real feast! We leaned against the wall by the stove, tired and full.

"And you didn't leave a single one for Father," Mother said. "A pity!" She cleared away the pan, then looked us over. "You're a sight!" she decided. "Into the bathtub." What she said next was drowned by our bellows of joy.

Baths are grand, but they are much, much grander if two take them together. We slapped the water, shrieked, gurgled, shouted, splashed, and laughed.

Mother had to run from one end of the tub to the other, mopping up the water we kept spilling on the floor. Not until our landlord knocked at his ceiling did we calm down. Mother used this opportunity to scrub us clean. One soaping wasn't enough. Only after the third rinsing could you recognize us.

While I still splashed in the tub, Mother dried Friedrich, and said jokingly, "Well, Fritzchen! You look like a little Jew!"

Snow

(1929)

"Mother!" I said. "Look how beautifully it's snowing. I want to be out in it."

Mother answered from the kitchen. "I believe you. But work comes first, my boy, and then we'll go out in the snow."

The front garden was buried in snow. Only the tip of Polycarp's blue cap showed above the white blanket.

Although the flakes still fell calmly and evenly, Frau Resch came out into the front garden. With a shovel she scraped the snow from the flagstones and flung it to the side where the pruned rosebushes stood. By heaping the snow onto the border until a long hill stretched all the way to the garden gate, she cleared the whole path. Then she went back into her apartment.

"Mother!" I called. "Frau Resch has shoveled all the snow away!"

Mother laughed. "Don't you worry! More will fall, lots more!"

The house door banged shut. Friedrich ran to the gate and out. On the other side he jumped into the snow, both feet at once. Carefully he took one very large step, turned around, bent down, and looked at the prints his shoes had made. Then he straightened up. He threw back his head as far as it would go and opened his mouth to let the snow fall in. He even stuck out his tongue to catch snowflakes. He stood like that for quite a while and swallowed snow until he lost the taste for it. Then he looked at his footprints again. A new idea came to him. He began to stamp a trail in the snow. Because the snow

whirled so beautifully, so like dust, Friedrich ran with both feet dragging. Clouds of snowflakes swirled around him.

"Mother," I asked, "are you going to be long? Friedrich's already playing in the snow."

Mother said, "You must learn to wait. Have a little patience."

Very quietly, Frau Schneider closed the front door. When she saw Friedrich in front of the next house, she crept up from behind. Before he could notice her, she had thrown snow over his head with both hands.

Friedrich shrieked and shook himself. He turned around. But when his mother only threw more snow at him, he ducked down, laughing. His fingers spread, he guarded his face. One leap! He stood before his mother. He hid his head under her coat and pushed tightly against her to escape from the flying snow.

Frau Schneider crouched down. Laughing, she hugged Friedrich against her and knocked the snow off his coat. Then she took hold of his shoulders and danced around with him in the snow.

"Mother," I implored, "Frau Schneider is now in the snow, too. Do please let's go down."

Mother sighed. "Don't pester me, boy," she said. "I'm working as fast as I can."

At the curb Frau Schneider looked left and right to see if the road was clear. Then she took a short run and slithered all the way across the road. She repeated this three or four times until one could see her path clearly. Then she took a few short steps, hopped onto the icy path, spread her arms wide, and glided safely across. One could see how much pleasure she got from doing this. When she had slid once again, she swayed, lost her balance; her feet rushed from under her—thump! She landed in the snow. Laughing, she stayed where she was and only scrambled to her feet when Friedrich tried to pull her up.

Friedrich, too, was allowed to slide. But he couldn't do it as well as his mother. After taking a run, he'd place his feet next to instead of behind each other, thrashing about in the air with his arms. But his mother always caught him before he fell.

"Mother," I begged. "The Schneiders are sliding now. Do hurry!"

Exasperated, Mother answered, "I'm going to finish the dishes before we go. The slide won't melt that fast."

Friedrich made some snowballs with clean snow. He squeezed them as hard as he could. He piled the finished snowballs up in front of our garden gate.

Frau Schneider also made snowballs. She collected her pile on the sidewalk opposite. Because she worked faster than Friedrich, she helped him with his.

Then they began a snowball fight. Friedrich stood on our side of the street; because he couldn't throw as far as she, his mother positioned herself in the middle of the road. The snowballs flew back and forth. Friedrich made the first hit. While his mother was bending down to get more ammunition, his snowball burst on her back. But right after that there was a white speck on Friedrich's stomach.

Friedrich and his mother got red faces from bending down, jumping aside, throwing. They were gay and exuberant.

"Mother," I said sadly, "they're having a snowball fight. I'd so like to be there."

My mother consoled me. "I'll be ready in a second, my boy, and then we'll finally go."

Friedrich's mother searched for a spot where the snow was piled high. Again she formed a snowball, but this time she laid it back onto the snow. With her hand she carefully rolled it through the clean snow. The small ball quickly grew bigger. Every so often Frau Schneider stopped rolling to beat the snow firm.

At first, Friedrich stood beside his mother, watching curiously. Then he ran off. He, too, looked for a spot of unspoiled snow. Then, just like his mother, he began to roll a small snowball into a larger one.

Frau Schneider finished first. She had the bigger snowball. With all her strength she slammed it into the sidewalk in front of our house. To flatten the top she even sat on it. She then took Friedrich's ball and lifted it on top of hers. She filled in the gaps between the two balls with more snow, then patted everything nicely smooth and round.

"Mother," I burst out, "they're building a *snowman!*"

My mother calmed me down. "Yes, yes, I'm coming!" She brought my thick winter shoes and my coat. While she helped me put them on, she also looked out the window.

Frau Schneider and Friedrich were now rolling two snow pillars to make arms for the snowman. Friedrich handed the finished arms to his mother; Frau Schneider stuck them onto the snowman's chest. This didn't seem easy to do because the arms always threatened to break off again.

"You see, it's still snowing," my mother said. She knotted a woolen scarf around my neck; vigorously, she pulled the knitted cap down over my ears. For the first time I was allowed to wear the new mittens Mother had knitted for me. Mother looked me up and down. "So," she nodded, "now I'll get ready and then—into the snow!"

While Friedrich rolled a ball for the snowman's head, Frau Schneider rummaged in the trash can. She found several remnants of coal, some potato

peel, and a broken beer bottle. Friedrich wheeled the large ball in front of her feet. She heaved it on top of the snowman. Into it she pressed the bottle neck for a nose, the coal bits for eyes, and the potato peel for ears—funny brown ears.

Mother stepped behind me, dressed to go out. "I'm ready. We can go." She looked out the window. "What a lovely snowman. All it needs is a hat." Apparently Frau Schneider wasn't satisfied with her snowman either. She examined it from all sides, shook her head, jiggled the keys out of her pocket, and came into the house.

Friedrich improved the snowman here and there, smoothed one side, and propped up the right arm. Then he looked at the front door and slowly sauntered toward it.

In the front garden he noticed the pile of snow beside the stone path. He climbed up, sank in and tramped through the high snow to the door, grinning.

At that moment, we heard a window flung open below us. Herr Resch bellowed, "Will you leave my roses in peace, you dirty Jewboy you!"

My mother stepped back. "Come," she said, "come away from the window."

Grandfather

(1930)

My grandfather on my mother's side worked for the railroad. He traveled a lot. Sometimes, when he passed through our town and could break his journey, he visited us. Each time, though, he announced his visit in advance by postcard.

As soon as Grandfather announced a visit, Mother feverishly began to put our apartment in order. She dusted where no dust was left, and spent the last of the household money to buy real coffee beans.

She scrubbed my hands with a vegetable brush until they hurt so much I couldn't touch anything with them. She parted my hair in the center and pasted it down with water so it wouldn't stand up in its usual mess.

At the given time I thus awaited Grandfather, standing behind our front door in my Sunday suit. The doorbell rang; I tore open the door. Bowing low, I said, "Good day, dear Grandfather. We are so glad to see you. *Herzlich willkommen.*"

Without a word, Grandfather strode past me. Quickly, he marched through the apartment, inspecting every room with care. He didn't stop until he reached the living room.

We were allowed to shake hands then. He made me show him mine first. Both were clean. Then I had to turn around and lift up my feet one after the other. Grandfather wanted to see if the crosspiece between the sole and heel of each shoe had been polished with shoe cream. Since we knew about this whim, he didn't find anything to object to.

Afterwards Grandfather took his place—always the same one—at the living room table. He sat very straight. Father sat down opposite him; Mother remained standing behind Grandfather's chair so she wouldn't miss anything he asked for.

I crouched silently in the corner, red-scrubbed hands on cleanly washed knees. Whenever I moved, Mother looked at me; she laid a finger on her lips, reminding me to be silent.

Grandfather, as usual, talked at Father; he reproached him for not trying hard enough to find work. And Father listened with his head humbly lowered because he knew how the conversation would end. It always ran the same course. At the end, Grandfather said without fail: "If you had gone to the railroad as I did, you wouldn't have brought your family to such misery!"

Father nodded in resignation.

"But the boy," Grandfather always added, "the boy will go to the railroad. I will see to it myself. The boy shall have a secure future and be entitled to an old-age pension!"

Father agreed with Grandfather; he agreed with him in everything. Because Grandfather helped support us. As long as we had only Father's unemployment pay, Grandfather sent us money each month. This amount went into the household fund. Without it we'd have been hungry even more often. Suddenly, there was such a violent bump upstairs that our lamp shook.

"That was Friedrich!" I said.

Grandfather looked at me sternly. Then he asked Father, "Who is Friedrich?"

Father readily explained. "Above us lives a Jewish family, the Schneiders. Their boy's name is Friedrich. The two are the same age; they are friends."

Grandfather cleared his throat. "A *Jewish* family?" he enquired.

"Yes," Father said, "nice people."

Grandfather said nothing for a while by pressing his lips hard together. Then he began: "I once had a superior who was a Jew. Cohn his name was. None of us liked him. He always smiled, even when he told you off. Friendly on the surface, he'd ask whoever it was made a mistake into his office. There he'd explain everything you'd done wrong, as if you were a schoolboy. And always with a special friendliness. One time—it was summer—I saw that he wore a square rag on his chest and back underneath his shirt, a prayer shawl with a fringe on it. He didn't even take his hat off in a room. No, I really

don't like to remember Herr Cohn."

Neither Father nor Mother commented on Grandfather's story.

Grandfather looked at us. Then he said, "We are Christians. Bear in mind that the Jews crucified our Lord."

Here Father interjected, "But not the Schneiders!" Mother's face changed color.

Grandfather got up from the chair. He leaned on the table with his knuckles. So sharply it came out like a snarl, he ordered, "I do not wish the boy to associate with this Jew!" He sat down again as suddenly as he had stood up.

Father and Mother looked frightened. It was quiet, dreadfully quiet, in the living room.

The doorbell rang.

Mother hurried to the door.

Outside I heard Friedrich's voice: " . . . can he come upstairs please?"

Mother whispered: " . . . not possible . . . Grandfather's here."

She shut the door and returned to the living room.

"Who was that?" Grandfather asked imperiously.

"A child from the neighborhood," Mother replied. "Would you like another cup of coffee?"

Friday Evening

(1930)

My mother did washing for other people. But no one was allowed to know because she was ashamed of it. Father was out looking for work, and I played with Friedrich in the Schneiders' apartment.

"What's that little tube you have over your doorpost?" I asked Friedrich.

Frau Schneider came into the room just then and answered for Friedrich. "That's our mezuzah," she said, "our home's blessing. It's to help us never to forget God and His commandments."

She took my hand and led me out of the room. On the way, she felt for the mezuzah with her right hand and kissed the fingers she had touched it with.

"Why don't you watch the street for a while," she begged me. "Friedrich still has to change and his father will be home any moment."

Before she went out the door she added more coal to the stove. She filled it all the way to the top and regulated it so that the coal would burn only weakly.

I stood alone in the living room. Mother wouldn't begin her weekly cleaning until tomorrow; Friedrich's mother had already finished hers. The table shone, there wasn't a speck of dust on any of the furniture, and the glass in the cabinets sparkled.

I was still admiring everything when Friedrich came back. He wore a white shirt and his best suit. Frau Schneider followed and pushed two chairs to the window for us; silently we looked out.

Outside it was already growing dark. Polycarp's peaked cap was difficult to distinguish from the grass. Lights were already on in a few apartments. One after the other the gas lamps in the street blazed up. Only a few people were about. It was very quiet.

But the Schneiders' apartment seemed unusually quiet. Frau Schneider spread a white cloth over the table, a cloth of such radiant white that it shone in the dim room. From the cupboard, she took two candlesticks with new candles in them. From the kitchen, she fetched two small homemade loaves of bread. These two loaves she placed on the table between the candlesticks and Herr Schneider's place.

I had long stopped looking out the window. Instead I watched Frau Schneider at her preparations. Why so festive?

"What's going on?" I asked Friedrich in a whisper.

"Sabbath!" Friedrich replied in an equally low voice.

Only a thin, blood-red strip above the roof at the end of the block showed where the sun was going down. Everything was dipped in red.

Frau Schneider removed her kitchen apron. She took a large silver goblet from the cabinet and set it at Herr Schneider's place. Next to it she placed a prayer book. Then, turning to the wall bathed in red and murmuring something to herself, she lit both candles.

While Frau Schneider prayed, we heard Herr Schneider unlock the apartment door.

A moment later he entered the living room dressed in a dark suit and wearing a tiny embroidered cap.

Friedrich went to meet his father. Herr Schneider laid a hand on his head and said, "May God make thee as Ephraim and Manasseh. May the Lord bless thee and keep thee: May the Lord cause His countenance to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. May the Lord lift up His countenance toward thee and give thee peace."

Then he opened the prayer book and read something to his wife in Hebrew.

Silent, her head bent low, Frau Schneider listened.

Still I stared wonderingly into the candlelight and did not know what to make of it all. Herr Schneider lifted the goblet from the table and filled it with wine. He held it with both hands and prayed.

Then we all drank a sip from it, first Herr

Schneider, then Frau Schneider, then Friedrich, then me.

Herr Schneider left the room to wash his hands.

When he returned, he spoke over the homemade bread: "Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, Who brings forth bread from the earth."

He broke one loaf and handed each of us a piece. We ate silently.

In our apartment someone was running water from the tap. "Your mother's home," Frau Schneider said in a low voice. "If you like, you could take her a few pears. They'll only get soft otherwise. The basket's in the hall."

I said good-bye and thank you and, with the pears, went downstairs to my mother.

Before falling asleep, I could still hear the Schneiders singing together, softly and sadly.

School Begins

(1931)

Friedrich and I were allowed to sit on the same bench. Our teacher told us a story. Then we all sang "Little Hans" and our first school day was over.

Our parents waited for us outside the school gate. Father was out of work in any case, and Herr Schneider had taken the day off.

Like all German children after their first day at school, Friedrich and I each received a large, cone-shaped paper bag from our parents. Friedrich's was red, mine blue. My blue bag was a little smaller than Friedrich's red one.

Friedrich opened his right away. He offered me one of his pieces of candy and broke a bar of chocolate so that everyone could have some.

I was about to undo the bow on my paper bag when Mother shook her head. She took me aside and told me I should wait until we got home. I couldn't understand why, but I obeyed.

At the next street corner, Herr Schneider asked loudly: "And where to now?" Smiling, he looked at us all.

Everyone regarded Herr Schneider expectantly, only Father shot a frightened glance at Mother.

Friedrich answered the question. Jubilantly he shouted, "To the amusement park!"

Again Father looked at Mother; this time his eyes were anxious. Mother told Herr Schneider, "What a pity we can't come with you. I have so much to do at home, and I haven't even prepared lunch yet."

"But Mother," I implored her, "I'd so much like to go to the amusement park."

Father stroked my head. "We can't, my boy. Think of Mother."

But Herr Schneider seized my mother's arm, and Frau Schneider linked her arm with Father's. "No excuses valid today!" Herr Schneider explained. "On the first day of school we are going to the amusement park."

Father and Mother looked very downcast. But they went.

Friedrich pushed three pieces of chocolate into my mouth at once, then we raced ahead of our parents, arm in arm, paper bags in our hands.

At the amusement park, the fathers took our hands. My father edged unobtrusively toward Mother. "You must lend me five marks," I heard him whisper in her ear.

"But I don't have any money with me," Mother whispered back. "Just two marks of my household money."

Father groaned. Then he said, "Give me the two marks! I have another seventy pfennigs in my pocket."

Mother burrowed in her pocketbook. Supposedly looking for her handkerchief, she furtively pushed the two marks into Father's hand.

Father looked unhappy. I was already sorry I had asked to go to the amusement park. The Schneiders marched ahead; we followed listlessly.

We stopped at the merry-go-round. We watched it spin. Suddenly Friedrich pushed a ticket into my hand. When the carousel stopped, we handed the paper bags to our mothers and climbed onto the horses. Mine was called Bella; the saddle blanket on Friedrich's was inscribed "Fox." It was wonderful to ride round and round again; we waved, and bounced, and shouted, and urged our horses on, until the merry-go-round stopped.

Herr Schneider bought us new tickets so we could ride a second time.

When the carousel again came to a stop, Herr Schneider and his wife, and Father and Mother as well, clambered up. They mounted the horses behind us and we all rode together.

Afterward Frau Schneider bought each of us an enormous stick of cotton candy.

While we ate the cotton candy, Father, with a desperate face, kept counting his money in front of each stand we passed. He was trying to see if he had enough to buy something for everyone.

"What shall I do?" he asked in a whisper.

Mother shrugged her shoulders hopelessly.

Herr Schneider treated everyone to a long knockwurst with mustard and a roll.

In his distress Father could hardly get it down.

I knew Mother loved knockwursts at fairs, but I could see she didn't enjoy this one because she was worrying.

Suddenly Father disappeared. He came back carrying six sticks of licorice.

Frau Schneider was so delighted she seemed never to have had anything so beautiful. Soon everyone was sucking a licorice stick.

Father heaved a sigh of relief.

We children were allowed to go on the fire engine ride. Then we watched our parents—Herr Schneider with my mother, Father with Frau Schneider—on the swing boats.

Friedrich yawned; I, too, was tired.

"Enough for today!" said Herr Schneider. "Come on! Home!"

At the far end of the amusement park, Father finally hit the right booth.

REMEMBRANCE PHOTOS
1 POSTCARD 1 MARK
2 POSTCARDS 1 MARK 50 PFENNIGS

the sign read. At once, Father made for the owner. "Take a picture of us," he said. "We'll take two postcards."

The owner of the booth bowed. "Step closer, ladies and gentlemen," he murmured. "Step closer please!"

Inside, a mountain scene had been painted on the back wall. Before it stood a piebald wooden horse. "Please have a seat," said the man.

"Where?" asked Father.

"On the horse," said the man.

"But two at most will fit on that," Father said.

"Just a moment!" said the man. He gripped the horse's tail as if he wanted to tear it out. He put the tail over his shoulder and pulled hard.

Slowly the wooden horse stretched, grew longer and longer, so long that ten grownups would have found room on it comfortably.

When Herr Schneider saw the stretched-out horse he couldn't stop laughing. I had never seen him laugh so hard. His wife had to hold on to him so he wouldn't fall over.

My father proudly mounted the endless horse. The owner of the booth brought a foot bench and helped the women up. Last of all he hoisted up the children.

When Herr Schneider climbed on, he nearly fell off the other side, he still shook so with laughter.

Finally we all were squatting, one behind the other, on the wooden horse. Our mothers held us tightly, otherwise we would surely have slid off from sheer fatigue. Only Father propped a hand on his hip. Proudly he rode in the middle, head held high. And Herr Schneider laughed; he laughed so hard at the accordion horse that he infected all of us. Even Father smiled, if only a little.

The owner disappeared behind the black cloth of his camera, only his hands poked out from it. He gave instructions no one understood. At last, he changed the ground glass screen for the photographic plate, stood beside the camera, growled "Attention!" and pressed down the red rubber ball.

Holding ourselves motionless, we stifled our laughter and stared into the camera until the man said, "Thank you." He disappeared into the darkroom with the plate, and we hopped down from the horse.

At once Herr Schneider began to pull the horse's tail. And behold! It stretched still further. Herr Schneider lengthened the horse till it reached the side wall of the booth. When we regarded it in all its length against the mountain scene, even Father had to laugh out loud.

Then the booth owner brought us the two postcards and Father generously paid him from his jacket pocket. With a bow he handed one postcard to Frau Schneider.

I sat in front. The wooden horse carried my paper bag between its ears. Behind me rode Mother. She pulled a face as if she had a frog in her mouth that mustn't hop out. Father lorded it in the center. (Everyone who saw the picture had to assume that the horse belonged to him.) Friedrich held on to Father's jacket. His paper bag towered above all the mountaintops and seemed to help support the clouds. Little Frau Schneider had grabbed hold of Friedrich's collar. She really looked very dear. Herr Schneider embraced her laughingly from behind.

On the way home everyone was still happy, thinking about the "remembrance" pictures. Only Father felt ashamed because he had taken himself so seriously on the wooden horse.

When we reached home, I stumbled exhaustedly into the hall. I quickly threw the new satchel into the corner and untied the bow on my paper bag. It contained nothing but a bag of sugared rusks and lots and lots of crumpled paper.

Mother stroked my hair. "But you know, my boy," she said, "that we are poor."

Father washed his hands and asked, "What's for lunch today?"

Mother sighed. "Nothing!" she replied. "We spent the lunch money at the amusement park."

The Way to School

(1933)

It was Saturday, April 1, 1933. We were coming

out of school. Friedrich said, "My mother dragged me to the doctor yesterday afternoon, you know. She wanted him to wash out my ears. He didn't, though."

"Why not?" I asked.

Friedrich laughed. "He said it wasn't necessary yet. To start with I'm to take this restorative he prescribed. It's quite sweet and not bad. He told me three spoonfuls a day would make me so strong I could stand having the stuff taken out of my ears."

I looked curiously at Friedrich. "And?"

Friedrich shrugged. "I took five because it tasted so good."

He still hadn't given me the right answer, so I asked again, "What about your ears?"

Friedrich pushed out his lower lip. Then he said, "Mother cleaned my ears last night."

I still wasn't satisfied. "Did you scream?"

Eyes cast down, Friedrich admitted, "Only a little."

Silently we walked side by side. It was a Saturday like any other Saturday—the traffic moved smoothly, women were doing their weekend marketing, and we had almost no homework.

"Which doctor do you go to?" I asked Friedrich.

"We'll be going by his house any minute now," he answered, pointing to an apartment house.

"That's his sign," he said.

A doctor's white sign hung beside the front door. In flourishing black script it read:

DR. JACOB ASKENASE
SPECIALIST FOR CHILDREN'S AILMENTS
LICENSED TO ALL INSURANCE COMPANIES
OFFICE HOURS: 9 AM-12 NOON AND 3 PM-7 PM
DAILY EXCEPT SATURDAY.

Across it, someone had scrawled the word "Jew" in red paint.

Friedrich shook his head. "Who could have done that?" He touched the paint with his finger. "It's still wet."

Friedrich looked around. "Come on," he said, stepping through the outside door and pressing a bell beside the name "Dr. Askenase."

We waited.

"He has no office hours today," I pointed out. "Maybe he isn't in."

We were just going to leave when the buzzer sounded. Friedrich threw his back against the inner door until it opened. We climbed just a few steps and stood outside the door with the doctor's sign.

A middle-aged man in a dark suit appeared. A yarmulke was on his head. When he saw Friedrich, he smiled and asked, "Well, Friedrich, any flowers growing out of your ears yet?"

Friedrich blushed, and in a faint voice he replied, "No, my mother cleaned them yesterday."

The doctor nodded. "There you are," he said. "I knew that good medicine would make you sensible. Or don't you like it?"

"Oh yes," Friedrich quickly agreed, licking his lips. Then he added, "This is my friend. You'll have to prescribe some for him one day too."

Dr. Askenase shook my hand. "In that case, you and your mother will have to come and see me," he said. He went on, "But you didn't come about that, did you? Friedrich knows I don't see patients on Saturday, don't you?"

Friedrich seemed confused. "We wanted to let you know . . . " he began.

" . . . that someone scrawled the word 'Jew' all over your sign downstairs," I finished for him.

"I know!" said the doctor. "I read it. Don't worry, I'll remove it tomorrow." Dr. Askenase had turned serious. He lightly touched our hair and shook hands again. "Thank you for coming. And now get home quickly." He was no longer smiling as he closed the door behind us.

When we came out of his house, we saw people had gathered at the next corner.

"An accident!" guessed Friedrich.

We unbuckled the satchels on our backs and put them under our arms.

I bounded ahead. At the corner was a small stationery shop. To get into it you had to go down a few steps. Besides ink, drawing pads, and colored paper, it also sold candy: chocolate bars at five pfennigs each or licorice at two pfennigs a stick. The shop belonged to a little old man with a pointed beard. We bought our notebooks in his shop. The old man was always kind and friendly. Often he took a pfennig off the price and gave us some candy as well.

Sometimes we had made fun of the old man and his goat's voice, bleating loudly as we came down his stairs. But he never took this amiss. Indeed, it sometimes occurred to us that he would bleat extra loud for our sakes.

Outside his shop a crowd had collected. The people stood pressed so closely together that one couldn't see what was going on. A few were laughing and jeering, others looked serious.

We shoved our way to the front of the throng to see better. No one hindered us; a young woman even gave us a push forward.

Beneath the sign ABRAHAM ROSENTHAL, STATIONERY a man in gray breeches straddled the entrance to the shop. His puttees were untidily wound around his calves. He wore an armband with a swastika on the left sleeve of his yellow shirt.

In his right hand he held a broomstick, an ordi-

nary broomstick, and fastened to it was a cardboard sign that read, in clumsy letters:

DON'T BUY FROM JEWS.

An old woman carrying a worn shopping bag walked up to the sign. From her coat pocket she pulled a pair of glasses that were missing one ear piece. Holding them close to her eyes, she tried to read the sign.

The sign carrier pretended not to notice the old woman, staring right over her at the crowd.

The woman put her glasses back in her pocket. Searchingly she pattered back and forth in front of the man with the armband; finally, she stopped and said quietly: "Kindly let me pass!"

Without moving and without looking at the woman, the picketer recited in a monotone: "DON'T BUY FROM JEWS!"

"But I want to!" the old woman insisted; and when the man didn't budge, she squeezed between him and the wall and flitted down the stairs and into the shop.

The bystanders grinned. In the back rows, some even laughed out loud.

The man with the sign didn't move a muscle; only his left hand, thumb stuck behind the buckle of his belt, clenched into a fist.

Shortly afterward the old woman pulled herself up the stairs. A roll of blue wrapping paper for schoolbook covers peeked out of her bag. Smiling, the woman—leading with her shoulder—pushed herself past the man. With a nod, she told him, "Thank you very much, young man." Holding herself very straight, she walked past the crowd, carrying the shopping bag in a way that everyone could see the wrapping paper she had bought. Nearsightedly, she smiled at them all and walked away.

Abraham Rosenthal stepped into the doorway of his basement shop. His face serious, he peered at the people outside his shop.

Politely Friedrich greeted Herr Rosenthal so pointedly that no one could fail to notice.

I merely nodded to him.

The little man with the pointed beard answered with a silent bow. Through clenched teeth the sign bearer snarled at us: "Get away from here, go on!"

Friedrich looked him up and down and said, "We can stand here as long as you can!"

The man pushed out his lower jaw; taking a deep breath he asked in a threatening voice: "Want to be fresh, brat?"

A few people walked away, the rest drew back a step. All of a sudden it was utterly quiet; no one talked, no one laughed.

We stood alone. The man breathed hard. The cardboard sign shook.

I saw a hand settling on Friedrich's shoulder at the same time that I felt a touch on mine.

We both turned around.

Behind us stood Friedrich's father. He said: "Come!"

Then he took us home.

The Jungvolk

(1933)

I ran down the stairs. At the front door, I pressed the Schneiders' bell: three times short, once long, that was our signal. Then I sauntered through the front garden past Polycarp and walked to the corner.

Friedrich arrived almost at once. "Thanks a lot," he said breathlessly. "Thanks so much for fetching me."

Side by side, we walked in the direction of the park. We were early and didn't have to hurry.

"I'm so glad, you know!" Friedrich began afresh. "But you mustn't tell my father. He doesn't like my going there. You know, I saw you all marching through town with your flag and singing. I think that's really great. I'd love to take part, but Father won't let me join the *Jungvolk*. Still, maybe he'll change his mind after a while."

We ambled through the park. Through the trees, we could make out the brown brick buildings of the old fortress.

"What's on for today?" asked Friedrich. "More war games?"

I shook my head. "Wednesdays are club nights. We can bring strangers only on Wednesdays. But you'd better not mention right away that you're a Jew."

Friedrich put his arm around my shoulder and whispered to himself, "Oh, I'm so pleased!"

"Our squad leader's a great fellow," I told him. "He's been a member for ages. You can see his neckerchief pinned to the wall of the clubhouse; it has a cut right through the middle. He wore it during a raid. A communist tried to stab him, but his knife only cut the cloth and he wasn't harmed."

Friedrich fished around in his trouser pocket. "I almost forgot about this!" he shouted, pulling out a black, three-cornered scarf. "I swiped it from Mother's first aid box," he said, smiling.

We stopped at the next park bench. I showed Friedrich how to roll his scarf according to regulations, then I placed it underneath his white shirt collar so that only a corner hung out in back. I was just about to tie a knot in front when Friedrich pulled a ring from his trouser pocket. It was made of brown

leather and had a swastika stamped in it. Not even our squad leader owned such a grand ring.

Friedrich proudly slid the ring over the rolled ends of the triangular scarf all the way to his neck. When he saw how I envied him his ring he was still more delighted. He pushed out his chest, fell into step with me, and together we marched through the old fortress gate to the parade grounds.

The others were already in the courtyard; they didn't pay any attention to us. Most of them wore short pants and any old striped or checked shirt; only a few owned the regulation brown shirt. Strictly speaking, no one was properly dressed. The only thing everyone had in common was the triangular neckerchief with the corner showing below the shirt collar in back.

With shining eyes Friedrich leaned against the wall beside me. "I'm so glad I can be here!" he said, touching his neckerchief ring.

My platoon leader arrived at last. He was about fifteen and wore the regulation uniform we all longed for.

I reported that I had brought a new boy. "In order!" he said. "But I don't have time now. We'll take care of it later!" Then he ordered us all to fall in line. We fell in line.

I pushed Friedrich into the back row next to me.

"Right turn! Close it up! Single file!"

There was some confusion because Friedrich didn't quite know how to march in single file. He got a few jabs in his ribs before he stamped behind me up the narrow, winding stairs.

Our club house was a windowless room in the old fortress. A strong bulb dangled from the ceiling by two wires. Entering, one's eyes met the picture of Adolf Hitler on the wall facing the door. Underneath the picture our squad leader's famous scarf was stretched to full width. The many fingers that had reverently passed over the fabled cut had widened it to a hole so large you could stick your head through it.

On the right wall hung two crossed poles, their black pennants fastened with pins to the wall. The white embroidered victory rune, ᛋ, sign of the *Jungvolk*, looked resplendent in the center of the black pennant.

On the wall beside the door, a platoon leader had tried his hand at maxims in watercolor. "Be more than you seem!" was one, and a second read: "Fight for your life!"

Friedrich shivered with excitement as he sat down beside me on the wooden bench. "Great!" he whispered. "I'm so glad I'll be joining the *Jungvolk* and become a *Pimpf*."

We had hardly sat down when my platoon leader bellowed: "Attention!" Everyone jumped up and stood facing Hitler's picture. The platoon leader spoke to our squad leader.

With heavy tread our squad leader stepped beneath the picture. He lifted his hand. *"Sieg Heil,* boys!"

"Sieg Heil, Fähnleinführer!" we replied.

Friedrich shouted it with such enthusiasm his voice broke and tears came into his eyes.

"Sit down!" ordered the squad leader, and above the din of dropping onto the benches, he began: "Boys, I brought someone special to our club evening tonight. He is Special Delegate Gelko from the District Office of our party. He wants to talk to you about something very important."

Only then did I notice the hunchback. He was so short he didn't stand out among the boys. He was covered from head to toe in brown; he even wore brown boots. The visor of his cap—also brown—hid his face.

He walked to the front. But he couldn't see the whole room. In the end, the platoon commander brought an empty orange crate. The hunchback climbed onto it and began his speech.

"Pimpfe of our *Führer!"* The voice was unpleasantly shrill. "I have been delegated to talk to you today about the Jews. You all know Jews. But you all know too little about them. This will be different an hour from now. You will then know what a danger Jews represent for us and our nation."

Friedrich sat bent slightly forward beside me on the bench. His eyes hung on the speaker. His mouth slightly open, he devoured every word.

The hunchback seemed to feel this and soon it looked as if he were addressing his speech to Friedrich alone. His words were effective. He was able to paint everything in such colors that we believed it was actually happening before our eyes. What he now told us made even those with colds forget to cough.

"With a large knife," he said, "a knife as long as my arm, the Jew priest steps beside the poor cow. Very slowly, he raises the knife. The beast feels the threat of death; it bellows, tries to wrench free. But the Jew knows no mercy. Quick as a flash he drives the wide knife into the animal's neck. Blood spurts; it befouls everything. The animal is in a frenzy, its eyes fixed, staring in horror. But the Jew knows no pity; he doesn't shorten its suffering; he wallows in the pain of the bleeding animal; he wants that blood. And he stands by and watches the animal slowly bleeding to its pitiful death. It's called kosher butchering!—The God of the Jews demands it!"

Friedrich bent so far forward I was afraid he'd topple off the bench. His face was pale, his breathing labored; his hands clutched his knees.

The hunchback told of murdered Christian chil-

dren, of Jewish crimes, of wars.

Just listening made me shudder.

Finally the speaker ended: "One sentence, one sentence only I want to hammer into your brains; I will repeat it until it comes out of your ears, and repeat it: The Jews are our affliction! And again: The Jews are our affliction. And another time: *The Jews are our affliction!*"

Sweating and exhausted, the little special delegate stood on his orange box. It was completely quiet in the room.

Then the hunchback pointed to Friedrich. "What is the sentence?" he asked him.

Friedrich didn't move.

"What is the sentence?" the speaker asked more sharply. Friedrich sat stiffly and hunched forward beside me on the bench.

"What is the sentence?" The voice of the special delegate cracked. He hopped off the box and walked toward Friedrich with pointed finger.

Friedrich swallowed.

The hunchback stood before him. His eyes stabbed at Friedrich. He grabbed his scarf and slowly pushed the ring upwards.

"What is the sentence?" he barked.

In a faint voice Friedrich said, "The Jews are our affliction."

The hunchback hauled Friedrich up from the bench in one movement. "Stand up when I talk to you!" he screamed in his face. "And reply loudly if you please!"

Friedrich stood up straight. He was still pale. In a clear voice he proclaimed: "The Jews are our affliction."

There wasn't a sound. Friedrich turned around. The ring was in the hunchback's hand.

Friedrich left the club unhindered. I stayed where I was.

The Ball

(1933)

We ran along the street. Friedrich kept close to the houses; I stayed on the curb. I threw the little rubber ball I'd been given in the shoe store. It hit the center of the sidewalk and bounced high. Friedrich caught it and threw it back to me.

"My father will be home any moment!" he called to me. "I must get back soon. We're going shopping today. Maybe someone'll give me a ball, too!"

I nodded and jumped over a manhole. I waited until a pedestrian had gone by, then hurled the ball back to Friedrich.

Friedrich hadn't been watching.

There was a crash.

The ball rolled harmlessly back to me.

Friedrich stared openmouthed at the smashed shop window. I bent to pick up the ball, not yet believing what had happened.

Suddenly the woman stood before us. She grabbed Friedrich's arm and began to screech.

Doors and windows opened. A crowd gathered.

"Thieves! Burglars!" the woman shouted.

Her husband stood by the shop door, hands in his pockets, smoking a pipe.

"This good-for-nothing Jewboy here broke my shop window," she told everyone who cared to listen. "He wants to rob me." She turned to Friedrich. "But you didn't quite make it this time, did you. Because I'm always watching. I know you, you won't get away from me. You pack of Jews, they should get rid of you. First you ruin our business with your department stores, then you rob us on top of it! Just you wait, Hitler will show you yet!" And she shook Friedrich violently.

"But he didn't do it!" I yelled. "*I* threw the ball, *I* broke your window. We didn't want to steal!"

The woman looked at me, eyes large and stupid. Her mouth dropped open.

Her husband had swept the broken glass into the gutter. He collected the rolls of thread, the stars of black and white yarn, the balls of colorful embroidery yarn from the display case and carried them into the shop.

The woman's eyes grew very small. "How dare you interfere? What are you doing here anyway? Away with you! You don't think you have to protect this rotten Jewboy because you're living in the same house, do you? Go on, beat it!"

"But I threw the ball!" I said again.

The woman lunged at me, without letting go of Friedrich. Friedrich cried. He wiped his tears on his sleeve, smearing his whole face.

Someone had called the police.

Out of breath and sweating, a policeman arrived on a bicycle. He asked the woman to tell him what had happened.

Again she told the story of the attempted burglary.

I tugged at his sleeve. "Officer," I said, "he didn't do it. I broke the pane with my ball."

The woman looked at me threateningly. "Don't you believe him, Officer!" she said. "He only wants to protect the Jewboy here. Don't you believe him. He thinks the Jew's his friend just because they live in the same house."

The policeman bent down to me. "You don't understand this yet, you're too young still," he explained. "You may think you're doing him a favor by standing up for him. But you know he's a Jew.

Believe me, we grownups have had plenty of experiences with Jews. You can't trust them; they're sneaky and they cheat. This woman was the only one who saw what happened, so . . . "

"But she didn't see it!" I interrupted him. "Only I was there, and I did it!"

The policeman frowned. "You wouldn't try to call this woman a liar." I wanted to explain, but he didn't let me.

He took Friedrich's wrist from the woman and led him toward our house, followed by the woman and a long line of curious onlookers.

I joined the line.

Halfway there we ran into Herr Schneider.

Sobbing, Friedrich shouted, "Father!"

Astonished, Herr Schneider surveyed the procession. He came closer, said hello, and looked from one person to another, obviously puzzled.

"Your son—" said the policeman.

But the woman didn't give him a chance to go on. In one burst she repeated her tales. The only part she left out this time was her insinuation about Jews.

Herr Schneider listened patiently. When she had finished, he took Friedrich's chin in his hand and lifted his head so he could look into his eyes.

"Friedrich," he asked seriously, "did you break the shop window intentionally?"

Friedrich shook his head, still sobbing.

"I did it, Herr Schneider. I threw the ball, but I didn't do it on purpose!" And I showed him my small rubber ball.

Friedrich nodded.

Herr Schneider took a deep breath. "If you can swear on oath that what you just told me is the truth," he told the woman, "go ahead and register a formal complaint. You know me, and you know where I live!"

The woman did not reply.

Herr Schneider pulled out his purse. "Kindly release my son, Officer!" he said sharply. "I will pay for the damage at once."

Conversation on the Stairs

(1933)

Herr Schneider and Friedrich were coming down the stairs. I could see them through a crack in the door.

Herr Resch was dragging his weight up the steps by holding on to the banister. On the landing outside our door he stopped to catch his breath.

There they all met.

Herr Schneider said hello and was about to go on.

Herr Resch did not return the greeting. He blocked Herr Schneider's way. He breathed heavily; his face turned red. Finally he burst out: "I wanted to talk to you."

Herr Schneider said, "Certainly," and made a small bow to Herr Resch. He took the keys from his pocket. "May I ask you to step into my apartment, Herr Resch. I believe it is easier to talk in the living room than on the stairs." With a gesture of his hand he offered Herr Resch precedence.

Herr Resch refused. "Never again will I set foot in your apartment," he said. "I am just as glad I met you here. What there is to discuss can be settled here."

Herr Schneider cleared his throat, made another slight bow, and said, "Just as you wish, Herr Resch!"

Herr Resch took his time. He shuffled as far as our door and pressed the bell.

Father opened the door. I peered out from behind him.

"Would you please listen in," Herr Resch asked my father. "I need you as a witness."

Father stayed in the doorway without saying a word. Puzzled, he looked from Herr Resch to Herr Schneider, and back.

Herr Schneider looked at my father and shrugged.

Friedrich clung anxiously to the banister.

Herr Resch took a deep breath; he coughed, once more breathed deeply. "I hereby give you notice for the first!" he finally spluttered.

No one said a word. Only Herr Resch's excited, gasping breaths were audible. Father's and Herr Schneider's eyes locked together; Herr Resch lowered his eyes to the floor. Friedrich examined the stair lights, and I understood nothing.

"I beg your pardon?" said Herr Schneider.

"You move out on the first!" declared Herr Resch.

Herr Schneider smiled as he said, "You can't be serious, Herr Resch!"

"But you can't do that, Herr Resch," my father interrupted. "Herr Schneider has his rights as a tenant."

Herr Resch shot a mean glance at my father. "I didn't ask you to support this gentleman!" he snapped. "You are supposed to be a witness, nothing else!"

My father cleared his throat. "You cannot order me to be quiet, Herr Resch. Do not count on me as a witness!" He pushed me back and slammed the door.

But we stayed behind it to listen.

Politely, Herr Schneider took the conversation up again. "It really isn't done to give me such short and unexpected notice, Herr Resch."

Pretending to cough, Herr Resch replied: "You will see, it can be done."

Herr Schneider inquired, "And may I ask why you are giving me notice?"

So loud that it reverberated through the whole house, Herr Resch's shout was: "Because you are a Jew!" We heard him stamp down the stairs.

Herr Schneider

(1933)

We sat at the curb outside our house.

Friedrich was explaining the math problems.

I hadn't paid any attention in class, and I didn't pay attention to Friedrich either. With my shoe I pushed a rock to and fro on the pavement.

Friedrich worked out sums with such concentration that he didn't notice I wasn't listening. But he jumped when I kicked the rock hard. He followed it with his eyes.

I tried to make out what fascinated him so.

There wasn't a thing to be seen. The street was empty. Far off a single man walked. Slowly he came closer.

"Is that my father?" Friedrich asked softly.

I looked once more at the man in the distance. "No," I said, "your father walks faster. And anyway, it's too early; he can't have finished work yet."

Friedrich didn't answer. His eyes followed every movement of the approaching man.

The man carried a briefcase by the handle. His head hung on his chest, a hat shaded his face. The man dragged his feet. Sometimes he stopped, hesitated. Then he turned toward a garden gate. Half a step away from it, he wavered and veered toward the street again.

"He is drunk!" I said.

"It's my father after all!" Friedrich cried out, leaping up and running toward the swaying man.

I sat on, not trusting Friedrich's eyes. I saw how Friedrich stopped short just before he reached the man. Then he took his arm. The man didn't look up once. Friedrich led the way. As the two came closer, I recognized Herr Schneider.

Blocking my view of his father, Friedrich pulled him across the sidewalk by the sleeve. Turning his back, he led his father past me into our front garden.

Herr Schneider never missed saying hello. But this time he kept his eyes lowered. Tears ran down his face. He did not wipe off the tears; they rolled onto his jacket and left a damp trail.

Herr Schneider wept! I had never seen a man cry before.

Friedrich and his father disappeared into the house.

I still stood at the curb. Only when I imagined Friedrich and his father safely inside their apartment did I go upstairs.

I told Mother about Herr Schneider weeping.

Mother said, "We will be very quiet. I am sure Herr Schneider has gone through something dreadful. We do not want to disturb him."

I went to the kitchen and tried to read. But actually I thought about Herr Schneider.

Toward evening Frau Schneider came down. She was paler than usual and her hair was untidy. Anxiously, she looked around our kitchen.

Mother was working at the stove. "What is upsetting your husband, Frau Schneider?" Mother asked quietly, not looking at her. "Has he worries?"

Frau Schneider shook her head. Suddenly she collapsed onto one of our kitchen chairs. She threw her arms on the table, laid her face in them and cried, loudly and violently. The sobs shook her body and they didn't stop. Again and again she stammered, "I am afraid! I am so afraid!" One could barely make out the words.

My mother had turned in alarm when Frau Schneider collapsed on our kitchen table. Now she asked no questions and said nothing further. From the farthest corner of the kitchen cupboard she took the strictly guarded can of real coffee beans. She ground the beans and after rinsing it with hot water put six heaped teaspoons into the little coffee pot, which held only three cups.

Frau Schneider still sobbed. Her tears made a small puddle on the wax tablecloth.

Mother brewed up the coffee by pouring boiling water on the ground beans. While the grounds settled to the bottom of the pot, she fetched a bottle of brandy. This brandy—at Father's request—was only used for serious illnesses. Mother opened the bottle. She poured the coffee and added a large portion of brandy.

Frau Schneider noticed none of this. In between her sobs we heard more unintelligible scraps of words.

My mother took a kitchen chair and sat down close to Frau Schneider. She lifted her head and dabbed her face. Then she gently forced the strong hot coffee laced with brandy down her throat in spoonfuls.

It took a long time for Frau Schneider to calm down. Finally she got hold of herself. With a damp cloth, which Mother handed her, she cooled

her tear-reddened eyes. "Please forgive me," she whispered. "I'm so upset."

Mother shook her head. She stroked Frau Schneider's hair. "Why don't you tell me all about it, it will ease your burden."

Frau Schneider nodded. Again and again, tears came to her eyes. After a while she said so softly one could hardly catch the words, "My husband has been fired."

My mother stared at her stupidly.

Frau Schneider did not return the glance. She looked down at the wax tablecloth.

"But your husband is a civil servant, isn't he?" asked my mother.

Frau Schneider agreed.

"I thought civil servants couldn't be fired?"

Frau Schneider didn't reply.

"Did he—I mean—did he do something—stupid?" Mother asked.

Frau Schneider shook her head. More tears ran down her face. "They forced him to retire," she finally said. "At *thirty-two!*"

"But why?" Mother asked.

Frau Schneider lifted her head. For a long time she looked at Mother with her cried-out eyes, saying nothing. Then she said, emphasizing each word, "We are Jews, aren't we?"

The Hearing

(1933)

The judge held up the document. "Resch versus Schneider," he called into the court chamber. Then he absorbed himself in the papers in front of him.

An attorney in a wide robe opened the swinging door leading to the witness box. With his eyes he directed Herr Resch out of the public portion of the courtroom and to the witness box.

Herr Schneider stepped alone to the judge's table and waited. If it weren't for his constantly trembling fingers, one would have considered him calm.

Herr Resch's attorney placed himself opposite Herr Schneider.

The judge looked up and quietly instructed the court stenographer about what to take down. After he had done this, he turned to the attorney. "Counsellor," he addressed him, "I miss the legal argument behind your submitted writ of complaint. You move on behalf of your client that the apartment now inhabited by the defendant, Herr Schneider, be vacated because of stress on your client, Herr Resch. You do not, however, specify what this stress consists or has consisted of."

The attorney bowed to the judge. His hand gripped his robe and tugged it close over his chest. Leaning back, he began to speak:

"Your Honor. A most extraordinary case is connected with our plea for eviction—but the legal aspect is quite clear. My client lays claim to a right which must surely be granted every German today. We, the plaintiff and I who represent him, are aware that we are treading on virgin ground as far as the law is concerned, but even in Roman law—"

The judge cleared his throat. This created a short pause, and he interrupted the speaker. "One moment please, Counsellor. Under the statute covering civil suits, we are required to settle the matter at dispute as quickly as possible. If you go back so far into the past, I fear we will need several days. I must, therefore, ask you to present the facts briefly."

Pretending to be conscience-stricken, the attorney lowered his head until his chin touched his chest. Then he leaned back again, tugged at his robe, and began afresh.

I watched, excited. I had never been in a courtroom before. Mother clung to my hand; it was a new experience for her, too. Herr Schneider had asked us to come—"just in case."

In the seat next to Mother crouched Frau Schneider. Her whole body trembled, she was so nervous. Friedrich sat close to her. Eyes wide with fear, he looked in turn at his father, the judge, and the attorney.

"For a year now," the attorney was saying, "my client has been a member of the National Socialist German Workers Party of our highly revered Chancellor of the German Reich, Adolf Hitler." At these words the attorney had snapped to attention and clicked his heels together. Then he resumed his old position and continued to talk.

"My client believes with all his heart in the philosophy of the Nazi party and is convinced of the correctness of its teachings." He stepped back, let go of his robe and pointed an admonishing index finger at the courtroom ceiling. Waving his head in the air, he continued:

"And a substantial part of the national socialist ideology consists of the rejection of Judaism—Your Honor!"

As if he were dueling, he set one foot forward and pointed at Herr Schneider. He raised his voice: "Your Honor! The defendant is a Jew!"

The attorney fell silent.

The judge looked at the attorney, then at Herr Schneider, and finally at the public.

The attorney began again. In a voice that sounded as if it would break, he imploringly called into

the courtroom, "Can my client be expected to keep as a tenant in his house someone whom, according to the basic principles of his party, he must regard as an affliction to his nation, as a constant threat of danger? My client feels the presence of a Jew in his house constitutes a continuous strain under the provisions of the tenant protection law. We therefore move that the accused—"

The judge lifted a finger. "*Defendant* if you please, Counsellor," he corrected. "The defendant!"

Looking contrite, the attorney admitted his error. "Of course, Your Honor, the defendant. I ask your forgiveness." He took a deep breath and continued in an even louder voice than before: "We therefore move that the defendant be instructed to vacate the apartment he now inhabits and that he further be ordered to pay the costs of this hearing."

The judge motioned to the court stenographer. Then he turned to Herr Schneider. "What is your response?"

Frau Schneider moved restlessly back and forth in her seat. Beside her Friedrich sat stiffly upright. Behind us some spectators whispered to each other. Mother squeezed my hand still harder.

In a firm voice Herr Schneider replied, "I move that the case be dismissed. The plaintiff has always known that I am a Jew. Until a short time ago, he found nothing wrong with that."

The judge bent slightly forward. "How long have you lived in the house of the plaintiff?" he asked.

"For about ten years," was Herr Schneider's reply.

Looking at the attorney, the judge enquired, "Does the defendant speak the truth?"

The attorney tried to catch Herr Resch's eyes. "Is this true?" he asked.

Puffing, Herr Resch got up from his bench. Breathing hard, he slowly walked to the front of the courtroom. "Johann Resch," he introduced himself to the judge. "I am the plaintiff."

The stenographer took down his name.

"What do you have to say about this?" the judge asked.

Herr Resch folded his hands over his chest, gasped for air, and began: "I am a convinced National Socialist. Through my own personal effort I want to help accomplish the party's goals. The Jew Schneider prevents me from doing this. His presence in my house will prevent party friends from visiting me. But not only party friends will stay away. My business friends will not come either. Your Honor, this Jew will ruin my business. Every reader of our party newspaper, *Der Stürmer*, knows about the devastating effect of the Jews on our economy."

The judge interrupted Herr Resch. "Just a moment, please. Refrain from giving political speeches, please. Limit yourself to the case at hand. My question is still unanswered. Has the defendant lived in your house for ten years, as he says, and have you always known that he is a Jew?"

Herr Resch stepped close to the judge's table. "Yes, but you know it was different then. Times have changed. Now I cannot tolerate a Jew in my house!"

The judge waved this aside and said to Herr Resch: "Since you became a member of the NSDAP you cannot tolerate a Jew in your house. Can you assure me that in the near future you may not join a party which is against Catholics or vegetarians? If I accede to your claim today, you may stand before me in a year or two and demand a verdict against another tenant because he is a Catholic or doesn't eat meat."

Herr Resch shook his head. "But that's something quite different . . . "

At this, the attorney gripped his sleeve and pulled him aside. The two spoke together in hushed voices. Herr Resch gesticulated. His attorney kept trying to calm him down.

The judge looked out of the window.

The spectators were talking. Frau Schneider dabbed drops of sweat from her brow. Friedrich stroked her arm.

Finally the attorney walked to the judge's table and Herr Resch left the courtroom. "My client has empowered me to retract his claim," he declared. "He will bear the costs."

With a bang the judge closed the folder. From the pile in front of him he picked up a new one and prepared to call the next two parties.

Herr Schneider bowed to the judge.

All at once Friedrich cried out. Frau Schneider put her hand over his mouth.

Everyone looked at us. The judge took off his glasses and his eyes searched the courtroom. "Who was that?" he asked.

"My son!" Herr Schneider answered.

"Come up here, my boy!" the judge called.

Herr Schneider collected Friedrich and led him to the judge's table.

Friedrich was still crying.

"Why are you crying, eh?" the judge asked warmly. "You don't have to worry. Nothing will happen to you. That's why I am here, to see that justice is done."

Friedrich wiped his eyes and said, "*You*, yes!"

In the Department Store

(1933)

Friedrich wore a new suit. Like a dancer he pirouetted before me, showing off.

Even my Sunday suit didn't look as fine as that. "Where did you get it?" I asked.

Friedrich laughed, then took my hand and led me down the street.

"Where are you going?" I asked and pulled my hand away.

"Come and see!" he said. "I'll show you something. You'll be amazed!"

Curious, I followed.

We crossed the Ringstrasse, wound our way through a narrow alley and came to the market square. Friedrich pressed forward, not giving me time to glance in the store windows. We left the square through the arcade and turned into the main street.

Grinning, Friedrich greeted the man outside the District Council building with, "Heil Hitler!"

Standing at attention, the man returned the greeting.

Then we entered the Herschel Meyer department store through the main entrance.

A big man in a blue coat and blue cap, with silver braid dangling from his shoulders, tore open the door and bowed low to us.

The lights of the enormous chandelier on the main floor were multiplied many times over in the mirrors around the walls. At our approach, the saleswomen stood up expectantly behind their tables.

Friedrich would not let himself be distracted. Sure of his destination he steered me toward the up escalator. In one bound he leaped on and motioned me to follow.

I placed my feet carefully. When I had a secure footing on the moving steps, I climbed after him. But before I could catch up, Friedrich was already on the second escalator.

He was waiting for me beneath the sign: 3RD FLOOR/TOYS. He took my hand and led me to a spot where I could overlook the whole department. "Now, what do you see?" he asked proudly.

I peered around me. Everywhere were tables laden with toys. Building blocks, rocking horses, drums, dolls, roller skates, and bicycles. In the midst of it all stood the saleswomen. A few customers wandered among the tables or were being waited on. A gentleman in a black frock coat and gray-striped trousers strolled up and down; here he instructed a saleswoman; there he put a toy back in its proper place.

"I don't know," I said.

"Come, I'll help you," Friedrich said, grabbing my shoulder. Past dolls' carriages, hoops, and metal boats he pulled me along until we stood close behind the gentleman in the black frock coat.

Something about the gentleman struck me as familiar.

Suddenly Friedrich coughed.

The gentleman turned around.

It was Herr Schneider!

Herr Schneider laughed, seized Friedrich's elbows and lifted him up. Then he said hello to me and asked, "Well, whom do you like better, the post-office official Schneider or the department head?"

Hesitantly, I said: "You look so elegant."

Herr Schneider laughed again. "I for one like myself better this way." He rubbed his hands. Then he piloted us through the tables to a vast platform.

The platform was one enormous train set. Rails led over mountains and through valleys. Several trains could run at the same time and stop one after the other at the toy station.

Herr Schneider explained how it all worked, then let us play with the trains. He stood and watched. Friedrich controlled the freight trains; I took over the express trains. We almost had a collision, but Herr Schneider prevented it.

While I was attaching a car, he asked me out of the blue, "How is the *Jungvolk?*"

I looked at Friedrich.

"Friedrich told me everything," Herr Schneider explained.

And I replied: "I like it. We are going on a real trip soon. Maybe I'll be allowed to go. I am already saving money. It'll be great. We'll sleep in tents and cook our own food. I wish Friedrich could join us!"

Herr Schneider looked into the distance and focused on something. He nodded imperceptively. In a near whisper, he said, "A pity, but I guess it's better so!"

Silently Friedrich and I played on.

Herr Schneider walked up and down behind us. Suddenly he asked another question: "What does your father say about *Jungvolk?*"

I turned around. "Father is glad I like it in the *Jungvolk*. He makes sure I go on duty regularly and punctually, especially since he joined the party."

Herr Schneider looked at me, frightened. "So your father's also in the party now?"

I nodded. "Yes, he thinks it can only be good for us."

Herr Schneider sighed. He turned away. After a while he called: Fräulein Ewert, please come over here a moment!"

A young salesgirl hurried over.

"These two young gentlemen," Herr Schneider

told her, "these two *customers*, Fräulein Ewert, would like to see our toy exhibition. Kindly show them everything they would like to see and explain what needs explaining. And after the tour, each young man may choose a toy for one mark and carry it off—but one mark is the limit, understood? I'll take care of the bill. Please, Fräulein Ewert, guide the gentlemen!"

Fräulein Ewert nodded, smiling.

Herr Schneider shook hands. "*Auf Wiedersehen*, boys, and have fun!" Slowly he walked away. At the fourth table, he turned and waved, but he was no longer smiling.

The Teacher

(1934)

The school bell rang. At the last tone, Teacher Neudorf closed the book and stood up. Slowly, in thought, he walked toward us. He cleared his throat and said: "The lesson is over—but please stay a little longer; I want to tell you a story. Anyone who wants to can go home, though."

We looked at each other quizzically.

Herr Neudorf stepped to the window, turning his back to us. From his jacket pocket he drew a pipe and began to fill it, looking at the trees in the schoolyard all the while.

Noisily we collected our things. We prepared our briefcases and satchels. But no one left the classroom. We all waited.

Awkwardly, Herr Neudorf lit his pipe. With obvious enjoyment he blew a few puffs against the windows. Only then did he turn to face us. He surveyed the rows of seats. When he saw that all were still filled, he nodded to us with a smile.

All eyes focused on Herr Neudorf. We didn't talk. From the hall came the sounds of the other classes. In one of the back benches someone shuffled his feet.

Herr Neudorf walked to the front row. He sat on one of the desks. His pipe glowing, he looked at each of us in turn and blew the smoke over our heads to the window.

We stared at our teacher, tense and expectant.

At last he began to speak in a calm, soft voice. "Lately, you've heard a lot about Jews, haven't you?" We nodded. "Well, today I also have a reason to talk to you about Jews."

We leaned forward to hear better. A few propped their chins on their schoolbags. There wasn't a sound.

Herr Neudorf directed a blue cloud of sweet-smelling smoke up to the ceiling. After a pause, he continued, "Two thousand years ago all Jews lived in the land which is now called Palestine; the Jews call it Israel.

"The Romans governed the country through their governors and prefects. But the Jews did not want to submit to foreign rule and they rebelled against the Romans. The Romans smashed the uprising and in the year 70 after the birth of Christ destroyed the Second Temple in Jerusalem. The leaders of the revolt were banished to Spain or the Rhineland. A generation later, the Jews dared to rise again. This time the Romans razed Jerusalem to the ground. The Jews fled or were banished. They scattered over the whole earth. Years passed. Many gained wealth and standing. Then came the Crusades.

"Heathens had conquered the Holy Land and kept Christians from the holy places. Eloquent priests demanded the liberation of the Holy Grave; inflamed by their words, thousands of people assembled.

"But some declared, 'What is the use of marching against the infidels in the Holy Land while there are infidels living in our midst?'

"Thus began the persecution of the Jews. In many places they were herded together; they were murdered and burned. They were dragged by force to be baptized; those who refused were tortured.

"Hundreds of Jews took their own lives to escape massacre. Those who could escape did so.

"When the Crusades were over, impoverished sovereigns who had taken part in them had their Jewish subjects imprisoned and executed without trials and claimed their possessions.

"Again, many Jews fled, this time to the East. They found refuge in Poland and Russia. But in the last century, there, too, they began to be persecuted.

"The Jews were forced to live in ghettos, in isolated sections of towns. They were not allowed to take up so-called 'honest' professions: they could not become craftsmen nor were they allowed to own houses or land. They were only allowed to work in trade and at moneylending."

The teacher paused, his pipe had gone out. He placed it in the groove for pens and pencils. He got off the desk and wandered about the classroom. He polished his glasses and continued:

"The Old Testament of the Christians is also the Holy Scripture of the Jews; they call it Torah, which means 'instruction.' In the Torah is written down what God commanded Moses. The Jews have thought a great deal about the Torah and its commandments. How the laws of the Torah are to be interpreted they have put down in another very great

work—the Talmud, which means 'study.'

"Orthodox Jews still live by the law of the Torah. And that is not easy. The Torah, for instance, forbids the Jew to light a fire on the Sabbath or to eat the meat of unclean animals such as pigs.

"The Torah prophesies the Jews' fate. If they break the holy laws, they will be persecuted and must flee, until the Messiah leads them back to their Promised Land, there to create His Kingdom among them. Because Jews did not believe Jesus to be the true Messiah, because they regarded him as an impostor like many before him, they crucified him. And to this day many people have not forgiven them for this. They believe the most absurd things about Jews; some only wait for the day when they can persecute them again.

"There are many people who do not like Jews. Jews strike them as strange and sinister; they believe them capable of everything bad just because they don't know them well enough!"

Attentively we followed the account. It was so quiet that we could hear the soles of Herr Neudorf's shoes creak. Everyone looked at him; only Friedrich looked down at his hands.

"Jews are accused of being crafty and sly. How could they be anything else? Someone who must always live in fear of being tormented and hunted must be very strong in his soul to remain an upright human being.

"It is claimed that the Jews are avaricious and deceitful. Must they not be both? Again and again, they have been robbed and dispossessed; again and again, they had to leave everything they owned behind. They have discovered that in case of need money is the only way to secure life and safety.

"But one thing even the worst Jew-haters have to concede—the Jews are a very capable people! Only able people can survive two thousand years of persecution.

"By always accomplishing more and doing it better than the people they lived among, the Jews gained esteem and importance again and again. Many great scholars and artists were and are Jews.

"If today, or tomorrow, you should see Jews being mistreated, reflect on one thing—Jews are human beings, human beings like us!"

Without glancing at us, Herr Neudorf took up his pipe. He scraped the ashes out of the bowl and lit the remaining tobacco. After a few puffs, he said, "Now I am sure you will want to know why I have told you all this, eh?"

He walked to Friedrich's seat and put a hand on his shoulder.

"One of us will leave our school today. It appears that Friedrich Schneider may no longer come to our school; he must change to a Jewish school because he is of the Jewish faith.

"That Friedrich has to attend a Jewish school is no punishment, but only a change. I hope you will understand that and remain Friedrich's friends, just as I will remain his friend even though he will no longer be in my class. Friedrich may need good friends."

Herr Neudorf turned Friedrich around by his shoulder. "I wish you all the best, Friedrich!" the teacher said, "and *Auf Wiedersehen!*"

Friedrich bent his head. In a low voice he replied, *"Auf Wiedersehen!"*

With quick steps Herr Neudorf hurried to the front of the class. He jerked up his right arm, the hand straight out at eye level, and said: "Heil Hitler!"

We jumped up and returned the greeting in the same way.

The Cleaning Lady

(1935)

Ever since Herr Schneider had become head of the toy department of Herschel Meyer, Frau Penk came to the Schneiders twice a week. She helped Frau Schneider with the cleaning and other housework.

After my father not only found work but also was promoted because of his membership in the Party, Frau Penk also helped my mother.

Frau Penk was hardworking and thorough; one could recommend her to others without hesitation. Frau Penk took on as many jobs as she could possibly handle. She liked families with children best because she didn't have any herself. Because her husband returned from the factory very late in the evening, because she was bored being at home by herself, because she loved buying things, that's why Frau Penk cleaned for other people.

It was a Wednesday in the fall of 1935. I was doing my homework, and Frau Penk was cleaning our windows, when the doorbell rang. I heard Mother going to the door, and then Frau Schneider's voice asking after Frau Penk.

Frau Penk heard this too. She had put down the window cloth when Mother returned to the room with Frau Schneider and Friedrich.

"I wanted to see you," said Frau Schneider, and held out her hand to Frau Penk. "I wanted to ask if you could please come a little later on Friday. I have to take Friedrich to the doctor, you see," she added, and only then asked, "Is that all right with you, Frau Penk?"

Frau Penk looked upset. She had taken a handkerchief from her apron pocket and was twisting it between her fingers. She kept her eyes on the hand-

kerchief. After a while she said: "I would have come up later, because I wanted to talk to you anyway, Frau Schneider." She paused, then looked straight at Frau Schneider and said, "You know, Frau Schneider . . . you must understand that . . . my husband thinks . . . I really have enjoyed working for you . . . and I like Friedrich so much, you see . . ."

Frau Schneider blushed furiously. She lowered her head. Her hands played restlessly with her coat buttons. She breathed quickly.

Puzzled, Mother looked at Frau Schneider and at Frau Penk. It was clear from her face that she didn't understand what was going on.

Frau Penk pulled Friedrich to her. She put her arm round his neck, pressing him tightly against her while her left hand continually smoothed her apron.

Equally puzzled, Friedrich stared at his mother, then at Frau Penk.

Frau Schneider lifted her head. She swallowed, cleared her throat, and said: "It's all right, Frau Penk. I know what you mean, and I am not angry with you. I thank you for helping us so well for so long. I wish you all the best!" Quickly she offered Frau Penk her hand, called to Friedrich, and hurriedly left our apartment.

When Mother came back from the door, she shrugged her shoulders. "I no longer understand anything!" she declared.

Frau Penk still stood in the same spot and kneaded her handkerchief.

"Did you quarrel with Frau Schneider?" Mother asked her. "What's going on? How could you give up such a family, such a good family?"

Frau Penk turned her back toward Mother. She picked up the window cloth. Wiping the window frame, she addressed the wall, "What can I do? Do you think I *liked* doing it? But I'm only twenty-eight, you see."

Mother pulled a face, as if Frau Penk had given her a riddle to solve. "What on earth has the fact that you're only twenty-eight got to do with it?"

Over her shoulder Frau Penk peered at my mother in astonishment. "But don't you know about the new law the Nazis have passed?" she asked in a superior tone of voice.

"No!"

"Jews and non-Jews are no longer allowed to marry. All marriages between Jews and non-Jews are dissolved. And non-Jewish women who are under thirty-five are no longer allowed to work in the house of Jews."

"My God!" sighed Mother.

"Last week," Frau Penk went on, "I saw a young woman being paraded through town. Around her neck she wore a sign that said:

I DESERVE A BEATING FROM YOU
BECAUSE I LOVE A JEW!"

Mother covered her face with her hands. "But that's terrible!" she wailed.

"Do you think I want to be driven through town like that, or maybe even land in prison?" Frau Penk shook her head.

Slowly Mother went to the door. Before she left the room, she stopped and asked, "And what does your husband say to all that, Frau Penk?"

Frau Penk folded the window cloth. "You know," she said softly, "I would have known how to arrange it all right. But my husband used to be a communist and he feels we ought to be careful and not do anything wrong."

Reasons

(1936)

Father returned late from a Party meeting. Tired, he glanced at the clock. To Mother he said, "I don't want to eat just yet."

Mother looked puzzled, but lifted the pot off the stove.

Father took a chair and put it close to the door in the hall. By the hall light he read the newspaper.

Mother looked after him from the kitchen door. With a sigh she went back to work.

Father scanned the newspaper very absent-mindedly. Each time there was a sound anywhere in the house, he opened the door a crack.

I had stopped playing long before. From the living room I watched Father's strange behavior and wondered what it might mean.

When he recognized Herr Schneider's footsteps on the stairs, my father wrenched open the door. He flung the newspaper to the floor and stepped out onto the landing.

Herr Schneider was climbing the stairs slowly, Friedrich at his side; Friedrich was carrying his father's briefcase. My father barred their way.

Both looked at him in astonishment.

"Herr Schneider," Father said in a muffled voice, "may I ask you to come in for a moment?"

Herr Schneider asked: "Can Friedrich come, too?"

Father agreed. He led them both into our living room. He offered Herr Schneider a seat by the window, assigning Friedrich to me.

Friedrich and I quietly played dominoes in the corner by the stove.

Father gave Herr Schneider one of his good Sun-

day cigars; he lit a cigarette for himself. The two smoked in silence for a while before they began.

"I find it difficult, Herr Schneider!" Father murmured finally, then he said in a slightly louder voice: "May I speak freely and openly?" He looked Herr Schneider straight in the eye.

Herr Schneider's face had grown very serious. At first, he hesitated. "I beg you to," he finally replied. The hand holding the cigar trembled slightly; specks of ash floated onto his trousers and the floor.

Guiltily, Father looked at the floor. In a whisper, he told Herr Schneider, "I have joined the Party."

Equally softly and in a voice that sounded a little disappointed, Herr Schneider returned, "I know!"

Surprised, Father lifted his head.

"Your son has told me," Herr Schneider explained. "And," his voice was sad, "I would have guessed it anyway."

Father looked at me reproachfully. He puffed at his cigarette. Quietly he went on: "You must understand, Herr Schneider, that I was out of work for a long time. Since Hitler's in power, I have work again—better work than I had ever hoped for. We are doing well."

Herr Schneider tried to break in. Soothingly, he said, "You don't have to apologize; really you don't."

Father brushed this aside. "This year for the first time we can take a vacation trip together," he went on. "Through the Party travel bureau. In the meantime I've already been offered another good position, and all because I am a member of the Party. Herr Schneider, I have become a member of the NSDAP because I believe it's of advantage to my family and myself."

Herr Schneider interrupted my father. I understand you very, very well. Perhaps—if I weren't a Jew—perhaps I would have acted just like you. But I am a Jew."

Father lit another cigarette. "I don't by any means agree with the Party in everything it does and demands. But then, Herr Schneider, doesn't every party and every leadership have its dark side?"

Herr Schneider smiled painfully. "And, unfortunately, I stand in the shadows this time."

"That's why I have asked you to come in, Herr Schneider," Father again took up the conversation. "That's what I wanted to talk to you about."

Herr Schneider said nothing. He just looked at Father; there was no sign of fear in his eyes. His hand no longer trembled, and he breathed evenly. He smoked his cigar with obvious enjoyment.

Friedrich had pushed the dominoes aside long ago. He was listening intently. His eyes seemed incredibly large, but one could easily believe that they were looking at something far away. He seemed not to notice that I was there. I listened, too. Even though I didn't understand everything, I was touched by the seriousness of their conversation.

"You know, Herr Schneider," my father began again, "I went to a Party meeting this afternoon. At such meetings one gets to hear a lot about the plans and aims of the leadership, and if one knows how to listen properly, one can add quite a bit besides.

"I want to ask you, Herr Schneider, why are you and your family still here?"

Herr Schneider looked astonished.

But Father was already going on: "Many of those who share your faith have already left Germany because life was made too hard for them here. And it will only get worse! Think of your family, Herr Schneider, and go away!"

Herr Schneider gave my father his hand. "I thank you for your frankness," he said, "and I appreciate it fully. You see, I, too, have wondered if it wouldn't be better to flee Germany. There are reasons against it."

Excitedly, my father interrupted: "Everything, but everything points toward your going today rather than tomorrow. Why can't you grasp that, Herr Schneider?"

My father lit his third cigarette. Usually he smoked no more than five cigarettes during the whole day.

"These are my reasons," Herr Schneider continued. "I am German, my wife is German, my son is German, all our relatives are German. What could we do abroad? How would we be received? Do you seriously think they like us Jews better elsewhere? And anyway, it will all quiet down eventually. Now that the year of the Olympics has begun, we're hardly bothered. Don't you agree?"

Flicking off the ash, Father broke his cigarette. At once, he pulled another from the pack. He listened to Herr Schneider with a skeptical expression, then said, "Don't trust to the peace, Herr Schneider."

"There has been prejudice against us for two thousand years," Herr Schneider said. "No one must expect this prejudice to disappear in half a century of living together peacefully. We Jews must learn to accept that. In the Middle Ages those prejudices threatened our lives. Human beings must surely have become a little more reasonable by now."

Father frowned. "You talk as if all you had to fear was a small group of Jew-haters. But your opponent is a government!" Father turned the cigarette between his fingers and took another puff.

"But surely that's our good fortune!" retorted Herr Schneider. "Our freedom may be curtailed and we may be treated unfairly, but at least we don't have to fear that the people will murder us pitilessly."

Father shrugged. "Are you just going to accept slavery and injustice?"

Herr Schneider leaned forward. He spoke calmly and with assurance. "God has given us Jews a task. We must fulfill that task. We have always been persecuted—ever since we were exiled. I have given much thought to this lately. Perhaps we'll manage to put an end to our wandering by not seeking flight any more, by learning to suffer, by staying where we are."

Father put out his cigarette. "I admire your faith, Herr Schneider," he said, "but I cannot share it. I can't do more than advise you to go away!"

Herr Schneider stood up. "What you envisage cannot be, not in the twentieth century! But I thank you for your frankness and for your concern for us." And again he shook hands with my father.

Father accompanied him to the door.

Herr Schneider motioned to Friedrich. In our hall they stopped again. "And if you should turn out to be right after all," Herr Schneider said in a very low voice, "may I ask you to do something?"

Father nodded.

"If something should happen to me," he said, and it came out faintly and haltingly, "if something should happen to me, please look after my wife and son!"

Father felt for Herr Schneider's hand and pressed it hard.

In the Swimming Pool

(1938)

It was hot. No one who didn't have to went outside. Only a few people dragged themselves, sweating, through whatever shade they could find.

We had arranged to meet outside the town where the woods began and then cycle together to the swimming pool.

Mother had loaned me her bicycle. It didn't look beautiful any more, but it still worked very well.

Friedrich arrived on his shining new blue bicycle. Not only was the bicycle new; he had polished it as well. On the way to the forest pool we sang hiking songs like "Waldeslust" and Friedrich let go of his handlebars. His bicycle swung from one side of the road to the other.

Suddenly a man approached on a silvery bicycle that gleamed in the sun. Even Friedrich's bike couldn't compare with that.

Despite the heat the other cyclist seemed to be in a great hurry. He rang his bell when he was still far away because Friedrich was still swinging back and forth across the road.

Friedrich gripped his handlebars but otherwise paid no attention to the man. He forced him to brake hard.

Which the stranger did, swearing loudly.

Only at the last possible moment did Friedrich clear the way. The cyclist rode on, pedaling furiously. Friedrich whistled after him through his fingers. Far from turning around, the stranger only pushed harder on the pedals and sped down the path.

A quarter of an hour later we reached the forest swimming pool. We chained our bikes to a tree. After getting undressed, we handed in our things and received tags with numbers in exchange. Friedrich tied his to his ankle and jumped into the water. He could swim much better than I, and he was an excellent diver.

I showered first. Then I carefully went down the stairs into the cold water and swam after Friedrich.

Until late afternoon we played in the water and let ourselves be broiled by the sun. When I finally looked at the big clock over the entrance, we had already stayed past our time. We were going to collect our clothes when Friedrich couldn't find his tag.

He ran back and dived to the bottom of the pool, but he didn't find the tag. Shrugging his shoulders, he joined the line of the boys waiting to get their things. They were slow at the checkout counter. The attendant was very busy.

I was ahead of Friedrich and received my hanger first. I changed quickly. When I came out of the locker room, Friedrich was still standing in line. I wrung out my bathing trunks and wrapped them in my towel.

Finally the attendant turned to Friedrich. He scolded him when he heard what had happened. But then he let Friedrich come to the other side of the counter. Shivering with cold and accompanied by the sullen attendant, Friedrich searched for his things.

The attendant was about to let him wait until after he had tended to the waiting boys when Friedrich shouted: "There they are!" The attendant took down the hanger he pointed to and carried it to the counter. There he hung it from a hook. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Friedrich Schneider."

"Where's your ID?"

"In the right back trouser pocket. The button's loose."

The attendant looked for the pocket, unbuttoned it, and pulled out the case with the identification card. Then he took out the card and looked at it.

Friedrich still stood before the counter, his teeth chattering. He looked at the ground and seemed embarrassed.

All of a sudden the attendant whistled loudly through his teeth.

From the other side came the female attendant.

"Just take a look at this!" the attendant said. "You won't get to see many more of them." Everyone could hear his explanation: "This is one of the Jewish identification cards. The scoundrel lied to me. He claims his name's Friedrich Schneider—it's Friedrich *Israel* Schneider, that's what it is—a Jew that's what he is! A Jew in our swimming pool!" He looked disgusted.

All those still waiting for their clothes stared at Friedrich.

As if he could no longer bear to touch it, the attendant threw Friedrich's identification card and its case across the counter. "Think of it! Jewish things among the clothes of respectable human beings!" he screamed, flinging the coat hanger holding Friedrich's clothes on the ground so they scattered in all directions.

While Friedrich collected his things, the attendant announced, "Now I'll have to wash my hands before I can go on with my work. Ugh!" He walked away from the counter, kicking one of Friedrich's shoes into a blocked-up foot bath.

He returned before Friedrich found all his things.

"It's your affair where you get dressed," he snarled at him. "You won't get into our changing rooms."

Helpless and still damp, Friedrich clutched his clothes. He searched for a place where he could dry himself and get dressed. There was no protected corner, and he hastily rubbed himself with his towel and pulled his trousers on over the wet bathing trunks. Water dripping from his trouser legs, he left the swimming pool.

The attendant was still screaming, but we could no longer understand what he was saying.

I had already unlocked our bikes.

Friedrich fastened his things on the luggage carrier. He didn't dare look into my eyes. Quietly he said, "I'll dress properly in the woods."

Then we heard an uproar behind us. "This is where it was!" said a big boy. "I'm quite sure this is where I locked it. I've searched everywhere, but it's gone. It was all silver; I'd just polished it, too."

A lot of curious boys quickly collected. They gave advice: "Follow the trail!" "Inform the police!"

Friedrich pricked up his ears. He left his bicycle and walked to the circle that had formed around the boy whose bike had been stolen. "You there," Friedrich said to him, "I know who stole your bike. I saw the man who did it; I can describe him in detail."

Everyone looked at Friedrich. A lane formed between him and the owner of the silver bike.

The boy stepped closer to Friedrich. "Say," he asked, "aren't you the Jew from the pool a while back?" Friedrich blushed, lowered his eyes to the ground. "You don't think the police would believe you, do you?"

The Festival

(1938)

Friedrich had met me on the street. "Come," he'd said, making me curious, "you'll see something very special!" I had gone with him, even though I had to keep thinking of my father. Only a week ago he had begged me, "Don't show yourself so often with the Schneiders; otherwise, I'll have difficulties."

Now we stood in the large room of the synagogue, Herr Schneider, Friedrich, and I. Friedrich and his father wore their best suits, while I looked shabby in my everyday clothes.

Gradually, the bench in front of us filled up. Men with hats on their heads shook hands with us and wished us *"Gut Shabbes."* All found an extra word of kindness for Friedrich or patted his shoulder.

One by one, everyone lifted his seat, revealing a small compartment underneath.

Friedrich took a large white scarf from his, as well as a prayer book and his *yarmulke*, exchanging the latter for his cap. He touched the fringed scarf with his lips and draped it around his shoulders.

"My *tallis*, my prayer shawl," he whispered to me.

A man wearing a black hat and a long black coat that reached to his feet walked to a podium in the center of the room. The podium was covered with a carpet. He opened a thick book from the back and immediately began to chant a prayer.

"Our rabbi!" Friedrich informed me in a low voice. Then he, too, opened his prayer book and prayed in Hebrew. From time to time he interrupted the rabbi's prayer with an interjection, and at one point, he seemed to start a completely different prayer.

I was astonished. How did Friedrich know Hebrew so well? He had never told me anything about it. Suddenly he seemed like one of the many adults around us. From time to time he looked up from his prayer book and nodded to me.

The rabbi prayed facing the east. Swaying back and forth, he kept making small bows to the east wall which was covered with a red curtain.

This curtain was embroidered with Hebrew characters. Otherwise, there wasn't a single picture in the room, no ornament, only large, many-branched candelabra with candles in them. From a

side balcony, the women watched the service.

While I was still examining the inside of the synagogue, the voices of the congregation merged with the rabbi's. The chant grew louder.

With measured steps the rabbi walked to the curtain. The red velvet was pulled aside. Behind it, a small door in the wall could be seen.

The rabbi opened the door, then stood aside so everyone could look into the box.

"That's our Torah inside the Ark," Friedrich explained.

The Torah was wrapped in a cloth decorated with a silver crown and shield.

The rabbi lifted the heavy scrolls out of the Ark. In solemn procession he carried them through the synagogue. Wherever he passed, members of the congregation left their seats, touched the Torah with their *talaysim* and then touched the *talaysim* to their lips.

"Now comes the surprise," Friedrich told me. He seemed very excited.

Herr Schneider pulled Friedrich to him and soothingly patted his shoulder and stroked his hair.

At the podium, the crown, the shield, and the cloth were removed from the Torah and the great parchment placed on the podium. One after the other the rabbi called seven congregants to the podium. Then he called Friedrich.

Herr Schneider put both hands on his shoulder. Proudly, he looked into his son's eyes before sending him on his way.

The rabbi also greeted Friedrich much more solemnly than he had the men before him.

"For the first time in his life he's been called to read the weekly section!" Herr Schneider proudly told me. "Afterward he's also permitted to read a section from the Prophets."

Like the men before him, Friedrich touched the Torah with his *tallis* as instructed by the rabbi, then kissed the *tallis*. Then he recited the Blessing. But while the prayer leader had chanted a Torah section with each of the men before him, Friedrich took over the silver staff, led it along the lines from right to left, and chanted his section of the Torah by himself.

When he had read his section quickly and surely, he touched the last passage once more with his *tallis* and the *tallis* with his lips.

While the scrolls of the Torah were again wrapped in their ornaments, Friedrich read the section from the Prophets from a large book. Then he returned to his seat. Just as at the beginning of the service, the rabbi carried the Torah in procession through the synagogue, and again the congregants pressed toward it.

The rabbi replaced the Torah in the Ark and said another prayer before closing the little door.

Then he gave a short sermon. For the first time since I had entered the synagogue, he spoke in German. The sermon was directed solely at Friedrich; it singled him out before the whole congregation.

Men kept looking at Friedrich, nodding to him with smiles of well-wishes.

"Today, a week after your thirteenth birthday," the rabbi said, "you have, for the first time in your life, been called upon to read a section from the Torah. This is an honor for every Jew, but the day on which this happens for the first time is a special day. With it begins a new phase of your life. From now on you alone will be responsible to the Lord our God for your deeds. Until this day, your father has borne this responsibility, but from now on, you stand among us as an equal member of this congregation. Remember that!

"Obey the commandments of the Lord! No one can take away your guilt if you break them.

"You are assuming a difficult duty in a difficult time. We are chosen by the Lord our God to be guided back into our homeland by the Messiah and there to help found His Kingdom. But God has placed the heavy burden of persecution upon us until that day.

"We must continually remind ourselves that the Lord our God has determined this fate. We must not and cannot escape it, not even when we feel we will collapse under it. Reflect, the Holy Torah demands . . ." and the rabbi finished his sermon with a sentence in Hebrew.

Soon afterward the service closed with a communal song.

I waited outside the synagogue for Friedrich and his father. There were so many questions I was burning to ask. But there was no opportunity. All the men from the congregation came over and congratulated Friedrich. One could see how proud he felt.

After the women also had left the synagogue, we went home in a flock of relatives and friends.

Frau Schneider had run ahead. She received us by the door and led us all into the living room, where she had arranged a festive Sabbath feast. There was plenty of everything.

But before the feast could begin, Friedrich gave a speech, just like a grown-up orator. "Dear Father, dear Mother, dear relations," he began. "The Lord has ordered us to honor Father and Mother so that we may long live in the land that he has given us. May he forgive me for not following his commandment sufficiently until this day.

"For thirteen years, dear parents, you have instructed me and guided me in the commandments of our Lord, through good times and bad times. It

is thanks to you who have stood by me that I have today been received into the congregation. In my thoughts and my deeds I will show myself worthy of this honor and duty.

"May the Lord grant you, dear parents and relations, a hundred and twenty years of healthy and joyful life, so that I may find time to repay the thanks that I owe you. . . ."

Frau Schneider wept.

Herr Schneider looked at the floor, absent-mindedly rummaging in his jacket pocket.

When Friedrich finished his speech, everyone applauded, and his father presented him with a wristwatch. The other guests had brought presents, too.

"Tell me," I asked Friedrich in a whisper, "where did you learn all that, the Hebrew and the speech?"

Friedrich smiled proudly. "Learned it. Had to practice my Torah section and the speech for almost three months."

I showed my astonishment.

Friedrich enjoyed it. "Shall I tell you what Friedrich is in Hebrew?" he asked me.

I nodded.

"Solomon!" Friedrich told me, laughing.

While we ate, the doorbell rang.

"I wonder who would come this late?" Frau Schneider asked, puzzled. She went to the door and opened it.

Herr Neudorf, his former teacher, came into the room. He wished Friedrich all the best on his Bar Mitzvah. Then he gave him a fountain pen. Friedrich's name had been engraved in gold on the cap.

The Encounter

(1938)

Our physical education teacher was Herr Schuster. Herr Schuster was also a commander of storm troopers, and in the First World War he had been a captain. All who knew him feared his severity. Anyone who disobeyed him, or perhaps changed too slowly, was forced to do knee bends until he collapsed. We all kept out of his way if we could. Physical education as Herr Schuster understood it consisted primarily of marches—forced marches, marches with full pack, and whatever other marches he could think of.

One day just before our double gym lesson he came into our classroom. "No break today!" he announced. "You'll get enough fresh air without it —we're going on a forced march."

Our faces fell. But no one dared object, not even Karl Meisen who'd sprained his ankle after a daredevil jump during our last gym lesson.

"Everyone empty their briefcases and satchels!" ordered Herr Schuster. "Notebooks and textbooks under your desks!" Obediently we did as told.

"Form one line in the yard, the last man to stand three steps from the chestnut tree. Take your briefcases and satchels. Quick, march!" The order echoed through our classroom.

We picked up our satchels and briefcases. We raced down the stairs to avoid being late.

Herr Schuster already stood in the yard. We looked for our places in the line. "Fall in line is what I said!" he barked at us. "That means 'at attention!' " He took a deep breath. "To the wall, quick, march!"

We dashed toward the wall, but he stopped us with an "Attention!" before we could reach it. We had to fall in line once more, again rush the wall, again assemble. Then, marching in formation, we moved toward the gym.

Bricks, left by a construction firm ages ago, were stacked against the gym wall. Herr Schuster now stuffed these bricks into our briefcases and satchels.

"My briefcase is larger than the others', they only got two bricks!" Franz Schulten complained as Herr Schuster loaded three into his bag and added yet another.

The owners of briefcases usually patronized the satchel bearers, but today they were envied because they could carry their loads on their backs. We fell into march formation and went off.

Still inside the school district, where parents might be watching, Herr Schuster had us sing a song: " 'Siehst du im Osten' (Do you see in the East), second verse!"

When the last of the column shouted: "Done!" the head roared back: "Three——four!"

And we began again:

"Many years have gone their way,
with our nation enslaved and defrauded.
Traitors and Jews out of this made their gain,
asking the sacrifice of legions.
Then to our people
a Führer was born,
who restored
hope and faith to our people.
Germany to arms! Germany to arms!"

With the heavy bricks in our packs weighing us down, we used up our last breath. But we had barely left the district when we were ordered to continue double time. We circled half our town like that.

An hour and a half later we dragged ourselves back into our school district. The handle of Franz

Schulten's case had broken; he carried his case full of bricks on his shoulder. His jacket was soaked through with sweat.

Karl Meisen, with his sprained ankle, had been left behind, crying. The rest of us could hardly walk straight.

But Herr Schuster strode at our side, erect and at ease. He smiled mockingly whenever he caught one of us limping.

In this condition we encountered another class. At first we didn't recognize anyone, but then we discovered Friedrich. It was a class from the Jewish school.

Herr Schuster had also spied Friedrich. "Boys!" he said crisply. "Now we'll show them over there what German boys are made of. You're not going to let yourselves be ridiculed by those inferior Jews, are you? I expect perfect timing. Is that understood?" He marched along the column and pushed us weary marchers back into line.

We made a gigantic effort to pull ourselves together, straightened up.

Herr Schuster ordered a song.

Eyes staring fixedly ahead, laden down but erect, we marched past the Jewish class and belted out:

"Crooked Jews are marching along,
they're marching through the Red Sea
The waves close over them,
and the world is at peace!"

The Pogrom

(1938)

It was around one o'clock when I came out of school.

Dr. Askenase's name plate lay bent outside his door. The frame of his office window dangled over the coal chute, hanging from the cord of the rolling shutters. Someone had thrown all his instruments and medicines onto the street.

The stink of the smashed medicine bottles polluted the whole area. A radio that had been hacked to bits stuck fast in a manhole.

From where I was, I could see that broken glass was strewn as far along the road as the shop belonging to Abraham Rosenthal, the little Jew with the pointed beard.

Counter and broken shelves were piled high on the sidewalk like garbage.

The wind blew dirty sheets of paper against the wall.

Some adults rummaged among the things. From time to time some bent down and furtively stuck something in their bags.

I looked down into the little basement shop. Wallpaper hung in shreds from the walls. The floor was knee-high in torn colored paper, ruined notebooks, unwound rolls of colored ribbon, torn drawing pads, crumpled photos, smeared dress patterns, pieces of candy, and sticks of licorice.

At the next corner I ran into a troop of five men and three women. They were armed with crowbars, wore helmets and headscarves. Silently they were heading for a Jewish home for apprentices.

Many curious hangers-on were following them.

"About time, too, that they get what's coming to them," commented a little man with glasses. "They've had it coming to them for a long time. I just hope they don't miss anyone!"

I, too, joined the group.

"Today you'll see something, boy," the little man promised, "that you can tell your grandchildren about."

The group halted outside the Jewish home for apprentices. At first, they all just seemed to stand around. Then they began to mutter and exchange advice, apparently trying to give each other courage. At last, one of the men walked forward.

"Open up!" he shouted to the upper floors of the home.

But nothing stirred, no window opened, not even a curtain moved. The house seemed dead.

The man bawled his order a second time to shut windows.

Our eyes were all glued to the building. I was very excited. What would happen?

Nothing did!

One of the women reviled the Jewish home in an ugly voice.

I couldn't understand what she said because her voice was so shrill.

The man paid no attention to the screeching. With heavy steps he marched toward the heavy oak door. He pressed down the handle, but the door was locked.

He stepped back three, four steps, and threw his back against the door. He tried again, this time taking a longer run.

Again nothing!

Other men from the group joined in. At first singly, then in unison, they threw themselves against the door of the building.

Even the women leaped to their aid.

Only the woman who had been so abusive earlier stayed where she was; she cheered the others on.

Soon her "one—two—three—one—two—three!" resounded through the street.

And in the rhythm of her shouts, men and women hurled themselves against the door.

From the circle of bystanders more and more joined in. Egged on by the woman, they gradually joined her chant. It was then that I caught myself shouting "one—two—three" and edging closer with each shout. All at once I, too, was straining at the door and didn't know how I had gotten there. I also noticed that no one was watching now.

All took part.

Very slowly the door gave way. When it finally burst open, no one expected it. Those in the first row fell into the house. The ones behind them stumbled across the wreckage. The rest crowded in after.

I was pulled along with the throng. When I had a chance to stop and look around me, the sounds of crashing and bumping came from all parts of the house.

As I climbed the stairs with my schoolbag, bedside tables zoomed by and burst apart at the bottom of the stairs.

All this was strangely exhilarating.

No one stopped the destruction. Of the people living in the house, none were to be seen. Nothing but empty corridors, empty rooms.

In one of the bedrooms I came across the woman who had done the shouting. She was slashing open mattresses with a vegetable knife. She smiled at me in a cloud of dust. "Don't you know me any more?" she asked in a squeaky voice.

I thought, then shook my head.

She laughed out loud. "When I bring you your paper every morning?" With the back of her hand, she wiped her mouth, lifted a bottle of milk to her lips and drank from it. Then she put the bottle down again and whirled the slashed mattress out of the window.

A middle-aged man had come across a tool box. He was stuffing all his pockets, pressed a brand new hammer into my hand.

At first I just played with the hammer. Without paying attention I swung it loosely from my wrist, back and forth, back and forth. At one point I must have nicked something—glass crashed at my blow.

I jumped. The glass had belonged to a bookcase. But almost at once my curiosity awoke. Gently I tapped a cracked pane of glass and it fell out of its frame. By now I was enjoying myself. I swung so hard against the third pane that its splinters fell in bursts to the floor.

With my hammer I cut myself a path through the corridors, smashing aside whatever barred my way: legs of chairs, toppled wardrobes, chamber pots and glassware. I felt so strong! I could have sung I was so drunk with the desire to swing my hammer.

I discovered a door leading to a small classroom that hadn't been touched yet. Curiously, I looked around.

Turning, I hit against a T-square with my schoolbag. It clattered to the floor and I stepped on it by mistake. It burst with a loud bang that sounded like a shot.

I stopped short. Lots more T-squares hung on the wall. I took down another and repeated the bang. This time, the sound was deeper. One after the other, I bent T-squares till they broke. And I enjoyed the fact that each had a different tone to it.

When I couldn't find any more T-squares, I picked up my hammer from the podium. I drummed it along the desktops and searched all the cupboards, desk drawers, and closets in the room. But I found nothing else to satisfy my lust for destruction.

Disappointed, I was about to leave the room, but by the door I looked back one last time. Against the far wall stood a large blackboard. I pulled back my arm and hurled the hammer. It struck the center of the blackboard. The head remained stuck. The light handle projected from the black surface. All of a sudden I felt tired and disgusted. On the stairs, I found half a mirror. I looked in it. Then I ran home.

Mother was already waiting for me. She looked at me, but said nothing. I didn't tell her where I had been.

Mother served the soup. I began to eat.

At that moment, we heard yells outside our house.

The front door was pushed open, accompanied by shouts.

Herr Resch complained loudly.

Noisily many people clattered up the stairs, past our door and higher.

The Schneiders' door burst open with a bang.

"What's that?" Mother asked, pale and horrified.

We heard a cry—Frau Schneider!

"We must call the police!"

Something fell to the floor with a muffled sound.

"The police don't do anything," I replied. "They watch."

A man's voice swore.

Friedrich cried out, then howled hopelessly.

I threw down my spoon and ran to the door.

"Stay here!" Mother wailed.

I raced up the stairs.

The Schneiders' door dangled from a hinge. The glass had splintered from its frame.

In the kitchen Frau Schneider lay on the floor, her lips blue, her breathing labored.

Friedrich had a lump the size of a fist on his forehead. He bent over his mother, talking to her in a whisper. He didn't notice me.

A man stepped across Frau Schneider's legs with-

out looking down. He emptied a large box of silver cutlery out of the window.

In the living room a woman was smashing china plates. "Meissen!" she said proudly, when she noticed me.

Another woman was slashing every picture in the room with Herr Schneider's letter opener.

A dark-haired giant stood by Herr Schneider's bookcase. He took one volume after another from the shelves. He gripped each book by its binding and tore it apart in the middle. "Bet you can't do the same!" he boasted with a laugh.

In Friedrich's room a man was trying to push the whole bedframe through the window. "Come and help!" he invited me.

I slunk downstairs again.

Mother was peering through a crack in the door, trembling. Fearfully, she pulled me into the apartment. She pushed me into our living room.

We stood by the window and looked down on the street. Above us the crashing and tramping continued.

"Jew, kick the bucket!" a woman screeched outside. It was our newspaper lady.

An armchair rushed past our window and thudded into the rosebushes in our front garden.

Mother began to weep loudly.

I wept with her.

The Death

(1938)

Mother sat up in alarm; I woke up, too. "You, listen!" she said to Father, waking him up.

Father yawned sleepily. "What's the matter, then?" he asked.

"Someone knocked on our door," Mother said.

"You must have dreamed it," Father assured her, and turned on his other side.

"No, I'm sure I didn't," Mother insisted. "I heard it quite clearly."

Before Father could reply, there was another hesitant knock on our apartment door.

Father leaped out of bed immediately. "Well, I never. What time is it?"

Mother looked at the alarm clock. "Half past one," she told him.

Father slid his feet into his slippers. He threw on a coat and shuffled to the door. Without turning on the light, he opened the door a crack.

In the dark outside stood Herr Schneider. He was fully dressed. "Forgive me," he whispered, "but my wife is in a very bad way. We have no lamps and the candle we have gives too weak a light. Could you kindly lend us a table lamp?"

Father opened the door all the way. "But of course, Herr Schneider," he assured him. He got the table lamp from our living room and handed it to him.

Herr Schneider thanked him, adding, "I am very sorry to have disturbed you during the night."

Father shook his head. "Quite all right!" he murmured, softly closed the door, and went back to bed.

"Such excitement!" I heard Mother mutter to herself. "I wonder if I should go and see how Frau Schneider is?" But then she went back to sleep.

I had only just fallen asleep again when there was another knock on our door.

This time Father let Herr Schneider into the apartment right away.

Herr Schneider was accompanied by another man. "This is Dr. Levy," he told Father. "We have a favor to ask you."

The doctor continued, "I must give Frau Schneider an injection. I found this syringe only this afternoon, retrieved it from the dirt outside, and I haven't been able to boil and sterilize it yet. The Schneiders no longer have a stove."

Mother quickly put on a dress.

I, too, got dressed.

In the kitchen Mother placed the old glass syringe in a large cooking pot.

The doctor smiled in embarrassment. He pointed to the syringe. "The only one I've left." When he saw that the water had still not come to a boil, he asked, "Perhaps I might go ahead to my patient."

Mother nodded. When the water came to a rolling boil, she lifted the pot off the stove. "Take the electric heater upstairs," she told me, carrying the pot up to the Schneiders.

I followed with the electric heater.

The Schneiders' smashed door now leaned against the wall, so one could enter their apartment without hindrance. Inside it was almost pitch dark. One had to feel one's way. Only from the bedroom came a faint shimmer of light.

Because all the doors were gone, Mother cleared her throat loudly. Herr Schneider came and led us to the bedroom.

There everything was utter confusion. The splintered parts of the bedframe had been piled on top of the wardrobe. The wardrobe no longer had any doors. But they were unnecessary because it no longer contained anything. There was nothing but ruins in the room. The Schneiders had swept the cleared floor space. In the middle, bedded on a pallet of rags, shredded curtains and torn blankets, without any bed linen, lay Frau Schneider. Our table lamp stood on the floor beside her. It threw a warm light on the pained face.

"But you can't leave her like that!" Mother burst out in a horrified voice. "Come on, Herr Schneider, let's carry your wife down to our apartment."

"Too late for that!" murmured Dr. Levy, preparing the syringe.

Herr Schneider stood in the shadows. One couldn't make out his face.

Friedrich was kneeling beside his mother, giving her something from a broken cup.

The wind blowing in through the broken windows fluttered the slashed canvas of a picture. Mother motioned to me to plug in the electric heater. The only plug I could find was already taken up by the table lamp. While Frau Schneider received her injection, I went downstairs to get an extension plug.

When I came back to the bedroom, Frau Schneider was still conscious.

"Confess your sins to your husband," Dr. Levy advised her. He looked directly at Herr Schneider, then moved away.

"Listen, unburden yourself!" Herr Schneider implored her.

Frau Schneider nodded faintly.

The doctor led Friedrich and me out of the room. Mother came with us.

The last thing I saw was Herr Schneider bending over his wife.

"Doctor! Friedrich!" he called out almost at once.

The doctor and Friedrich hurried to the bedroom.

Mother and I followed slowly.

From the doorway I looked into the room. Dr. Levy was lying on his stomach beside Frau Schneider. Very slowly he rose and looked for his hat. He put it on.

Frau Schneider's face had turned quite dark. Her breath came in short bursts. She reared up. Her head flew from side to side. She groaned. Her hands clawed at her chest.

In a strange, chanting voice Dr. Levy began to pray. "Hear O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One!"

Mother folded her hands in prayer. Herr Schneider and Friedrich covered their heads. Then they joined the chant:

"May the glory of God be eternally praised,
Hallowed and extolled, lauded and exalted,
Honored and revered, adored and worshipped."

In the end, Herr Schneider prayed alone, in a hopeless voice: "The Lord, He is God. The Lord, He is God."

And again and again, growing fainter, becoming a murmur, "The Lord, He is God . . . "

Frau Schneider lay still again.

Dr. Levy bent over her. When he straightened up, he shrugged his shoulders. Together with Herr Schneider and Friedrich, he sang, "Praised be you, O Lord God of Truth!"

At that moment Herr Schneider fell on his knees before his wife. With both hands he gripped his shirt collar and tore the shirt. Sobbing loudly, he collapsed.

Friedrich also tore his shirt to shreds. Weeping, he threw himself on his mother's body.

Dr. Levy took a candle from his bag, lit it, and placed it beside the dead woman.

Lamps

(1939)

Herr Schneider had had his broken apartment door mended. He had had to pay for everything himself, even for the ruined rosebushes in Herr Resch's front garden that had suffered from having drawers emptied on top of them.

I rang the bell.

Shuffling footsteps came closer. Herr Schneider peered out at me through a crack. When he recognized me, he listened a moment, opened the door, and pulled me inside. He didn't say hello until he had locked the door again.

"I only wanted to deliver this letter which got mixed in with ours by mistake," I said.

Herr Schneider nodded. His hands trembled as he took the letter from me. The hands were dirty. Herr Schneider saw me looking at them and rubbed them on the flowered apron he wore. His "thank you" was barely audible.

We stood in the hall, vacillating. Herr Schneider looked at his letter but didn't open it. I wanted to leave.

"Is Friedrich not at home?" I enquired.

"He's working," answered Herr Schneider, and pointed to the kitchen. With tired steps he led the way and pushed me inside; he still carried the letter in his hand.

The kitchen looked like a lamp shop. Lamps lay, stood, hung, everywhere—the dirty, bent, broken ones to one side and the shining, straight ones that looked like new on the other.

In their midst sat Friedrich. Before him on the kitchen table, handy and in orderly fashion, were arranged rolls of wire, glue pot, paint, cleaning stuff, bulbs of different voltage. He had stuck several screwdrivers, pliers, and knives into the front pocket of his apron.

"What are you doing?" I asked stupidly.

"Mending lamps as you can see!" Friedrich smiled.

Herr Schneider sat down at the table and with a polishing cloth began to clean one of the rusted lamps. While I talked to Friedrich, he sat bent on his stool and didn't once look up from his work.

"Since my father isn't allowed to work any more," Friedrich explained, "I just have to provide for both of us. Father collects old lamps from friends and we mend them."

I still looked around me in amazement.

In a few movements Friedrich took apart a standing lamp. Expertly he tested the cable, examined the connection, tightened a little screw, put everything back together again, screwed in a new bulb, tested the lamp by switching it on, nodded contentedly, and set it aside. He handed a wall lamp he'd just cleaned back to his father. "This must be polished some more!" he said pleasantly.

"Our customers expect good work," he explained, turning to me. "If someone isn't satisfied, he won't recommend us. And the more lamps we get, the better off we are." After a pause, he asked: "Don't you know anyone we could do work for? We work cheaply."

"I'll ask around," I promised.

I didn't like it in the cold kitchen. It was so empty. Herr Schneider and Friedrich also seemed different. I didn't know this Friedrich at all. I was leaving when I stepped on the letter. It was still unopened.

"Herr Schneider, your letter," I reminded him and handed it to him.

"Give it to me!" Friedrich demanded.

And since Herr Schneider didn't reach for the letter, I let Friedrich take it.

He tore open the envelope. With dirty fingers he pulled out the letter and read it. Suddenly, his face changed. With eyes large and helpless, he stared at his father. He sounded desperate when he said, "Herr Resch has given us notice."

Herr Schneider stood up. He pulled Friedrich's head toward him and stroked his hair. "It's hard, boy," he consoled, "but don't worry. He can't do it until he can prove he has another apartment for us to move into."

The fourteen-year-old Friedrich sat at the kitchen table and cried like a small child.

Herr Schneider took me by the shoulder and accompanied me to the door. He shook my hand.

I was already on the stairs when Herr Schneider crept after me. "Visit us again soon!" he whispered. And then, in an even softer voice, he pleaded: "Don't give us away; otherwise, they'll take even the little we have left."

The Movie

(1940)

JUD SÜSS (Sweet Jew) it said in enormous letters over the entrance. At both sides, paintings depicted heads of Jews with beards and earlocks. The movie was in its eighth week. Whole school classes and police divisions marched to it in unison. Everyone was supposed to have seen it. Because the war restricted most other entertainment, movies were the most important amusement left. And a film so many people talked and wrote about tempted everybody.

Friedrich was waiting for me outside a small soap store. I had once been reprimanded in the Hitler Youth for consorting with a Jew. Since then, we only met in those places where we were unlikely to meet people we knew.

"I looked at the pictures outside," Friedrich told me. "I'm really glad you're going with me. I'd never have dared it alone."

While Friedrich read the reviews exhibited in the showcases, I went to the ticket window. Beneath the price list was an illuminated sign that read:

NO ONE UNDER 14 ALLOWED.

Sometimes they made you show your ID at the ticket window. But no one asked for it this time. And that's what Friedrich had been so afraid of. Although we were already fifteen, Friedrich only had a Jewish identification card.

"Did you get them?" he asked in a whisper, peering around.

I nodded, pleased. Both tickets in hand, I sauntered slowly toward the entrance, looking very confident I was sure.

Friedrich followed behind me, making certain I was always blocking him from the view of the lady examining tickets.

But she didn't ask for identification either. She didn't even look at us. In a monotone she murmured her, "To your left, please," and let us go inside.

Inside the foyer, Friedrich heaved a loud sigh of relief. "I really don't like this stupid cheating. But a movie like this is really important for me, isn't it?"

We stepped into the dim theater. An usherette received us and led us to our row.

Friedrich thanked her politely.

The usherette smiled kindly.

We were early so we got good seats in the center of the row facing the curtain. Only a few moviegoers sat in the other seats as yet.

But, nevertheless, Friedrich looked in all directions before sitting down on his folding chair. Then

he stretched out his legs and enjoyed the comfortable seat. "Upholstered," he said with pleasure, and stroked the soft armrest.

Meanwhile, a new and older usherette had come in. She took over our side of the cinema, and the younger usherette went over to the other side. She went through our row of seats.

Friedrich jumped up to let her pass.

Again she smiled, gratefully this time.

"Today is the first time since Mother died that I am seeing a movie," Friedrich said softly. "And what a movie! I'm glad Mother didn't have to live through all that's happened in the last two years. We are suffering, and not just because there's a war on."

Gradually the theater filled up. Seats were taken to the right and left of us. Many young people came to this afternoon performance. The usherettes closed the doors. Everyone waited for the lights to go out.

Suddenly the big ceiling lights went on. Over the loudspeaker a voice announced: "We ask all teenagers to have their ID's ready."

The two usherettes began to go through the rows, starting from opposite ends of the cinema. They glanced briefly at each identification card, sending two or three teenagers out of the cinema. Everything went speedily and quietly.

Friedrich had grown pale. Restlessly, he slid back and forth in his seat. He'd watch the usherettes, and then his eyes would peer along our row.

"What are you getting so nervous about?" I asked, trying to calm him down. "They're only checking to see if we're really fourteen. Just let me handle it; all you have to do is show your ID."

But Friedrich behaved more and more noticeably.

Everyone around us turned to stare.

It embarrassed me.

Finally Friedrich bent close to me. Like a little girl he whispered in my ear. "I kept something from you. We Jews aren't allowed to see movies any more. It's forbidden. If they find me here, I'll be sent to a camp. I must get away. Help me, quick!"

The older usherette was pushing her way through to us.

Friedrich still hesitated.

The usherette came closer.

Friedrich leaped up.

"Stop!" cried the usherette.

Friedrich tried to squeeze through.

The legs of the other people in our row were in the way.

The usherette caught up with him. "I know what you're up to!" she said loudly, addressing the whole room. "When ID's are examined you disappear and hide, and as soon as it gets dark, you slink back!"

I went and stood beside Friedrich.

"Come on, out with it!" the usherette asked Friedrich. "Then you can go wherever you wish."

"Here it is!" I said, handing her mine.

"I wasn't speaking to you," the usherette said. "It's this one I'm talking to."

"We belong together!" I burst out, but regretted the words the moment I spoke them.

The usherette hadn't been listening.

Friedrich was trembling. His face a dark red, he stammered: "I . . . I . . . I left it at home."

The young usherette had come up from behind. "Why don't you leave the boy in peace!" she suggested. "Don't make such a fuss! It's time anyway!"

Friedrich pleaded: "Please, I want to leave. I'll go voluntarily."

Grinning, the older usherette put her hands on her hips and said, "There's something wrong here, I can tell."

"No, no!" Friedrich protested.

Quick as a flash the usherette grabbed hold of Friedrich's jacket lapels. She put her hand in his pocket. "And what's this here?" she sneered, pulling out the case with Friedrich's ID.

"Give that to me!" Friedrich screamed. "I want my ID!" He tried to tear it out of her hand.

But she just leaned back, grinning, holding the case out of his reach.

Friedrich behaved like someone gone mad.

The younger usherette tried to calm him down.

Meanwhile, her colleague was examining Friedrich's identification card. At once, her face grew serious. Without hesitating, she handed the identification back to him. "Come on!" she ordered.

Friedrich pushed through the row and followed her to the side exit. I stayed behind him.

Everyone's eyes followed us.

By the side exit, the usherette took Friedrich's arm and led him outside. Reproachfully, she said, "You must be tired of life! You must be dying to go to a concentration camp, eh!"

Behind us, the lights went out and the victory fanfares of the weekly newscast sounded.

Benches

(1940)

Friedrich suddenly appeared in the center of town. "Can you spare me some time? I want to tell you something. My father wouldn't understand, and anyway, he never listens properly any more. And I have to tell someone, I just have to. Honestly, it

won't take long!" Without waiting for my answer, he began to walk beside me.

"It started about four weeks ago," he began. "I was going to collect a pound of noodles which a friend in the suburb had promised us.

"I walked past the old church and through the street with trees—you know, the one where the tram turns left. The trees are all lime trees and they smelled so strongly because they were in bloom then.

"I had gotten as far as the red brick building. I hadn't been paying attention—just meandering along. That's when I suddenly saw the girl in front of me.

"She had very small feet and black hair. I walked behind her for a long time, closely watching how she set down her feet, moved her head, and how she carried the heavy shopping net.

"There were apples in the net, those with the crinkly skin. How I would have loved one of those apples. 'If one falls out of the net,' I thought, 'I'll speed it away.' I was still picturing this in my mind when the net went 'crack' and all the apples rolled onto the street.

"The girl turned at once, put her hands to her mouth, and said: 'What a stinking war-net!' She had gray eyes, gray with a bit of blue in them. They looked great with her black hair. She was just beautiful.

"I helped her pick up the apples. We put them back into the net. But the net wouldn't mend properly, so we carried it together to her house.

"Her name's Helga. Her father is a soldier. She works in a kindergarten. That day, her day off, she had gone to the country and traded hand-knitted potholders for the apples.

"When we got to her door, she looked at me very sweetly and said, 'Thank you. *Auf Wiedersehen!*' She gave me one of the apples as a present. I didn't eat it though. I'm still saving it—as a memory.

"I quickly ran to our friend and picked up the noodles. On my way home, I walked by the kindergarten and asked when she stopped work at night.

"From then on I stood and waited by the kindergarten every evening. As soon as Helga came out, I'd always walk where she had to see me. And when she'd look at me, I always said hello right away.

"At first, her eyes just grew large. She looked even more beautiful then! The third evening, she began to smile when she saw me. At night I dreamed only of Helga.

"A week later she allowed me to walk her home. I can't tell you how happy that made me! We never said much to each other. It was good just walking side by side. Sometimes Helga even looked at me.

"All Helga knew about me was that my name was Friedrich Schneider, nothing else. And I couldn't tell her anything, otherwise she wouldn't have let me meet her any more.

"Well, the Sunday before last we had our first date; we were going to meet in the town park. My father had already wondered what I was doing out every evening. But when he saw me getting dressed up, he shook his head and said: 'Think about what you are doing, Friedrich!' That's all he said; he turned away then. But I went all the same.

"The weather was beautiful. The roses were beginning to bloom. The park was fairly empty. Only a few mothers were pushing their baby carriages around.

"Helga wore a dark-red dress—with her black hair and those gray eyes. When she looked at me, I could feel it inside me. And those small feet! When I think of it!—

"I had brought Helga a slim volume of poetry. And she was so delighted with it that I felt ashamed.

"We walked through the town park and Helga recited poems. She knew many by heart.

"Again and again I searched out lonely paths, where we would hopefully meet nobody. After we had been walking for a while, Helga wanted to sit down.

"I didn't know what to do. I couldn't really refuse her such a thing. Before I could think of an excuse, we came to one of the green benches and Helga simply sat down.

"I stood in front of the bench, shifting from one foot to the other. I didn't dare sit down. I kept looking to see if anyone was coming.

" 'Why don't you sit down?' Helga asked. But I couldn't think of an answer, so when she said, 'Sit down!' I actually sat down.

"But I wasn't comfortable. What if an acquaintance came by? I slid back and forth on the bench.

"Helga noticed. She took a small bar of chocolate from her pocketbook and gave me some. I hadn't eaten chocolate for who knows how long, but I couldn't enjoy it; I was much too nervous. I even forgot to say thank you.

"Helga had the little book of poems on her lap. She wasn't reading it; she was looking at me. From time to time she'd ask me something. I can't remember what I replied, because I was so terribly afraid, there on that green bench.

"All at once Helga stood up. She took my arm and pulled me along. We hadn't gone far when we reached a yellow bench, which was marked:

FOR JEWS ONLY

"Helga stopped by this bench and said: 'Would it make you feel better if we sat here?'

"I got a shock. 'How do you know?' I asked.

"Helga sat down on the yellow bench and said, 'It occurred to me.' She said that so simply and matter-of-factly!

"But I really couldn't sit on a yellow bench with this girl. I pulled Helga up and took her home. I could have howled with disappointment. The beautiful Sunday gone! But I was much too nervous to go on walking hand in hand and tell her about me.

"But Helga behaved the whole time as if it were natural to go out with a Jew. She told me about her home, about the children in the kindergarten, and about her vacations. And she took my hand and held it tightly. I could have fallen around her neck and wept! But I was much too excited and stupid to do or say anything sensible like that.

"Helga stopped outside her door. She looked long into my eyes. Then she said: 'We'll meet again next Sunday. But we won't go to the town park. Instead we'll go to the country where there are real woods, where they don't have yellow benches!'

"I tried to talk her out of it, but she stopped me with a kiss and was gone into the house.

"I wandered around town all that evening and half the night. I didn't get home until long after curfew. Luckily no one caught me. But Father was quite furious.

"I debated the whole week whether or not to go. When Sunday came I didn't go after all. I couldn't, you see. The girl would be sent to a concentration camp if she were seen with me!"

The Rabbi

(1941)

An aunt had given us a small sack of potatoes.

That evening I helped Mother put the treasure away and ration it. A little basket was filled for the Schneiders. Mother listened intently. When she heard footsteps above, she sent me upstairs with the basket.

I climbed the stairs, rang the bell and waited. When no one appeared at the door, I rang again.

But nothing moved inside the Schneiders' apartment.

"I could have sworn someone was upstairs!" Mother said. "You can try again when we hear someone go up. Perhaps they just don't want to be disturbed."

A little later Friedrich came up the stairs. I knew his step. I grabbed the basket and tried to catch him on the stairs, but the door fell shut before I could reach him.

Again I pressed the bell, again in vain. After the third ring I put down the basket and knocked because I knew there was somebody in the apartment. "Friedrich!" I called. "Friedrich!"

At last the door opened. But Herr Schneider, not Friedrich, stood before me. He looked at me crossly, then pulled me inside so quickly that I left my basket outside the door.

I had to go out again to fetch the potatoes. Back in the hall I said, "That's why I came, to deliver these potatoes."

Herr Schneider still looked unfriendly. "And you made such a noise just for that?"

"I rang at least ten times," I defended myself, "and no one came to the door even though I could hear someone in the apartment. So I knocked."

Now Friedrich appeared as well. He nodded and took the basket from me. "Why do you scold him?" he asked his father. "Be glad and grateful that he brings us potatoes. You know how much we need them."

Herr Schneider turned away from me. "That still doesn't give you the right to speak to me in that tone of voice!" he spit at his son. "How dare you!"

But Friedrich didn't keep quiet. "Is it my fault that you lose your reason the moment something is demanded of you?"

Herr Schneider's voice grew louder. "It's not me who's lost his reason, but you! Otherwise you wouldn't talk to your own father like that!"

"If you were in your right mind you wouldn't shout!" Friedrich retorted. "Why don't you stand by the window while you're at it, and tell the whole street why you are so upset!"

Beside himself and almost in tears, Herr Schneider answered: "Yes, I'm upset, but I can't help it. I'm afraid. I'm dying of fear!"

"Would you like to throw him out into the street then?" Friedrich hissed. "Do you want to sacrifice him to calm your fears? Ugh!"

His father wept. Sobs shook his body.

Furious and sad at the same time, Friedrich stared at him.

They had apparently forgotten all about me.

Then the living room door opened softly. An old, bearded man stepped out. When he saw me standing in the hall, he was startled. But he controlled himself at once. Calmly, he said: "No one shall quarrel because of me, no one shall be afraid for my sake. I am leaving."

"No!" Friedrich and his father shouted almost simultaneously.

Herr Schneider spread his arms wide and barred the apartment door. His face was wet with tears, but he said: "No, Rabbi, you stay!"

Almost imperceptibly, the rabbi shook his head. "It's too late now. He has seen me!" and he pointed

at me.

Friedrich leaped to my side. "I can vouch for him!" he said. "He won't give anything away."

But the rabbi wasn't convinced. "We have too many witnesses and that is bad. Why should I endanger them all? I am old, I will know how to bear it. And the King of the Universe, His name be praised, will help me."

Herr Schneider had regained his control. He pushed the rabbi, Friedrich and me into the living room. Only then did he speak. "This gentleman is a well-known rabbi," he told me.

The rabbi waved this aside and continued, "The Nazis are searching for me. I am hiding in the Schneiders' apartment. Not for long! Friends are going to help me further." He stood right in front of me. "You know what will happen to me if I'm caught? If the Lord our God has pity on me, death—otherwise unspeakable suffering! But this not only threatens me. It also threatens those who have given me shelter and kept me hidden."

I looked at my feet and said nothing.

"I also know," the rabbi continued, "what will happen to you if you don't inform against me. You, and you alone, must decide our fate. If it's too difficult a burden for you to carry, say so, so that we may at least save Friedrich and his father. I will not curse you if you tell me to leave."

Herr Schneider, the rabbi, and Friedrich all looked at me. I didn't know what to do. The rabbi was a stranger to me. And what about my mother and father? Didn't they stand closer to me than this Jew? Might I endanger myself and them for the sake of a stranger? Would I never give myself away? Would I be able to bear the secret or would I suffer under it like Herr Schneider?

The longer I hesitated, the more urgent the three faces before me became.

"I don't know what to do!" I said very softly. "I don't know."

Stars

(1941)

It was quite dark on the stairs. Softly, I knocked the arranged signal: once—long pause—twice—short pause—three times.

Inside I heard cautious noises. Someone opened the door. It stayed dark. A hand slid along the door frame; the lock cracked; a small black gap between frame and door slowly grew wider.

The door only opened all the way after I had whispered my name three times. I slipped inside and waited in the pitch-dark hall until the door had been closed again, equally gently.

A hand touched my arm, held it and pulled me along.

I recognized the grip; it was the rabbi.

We crept to the living room.

The rabbi scratched at the door. Then he pushed it open.

There was no light in the living room, either. The rabbi lit a single candle only after we stood inside the room.

The living room had a grim, hopeless look. Every window was thickly covered. By the light spots on the walls one could still make out where the furniture had stood. On the floor lay a pallet of old blankets, mattresses, and rags. The table in the center of the room seemed the only usable piece of furniture left. And on the table, in all its splendor, sat the candle in its silver Sabbath holder.

"Where is Friedrich?" I asked.

Sitting at the table, Herr Schneider shrugged his shoulders. "Gone to see friends!" he answered. "Curfew must have surprised him there. He'll probably stay there till morning."

The rabbi had sat down. He picked up an old coat from the floor. "You have better eyes than I. Could you please thread this needle for me?" He handed me a needle and a piece of black thread.

While I tried to thread the needle, the rabbi explained: "It's time again, you see. Once more we must wear a yellow star." He pointed to a pile of yellow stars on the table.

The yellow stars with black rims, the size of saucers, had to be fastened over the left breast. They were formed like stars of David. The word "Jew" was woven in the center, in letters resembling Hebrew.

Herr Schneider got up. He bowed to me as if on a stage. Then he undid the knot of his scarf and hung it over the chair. With his left hand he pointed to his left side. On his coat was a yellow star!

He unbuttoned his coat. On his jacket was a yellow star! He opened his jacket. On his waistcoat a yellow star! "In the old days Jews had to wear pointed yellow hats!" His voice was mocking. "This time it's yellow stars—we've gone back to the Middle Ages!"

"And soon," the rabbi added, "soon they'll perhaps burn us, as in the Middle Ages!"

"But why?" I asked.

"Why?" the rabbi repeated softly. "Why? It's decided in heaven who gets raised and who gets humbled. The Lord our God, His Name be praised, has chosen us among all peoples. Because we are different, just because we are different, we are persecuted and killed."

Herr Schneider had sat down again. He pointed to a box where Friedrich usually sat.

Calmly the rabbi stroked the star he had just sewed onto his coat. He put aside the needle and took off his glasses. Looking over the smoky flame of the candle, he began to tell a story:

Solomon

"There once was a king whose advisers came to him and said: 'Lord our Master! Your warriors have long been idle. Payment is poor, and they have been unable to gather booty in either war or revolt. They sit in idleness and think unlawful thoughts. Show them, oh Master, an enemy so that they will not afflict their own people.'

"The king weighed their words carefully, then he commanded: 'If my warriors are in such sore need of deeds, permit them to kill all the Jews in a town you may name. They may keep a third of their booty, but the rest belongs to me, their King.'

"In the town that was selected there lived three devout Jews. The man's name was Schloime, his wife was Gittel, and they had named their son Solomon.

"Schloime heard about the command of their King, so he went to his wife and said, 'We are both old, what use would it be to flee? We won't get far before we are caught and put to death. Even if we managed to escape, hardship and poverty would follow us. Let us, therefore, sell all that we own. Solomon, our son, shall go; what we receive from the sale of our goods will be sufficient for him to get away. Another land will offer him shelter, and the peace of our Lord will be with him.'

"Gittel, his wife, lowered her head and said meekly, 'Do what you feel is right, the Lord our God is almighty, and no one has explored all His ways.'

"And Schloime sold everything they owned, even their bedstead.

"But before Solomon could make his farewells, the warriors of the king approached their town. Fear and horror preceded them.

"Noise filled the town.

"Kneeling Jews begged for mercy.

"But the warriors' lust for booty made them forget all pity. They entered the town and butchered everything that lived. Ravishing the dead, they entered their houses. They took everything that seemed of value; the goblets made of silver, the cow from its shed. But they destroyed or burned everything they considered useless or worthless.

"When Schloime heard the warriors approaching, he and Gittel hid their son, who knew nothing of the plan his parents had made. Then the two went to meet the warriors.

"Greedily, the warriors searched for treasure. Under threat, they forced Schloime to show them his rooms.

"He willingly led them from cellar to attic; he showed everything except the hiding place. 'My wife and I, we are old and have lost everything,' he explained.

"The warriors searched the empty rooms in vain and felt Schloime had made fools of them. In their anger, they struck down Schloime and stabbed Gittel, his wife, in the stomach. Then they hurried on, afraid to miss out on booty elsewhere.

"Bleeding, Schloime pulled the screaming Gittel to the door. 'Here,' he said, 'we will die and thus protect Solomon even in death.'

"Gittel nodded. Covering her face with bleeding hands, already dying, she began to pray: 'The Lord is almighty, and His patience is everlasting!'

"Schloime, too, felt his life dwindling from him. He lay down beside his wife and thus barred the entrance against the plundering warriors.

"And while his blood flowed from him in streams, Schloime prayed to his God in tears:

'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me,
And art far from my help at the words of my cry?
O my God, I call by day, but Thou answerest not;
And at night, and there is no surcease for me.
Yet Thou art holy,
O Thou that art enthroned upon the praises of Israel.
In Thee did our fathers trust;
They trusted, and Thou didst deliver them.
Unto Thee they cried, and escaped;
In Thee did they trust, and were not ashamed.
But I am a worm, and no man . . .'

"And Schloime died in the middle of his prayer. His blood mingled with Gittel's.

"During their search for booty, the warriors of the king spit on the dead. But they did not cross the bloody barrier. Solomon remained hidden from their eyes because his parents still protected him, even in death.

"Horror and death roamed the town for two whole days. Only smoking ruins and piles of bodies rimmed the paths made by the warriors.

"And Solomon wet the earth with his tears, but still he did not know of his parents' sacrifice, of how they had given their lives to save his. Sadly, he prepared their graves with bare hands. And in the custom of the Holy Scriptures, he honored his parents for seven days, huddling on the earth with naked feet. Then he journeyed to a distant land to seek peace there.

"In their camp, the king's warriors hoped soon to receive new orders that would permit them to lay waste another town."

A Visit

(1941)

We were already in bed when we heard the noise downstairs.

Several men were climbing the stairs to the third floor. They rang the bell. When no one opened the door, they pummeled it with their fists, shouting: "Open up at once! Police!"

Nothing moved in the Schneiders' apartment.

Father and Mother threw on coats and went as far as our hall. Trembling, we listened behind our door.

"Just a moment, please!" we heard Herr Resch say downstairs. "Don't break down the door! I have a second key! I'll open it for you!" Gasping for air, he dragged himself upstairs.

"That pig!" said my father.

Upstairs we heard the door being unlocked. With a crash it flew against the wall. "Hands up!" shouted a voice.

Then it grew still again. Only heavy footsteps sounded above our heads.

"Let's go outside," Father ordered. The three of us went and stood on the landing.

Shortly thereafter a man wearing a helmet and a trench coat came down the stairs. "Out of the way! Scram!" he snarled when he saw us.

Father took hold of Mother's and my arms. We stayed where we were.

Then came the rabbi. They had put him in handcuffs. A young man pulled him along, smiling at us. The rabbi looked first at Father, then at me, before lowering his head.

Herr Schneider came last. A small man in jackboots accompanied him, holding onto his handcuffs.

When Herr Schneider saw my father he said in a loud voice, "You were right, Herr . . . "

A blow from the fist of the little man cut off the sentence; the little man had hit so hard that Herr Schneider reeled under the impact.

Herr Schneider said no more. Blood ran from his lower lip. Once more he looked at us all, lifted his shoulders in resignation, and let himself be dragged along by the little man.

Upstairs the door was being locked.

"One is missing!" Herr Resch screeched. "You forgot one!"

"Shut your mouth!" ordered a clear voice. It belonged to a slim man who was running down the stairs. He held a red folder in his hand. When he noticed us on the landing, he indicated our door with his thumb and said, "Get lost!"

After they had gone, Herr Resch made his groaning way downstairs, clad only in pajamas. He was smiling and, rubbing his hands gleefully, said to Father: "Finally got rid of that irksome tenant! And they caught a pretty bird on top of it!"

Father turned his back on him; pushing us inside the apartment, he flung the door shut so that its glass panes jingled.

Vultures

(1941)

No one slept that night. Father rolled restlessly from side to side, Mother wept, and I thought about Herr Schneider. Though none of us had to go out in the morning, everyone got up very early.

"We must intercept Friedrich when he gets home!" said Mother. "He mustn't even enter their apartment."

Father agreed. "We must prepare him."

Mother couldn't eat any breakfast.

Father drank only a little coffee.

I had to sit behind our door and watch. Breakfast was brought to me there. While I chewed, I kept listening to the noises on the stairs.

There were lots of them this morning. Doors banged; I heard footsteps. But they weren't Friedrich's. I knew his step.

After I had finished my breakfast I stacked the dishes and carried them to the kitchen.

At that very moment Friedrich raced up the stairs.

"Friedrich!" whispered Mother, her eyes full of horror.

Nervously I looked for a place to put down the dishes, finally pushing them into Mother's hands.

"Run!" she said, out of breath.

I ran up the stairs. Friedrich was nowhere to be seen.

The door stood open.

I went inside.

Friedrich was in the living room, barring the door with his legs spread wide. Motionless, he stared at Herr Resch.

Herr Resch was kneeling on the floor; his face, pale with fright, was turned toward him. His right hand was stuck inside the mattress; he held his left hand high to ward off Friedrich. He looked like a stone statue. Only his fingers trembled slightly.

Next to him lay Frau Resch's shopping bag. It was filled with Herr Schneider's books. Two lamps showed above the rim; one of the Schneiders' blankets hid the rest. The silver Sabbath holder could be seen because it wouldn't fit in the bag.

The floor was covered with papers, photos, letters. Someone had obviously searched through them and strewn them around.

One of the Schneiders' chests, filled with household things, stood by the door, ready for collection. Herr Schneider's little tool box lay on top.

There wasn't a sound to be heard.

In the street people were talking.

The stillness in the room was horrible.

A car went by outside.

My heart beat so loudly I thought I'd go mad. I didn't dare move.

The stillness seemed to have lasted forever, when Friedrich spit into Herr Resch's face. "Vulture!" he screamed. "Vulture!"

The spittle ran slowly down the face and over Herr Resch's mouth.

He wiped it off with his sleeve. He began to breathe in gasps. Blood came to his face, turning it red. His whole body began to shake. He grabbed for the Sabbath holder and missed. He reached for it a second time and got hold of it.

Friedrich still stood in the doorway, not moving a muscle.

Herr Resch pushed himself off the floor with difficulty. His breath whistling, he staggered toward Friedrich, the silver candleholder in his raised hand.

Friedrich held his ground.

"Help!" Herr Resch's voice rang through the house. "I'm being attacked. Help!"

Friedrich turned calmly, taking his time. Then he saw me. I tried to signal to him.

"Jew!—Stop him!—Police!" screeched Herr Resch. Friedrich merely nodded, went by me and bounded down the stairs—out of the house—away.

The Picture

(1942)

"That Frau Adamek tramples about like an elephant!" Father commented. "You wouldn't think people could make that much noise!"

Mother didn't look up from her knitting; she just nodded.

So Father took up his newspaper once more. He looked at the clock and said, "They'll be here in an hour." The three small suitcases with our most important things in them stood ready by the door. Our coats lay on a chair.

"Don't you want to lie down for a bit before then?" asked Mother.

"No," Father said. "I'll snooze later in the air-raid shelter."

Everything grew quiet again. All one could hear was the ticking of the clock.

I read my book.

Suddenly I heard a tiny noise outside. I listened, but no one but me seemed to have heard anything.

There it was again, a gentle knocking.

This time Father heard it as well. He looked up from his newspaper.

"Someone knocked on our door," I said.

We held our breath and listened.

And there, it came once more: a faint knock, so faint you could barely hear it.

"But that's Friedrich's signal!" I exclaimed, and jumped up.

"Quiet! Stay where you are!" ordered Father, pushing me back into my chair. "Mother will go."

Mother went, not making a sound. When she returned, Friedrich was with her.

Friedrich had turned up the collar of his coat. His coat was stiff with dirt. Furtively, he came to the table and shook hands with Father and me. His hand wasn't clean either. Anxiously he examined our faces and the room; then he whispered: "I won't stay long."

"First of all, you'll sit down," Father decided.

But Friedrich resisted; he didn't even want to take off his coat. When he finally did, we could see that his jacket and trousers were also encrusted with dirt.

Friedrich jumped every time Mother left the room. Father said nothing. Only his eyes were encouraging Friedrich to talk.

It took a long time before Friedrich finally began to talk, haltingly. "I have a hiding place—but I won't tell you where!" he added at once.

"You don't have to," Father said.

"It's terrible—so lonely. I can only think of how

it was—but I've forgotten so much, I can't even remember what Father and Mother really looked like. There's nothing to remember them by. Had to sell the watch. This is all I have left!" and from his jacket pocket he pulled the cap to the fountain pen Herr Neudorf, our teacher, had given him for his thirteenth birthday. His name was still legible on it.

"I no longer have the other part," Friedrich explained. "It may have fallen out of my pocket." Tenderly he stroked the cap. When Mother quietly opened the door, he jumped again.

Mother put a large thick sandwich in front of him. She stood and waited until he bit greedily into it, then she went back to the kitchen.

Friedrich wolfed down the sandwich, forgetting even to say thank you. He concentrated on eating. After he had swallowed the last bite almost without chewing, he picked the crumbs off his plate.

Mother gave him two more sandwiches, which went as quickly as the first.

Only then did Friedrich continue. "I need a picture of Father and Mother," he said. "I only came because I know you have one. You know, the snapshot on the horse. I know you have it. Please, may I have it?"

Father thought.

"It can only be in that large box," Mother said, and walked to the closet. She pulled out the giant chocolate box. Father had given her the chocolates for their tenth wedding anniversary because he'd found work again shortly before. Mother opened the box and the topmost photos slid out.

"I'll look through them quickly," Father said, putting aside one picture after the other.

"And you come with me till they find it!" Mother said to Friedrich. She had run a hot bath for him and put some of my clean clothes in the bathroom. At first Friedrich refused, but then he went after all.

The box contained many hundreds of pictures: photos, picture postcards, birthday cards. Father and I searched together, but we had barely sorted through half when the sirens began to wail.

Looking troubled, Friedrich dashed out of the bathroom. "What shall I do now?" he asked, horrified.

"Get dressed for a start!" said Father. Friedrich obediently buttoned the fresh shirt and combed his hair with shaking hands.

"We'll take him to the shelter with us," Mother said.

"Impossible!" said Father. "Resch'll put us in jail."

"But we can't put him out in the street at a time like this," Mother put in. "Just look at the boy."

"The best thing for him to do is stay right here in the apartment," Father decided. "Nothing'll happen, I'm sure. And he can wait here until the air raid is over. Then we'll look further for the photo."

Friedrich accepted the decision without a word.

"But be sure not to put on any light!" Father reminded him. Then we took our suitcases and went out to the air-raid shelter.

Friedrich looked after us fearfully.

Antiaircraft guns already thundered outside. Searchlights swayed across the sky. Planes hummed. Shrapnel spattered.

Suddenly two flares lit up the sky, looking like Christmas trees.

In the Shelter

(1942)

The door to the public air-raid shelter was already locked. Father put down his suitcase and maneuvered the iron bars. When the steel door still wouldn't budge, he hammered on it.

Herr Resch opened the door. He wore a steel helmet and an armband identifying him as the air-raid warden. "About time, too!" he growled.

Father said nothing in reply.

We walked into the shelter, greeting everyone there with "Heil Hitler!"

No one answered.

With eyes shut tight, women and old men sat spread over the room. Some had lain down on the benches. Everyone had his luggage beside him. Two mothers and their small children huddled in a dark corner. The children were whining to themselves. In another corner, two lovers sat closely pressed against each other; the man was a sergeant.

We sat down close to the fresh-air pump—where we always sat. The luggage rested between our feet.

Father leaned against the dank, white wall and closed his eyes.

"You'll never get rid of that cough this way," said Mother.

Father sat up straight. "I can't sleep anyway," he said.

"I believe you," nodded Mother.

Herr Resch as air-raid warden crossed the shelter. "Well, comrade, on leave?" he addressed the sergeant.

Startled, the sergeant shot up and agreed.

"We'll show them up there, eh?" Herr Resch was showing off. "Did you read that we shot down thirty-five enemy bombers yesterday?"

The sergeant smiled. "And thirty-five others are taking their places today, and God knows how

many more will come!"

Herr Resch cleared his throat. Without another word, he turned and went back to the door.

The sergeant once more embraced his girl.

Outside the pounding grew louder, and the bark of our antiaircraft guns sounded strangely hollow. The shots mingled with the sounds of bombs exploding, singly first, then several at once. Whole groups of bombs fell together.

"The poor boy!" sighed Mother.

Father just said, "Hmm."

Herr Resch withdrew to the shelter proper, closing the airlock and making the shelter airtight.

Again a bomb exploded. This time, it hit so close the cellar walls shook under the impact.

Suddenly there came a pounding on the door.

"Who can that be so late?" muttered Herr Resch, searching the room.

"Well, go and open up!" the sergeant called from his corner.

Herr Resch unbarred the inner door. Now we could hear someone whimper outside. "Please, please let me in. Please, pleeease!"

"Friedrich!" Mother burst out. Her mouth fell open, her eyes grew large.

"Open up! Open up!" the voice shouted, full of horror. "Please, open up!"

Herr Resch opened the steel door.

Friedrich was kneeling outside, his hands folded in prayer. "I am afraid. Afraid. Afraid." On all fours, he crept into the airlock of the shelter.

Through the open door we could hear how hellish it was outside. The pressure of another hit threw the steel door shut.

"Out!" bellowed Herr Resch. "Scram! You don't really imagine we'd let you into our shelter, do you?" His breathing was labored. "Out! Get out!"

The sergeant stood up and walked over to Herr Resch. "Have you gone out of your mind? You can't send the boy out of a shelter in this raid!"

"Do you know who that is?" Herr Resch sputtered. "That's a Jew!"

"So?" the sergeant asked with astonishment. "And even if it were but a dog, you'd let him stay until the raid is over."

The other people in the shelter also took part now. "Let the boy stay!" came from all sides.

"Who do you think you are!" Herr Resch screamed. "How dare you mix in my affairs? Who is air-raid warden here, you or I? You follow my orders, is that understood? Otherwise I'll report you."

No longer sure of himself, the sergeant stood and looked at Friedrich. Everyone was silent. The guns still sounded.

Very pale, Friedrich still leaned in the airlock. He had calmed down.

"Go, boy. Go voluntarily!" the sergeant said softly. "Otherwise there'll be nothing but annoyance."

Without a word Friedrich left the shelter.

Shots and bombs thundered without a break. We could even hear the whistling sound of the falling bombs and the rushing sound of the incendiary bombs.

Mother cried against Father's shoulder.

"Do pull yourself together!" begged Father. "You'll endanger us all otherwise."

The End

(1942)

Dust and heat greeted us outside. The sky glowed red with the light of fires. Flames still came from roofs and hollow windows. Heaps of rubble smoldered. Glass splinters and fragments of tiles covered the street. In-between lay the incendiary bombs that had missed their targets.

Desperate women cried in front of ruins from which clouds of dust and pulverized brick still rose. Beside a garden wall lay a human being. Someone had thrown a shredded slip over the face.

Supporting Mother between us, we searched for the way home.

Herr and Frau Resch came with us.

A bomb had ripped open the street outside our house, but the house still stood. The roof was partly uncovered and none of the windows had any glass.

We stepped into the front garden.

At once Herr Resch made for the little bit of lawn. He picked up his garden dwarf, Polycarp. A piece of shrapnel had cut off the tip of his cap. Herr Resch searched for it. When he discovered it despite the darkness, he said to Father: "What a shame! I'll try to glue it back on."

Fearfully, Mother looked for Friedrich.

Friedrich sat in the shadow of the stoop. His eyes were closed, his face pale.

"Are you crazy?" Father couldn't help asking.

At that Herr Resch also noticed him.

Father was still standing on the path. It was obvious he didn't know what to do.

Herr Resch pushed his wife aside and stepped closer, still carrying Polycarp.

"Away from here!" he thundered at Friedrich. "Do you think you no longer have to fear being sent away, just because everything's out of whack after this raid?"

Shrilly Mother said: "Can't you see he's fainted!"

A mocking smile on his face, Herr Resch turned

to Mother and said: "Fainted indeed! I'll get him out of it quickly enough. But I must say I am surprised at your sympathy for a Jew. You, the wife of a member of the Nazi party."

Father pulled her aside. She was sobbing.

Herr Resch lifted his foot and kicked.

Friedrich rolled out of the shelter entrance way onto the stone path. A trail of blood went from his right temple to his collar.

I clutched the thorny rosebush.

"His luck that he died *this* way," said Herr Resch.

Chronology

Dates given for laws, decrees, and regulations are dates of public announcement.

(1933)

January 30, 1933	Adolf Hitler becomes Chancellor of the German Reich. He is the Supreme Leader of the NSDAP (National Socialist German Workers Party) and the S.A. (storm troopers).
March 5, 1933	Adolf Hitler receives a strong vote of confidence from the German people in the *Reichstagswahl* (parliamentary elections).
March 24, 1933	The *Reichstag* (German Parliament) empowers Hitler to enact laws on its behalf.
April 1, 1933	Adolf Hitler proclaims a one-day boycott of all Jewish shops.
April 7, 1933	All non-Aryan civil servants, with the exception of soldiers, are forcibly retired.
April 21, 1933	Kosher butchering is forbidden by law.
April 25, 1933	Fewer non-Aryan children are admitted to German schools and universities.
June 16, 1933	There are 500,000 Jews living in the Third Reich.
July 14, 1933	German nationality can be revoked—for those considered "undesirable" by the government.

(1934)

August 2, 1934	Paul von Hindenburg, second president of the German Republic, dies.
August 3, 1934	Adolf Hitler declares himself both President *and* Chancellor of the Third Reich.

(1935)

March 16, 1935	Compulsory military service is reinstituted in Germany in open defiance of the Versailles Treaty.
September 6, 1935	Jewish newspapers can no longer be sold in the street.
September 15, 1935	*Nürnberg Laws* deprive Jews of German citizenship and reduce them to the status of "subjects"; forbid marriage or any sexual relations between Jews and Aryans; forbid Jews to employ Aryan servants under the age of 35.

(1936)

March 7, 1936	Jews no longer have the right to participate in parliamentary elections. The German army reoccupies the Rhineland.
August 1, 1936	The Olympic Games are opened in Berlin. Signs reading "Jews Not Welcome" are temporarily removed from most public places by order of the Führer—to present a favorable and misleading picture to foreign tourists.

(1937)

July 2, 1937	More Jewish students are removed from German schools and universities.
November 16, 1937	Jews can obtain passports for travel abroad only in special cases.

(1938)

March 11, 1938	German troops march into Austria.
July 6, 1938	Jews may no longer follow certain occupations such as broker, matchmaker, tourist guide.

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July 23, 1938	As of January 1, 1939, all Jews must carry identification cards.
July 25, 1938	As of September 30, 1938, Jewish doctors can be regarded only as "medical attendants."
July 27, 1938	All "Jewish" street names are replaced.
August 17, 1938	As of January 1, 1939, all Jews must have only Jewish first names. If a Jew has a German first name, "Israel" or "Sarah" must be added to it.
October 5, 1938	Jewish passports are marked with a "J."
October 28, 1938	About 15,000 "stateless" Jews are "resettled" in Poland.
November 7, 1938	Herschel Grynszpan, a Jew, attempts to assassinate the German Attaché, vom Rath, in Paris.
November 9, 1938	Vom Rath dies. Goebbels, recognizing the propaganda value, issues instructions that "spontaneous demonstrations" against Jews are to be "organized and executed" throughout Germany—in retaliation! The pogrom begins.
November 10, 1938	Pogrom continues.
November 11, 1938	Jews may no longer own or bear arms.
November 12, 1938	Following the Nazi-organized pogrom, "reparations" of one billion *Reichsmarks* are imposed on the German Jews, and they must further repair all damages at their own cost. Jews may no longer head businesses. Jews may no longer attend plays, movies, concerts, and exhibitions.
November 15, 1938	All Jewish children remaining in German schools are removed to Jewish schools.
November 23, 1938	All Jewish businesses are closed down.
November 28, 1938	Jews may no longer be in certain districts at certain times.
December 3, 1938	Jews must hand in their driver's licenses and car registrations. Jews must sell their businesses and hand over their securities and jewelry.
December 8, 1938	Jews may no longer attend universities.
	(1939)
March 15, 1939	German troops march into Czechoslovakia.
April 30, 1939	Rent protection for Jews is reduced.
May 17, 1939	About 215,000 Jews still live in the Third Reich.
September 1, 1939	Germany declares war on Poland.
September 3, 1939	WORLD WAR II begins. (Curfew for Jews is instituted: 9 p.m. in summer, 8 p.m. in winter.)
September 21, 1939	Pogroms against Jews in Poland.
September 23, 1939	All Jews must hand in their radios to the police.
October 12, 1939	Austrian Jews are beginning to be deported to Poland.
October 19, 1939	"Reparations" for German Jews are increased to 1.25 billion *Reichsmarks* and are now payable by November 15, 1939.
November 23, 1939	Polish Jews must now wear yellow stars of David.
	(1940)
February 6, 1940	Unlike the rest of the German people, Jews do not receive clothing coupons.
February 12, 1940	German Jews begin to be taken into "protective custody," that is, deported to concentration camps.
July 29, 1940	Jews may no longer have telephones.
	(1941)
June 12, 1941	Jews must designate themselves as "unbelievers."
July 31, 1941	Beginning of the "final solution."
September 1, 1941	Every Jew in Germany must also wear a star of David.

	Jews may no longer leave their places of residence without permission of the police.
October 14, 1941	The large-scale deportation of Jews to concentration camps begins.
December 26, 1941	Jews may no longer use public telephones.
	(1942)
January 1, 1942	Approximately 130,000 Jews now live in the Third Reich.
January 10, 1942	Jews must hand in any woolen and fur clothing still in their possession.
February 17, 1942	Jews may no longer subscribe to newspapers or magazines.
March 26, 1942	A Jewish apartment must be identified as such with a star of David beside the name plate.
April 24, 1942	Jews are forbidden the use of public transportation.
May 15, 1942	Jews are forbidden to keep dogs, cats, birds, etc.
May 29, 1942	Jews are no longer permitted to visit barber shops.
June 9, 1942	Jews must hand over all "spare" clothing.
June 11, 1942	Jews no longer receive smoking coupons.
June 19, 1942	Jews must hand over all electrical and optical equipment, as well as typewriters and bicycles.
June 20, 1942	All Jewish schools are closed.
July 17, 1942	Blind or deaf Jews may no longer wear armbands identifying their condition in traffic.
September 18, 1942	Jews can no longer buy meat, eggs, or milk.
October 4, 1942	All Jews still in concentration camps in Germany are to be transferred to (extermination camp) Auschwitz.
	(1943)
April 21, 1943	Jews found guilty of crimes are to be conveyed to extermination camps in Auschwitz or Lublin after serving their sentences.
	(1944)
September 1, 1944	Approximately 15,000 Jews now live in the Third Reich.
	(1945)
May 8, 1945	END OF WORLD WAR II. Collapse of the Third Reich.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Hans Peter Richter was born in Cologne, Germany, between the two World Wars. He studied sociology and psychology at the universities of Cologne, Bonn, Mainz and Tübingen, earning his doctor's degree. He is the author of more than twenty books for children and young adults, in addition to a number of professional publications in his field. His interests in literature, history, and current events have made him a frequent guest on radio and TV shows throughout Europe. Dr. Richter now lives in Mainz, Germany.

ABOUT THE TRANSLATOR

Edite Kroll was born and raised in Germany, and completed her education at Cambridge University in England, and the *Alliance Française* in Paris. Long involved with children's literature, she has worked as an editor of juvenile books both in England and the United States. Now a freelance editor/translator, Mrs. Kroll lives in North Yarmouth, Maine, with her husband, writer Steven Kroll.

EXCLUSION

1933 - 1939

PHASE I

RISE OF NAZISM - EXCLUSION
(1933-1939)

I. Instructional Objectives

To provide students with factual information on the Holocaust.

To begin an understanding of the perversion of the legal process and rejection of the institutions of democratic government and Western Civilization by Nazi Germany.

II. Major Concept: Exclusion

In April, 1933, anti-Jewish policy of the Third Reich began to gain momentum. On April 1, a general boycott of Jewish shops and enterprises occurred. Armed guards picketed Jewish-owned shops, factories and businesses. The next step was to deprive Jews of their legal and civil rights. Jews were excluded from the economy. Social barriers were set up. The Nazis were intent on excluding Jews from German cultural life. All Jews were dismissed from the universities, the theater, the publishing industry and the press. Many Jews were expelled from Germany. This initial phase, based on regulations and ordinances which led to the dismissal of all Jews from public office and the German army, reached a climax with the promulgation of the infamous "Nuremberg Laws" in 1935.

The "Nuremberg Laws," decreed in September, 1935, comprised two basic laws:

1. Reich Citizenship Law - decreed that only persons "of German blood" (Aryans) could be citizens of the Reich, while persons of "impure blood" (non-Aryans) were of inferior status and were "subjects" not "citizens."

2. Law for the Protection of German Blood and Honor - forbade marriage and sexual intercourse between Jews and "bearers of German blood." In addition, it prohibited Jews from flying the flag of the Reich.

By 1938, Nazi anti-Jewish policy became even more oppressive. Synagogues were destroyed. Mass arrests and the pillaging and wrecking of Jewish shops took place. All Jewish property had to be registered - a preliminary step to confiscation.

By 1938, Jews in Germany were denied German citizenship, became socially segregated, and were excluded from the economic and cultural life of Germany.

REICH CITIZENSHIP LAW, SEPTEMBER 15, 1935

The Reichstag (German legislative body) has unanimously enacted the following law, which is promulgated herewith:

#1 (1) A (German) subject* is anyone who enjoys the protection of the German Reich (government) and for this reason is specifically obligated to it.

(2) Nationality is acquired according to the provisions of the Reich and state nationality law.

#2 (1) A Reich citizen is only that subject of German or kindred blood who proves by his conduct that he is willing and suited loyally to serve the German people and the Reich.

(2) Reich citizenship is acquired through the conferment of a certificate of Reich citizenship.

(3) The Reich citizen is the sole bearer of full political rights as provided by the laws.

#3 The Reich Minister of the Interior, in agreement with the Deputy of the Fuhrer, will issue the legal and administrative orders required to implement and supplement this law.

Nuremberg: September 15, 1935
at the Reich Party Congress of Freedom

The Fuhrer and Reich Chancellor
The Reich Minister of the Interior

*The German term *Staatsangehoriger*, translated as "subject," refers to someone who is under the rule of a government that affords him protection and to which he owes loyalty.

FIRST DECREE TO THE REICH CITIZENSHIP LAW, NOVEMBER 14, 1935

Pursuant to #3 of the Reich Citizenship Law of September 15, 1935, the following is decreed:

(2) A grandparent is deemed fully Jewish if he has belonged to the Jewish religious community.

#3 Only a Reich citizen, as bearer of full political rights, can exercise the right to vote on political matters, or hold public office. The Reich Minister of the interior or an agency designated by him may, in the transition period, permit exceptions with regard to admission to public office.[6]

#4 (1) A Jew cannot be a Reich citizen. He is not entitled to the right to vote on political matters; he cannot hold public office.

(2) Jewish civil servants will retire by December 31, 1935. If these civil servants fought at the front during the World War for the German Reich or its allies, they will receive the full pension according to the salary scale for the last position held, until they reach retirement age; they will not, however, be promoted according to seniority. after they reach retirement age, their pension will be newly calculated according to the prevailing salary scales.

6. The Jewish religious communities (Gemeinden) were permitted to retain their legal status as official corporations, that is, having the power and authority of state or municipality, until March 31, 1938.

(3) The affairs of religious associations are not affected.

(4) The conditions of service of teachers in Jewish public schools remain unchanged until the issuance of new regulations for the Jewish school system.

#5 (1) A Jew is anyone descended from at least three grandparents who are fully Jewish as regards race.

(2) Also deemed a Jew is a Jewish *Mischling* subject who is descended from two fully Jewish grandparents and

a. who belonged to the Jewish religious community when the law was issued or has subsequently been admitted to it;
b. who was married to a Jew when the law was issued or has subsequently married one;
c. who is the offspring of a marriage concluded by a Jew, within the meaning of Paragraph 1, after the Law for the Protection of German Blood and German Honor of September 15, 1935 took effect;
d. who is the offspring of extramarital intercourse with a Jew, and will have been born out of wedlock after July 31, 1936.

LAW FOR THE PROTECTION OF
GERMAN BLOOD AND GERMAN HONOR, SEPTEMBER 15, 1935

Imbued with the insight that the purity of German blood is prerequisite for the continued existence of the German people and inspired by the inflexible will to ensure the existence of the German nation for all times, the Reichstag has unanimously adopted the following law, which is hereby promulgated:

#1 (1) Marriages between Jews and subjects of German or kindred blood are forbidden. Marriages nevertheless concluded are invalid, even if concluded abroad to circumvent this law.

(2) Only the State Attorney may initiate the annulment suit.

#2 Extramarital intercourse between Jews and subjects of German or kindred blood is forbidden.

#3 Jews must not employ in their households female subjects of German or kindred blood who are under 45 years old.

#4 (1) Jews are forbidden to fly the Reich and national flag and to display the Reich colors.

(2) They are, on the other hand, allowed to display the Jewish colors. the exercise of this right enjoys the protection of the state.

#5 (1) Whoever violates the prohibition in #1 will be punished by penal servitude.

(2) A male who violates the prohibition in #2 will be punished either by imprisonment or penal servitude.

(3) Whoever violates the provisions of #3 or #4 will be punished either by imprisonment up to one year and by a fine, or by either of these penalties.

#6 The Reich Minister of the Interior, in agreement with the Deputy of the Fuhrer and the Reich Minister of Justice, will issue the legal and administrative orders required to implement and supplement this law.

#7 The law takes effect on the day following promulgation, except for #3, which goes into force January 1, 1936.

Nuremberg, September 15, 1935
at the Reich Party Congress of Freedom

The Fuhrer and Reich Chancellor *The Reich Minister of Justice*
The Reich Minister of the Interior *The Deputy of the Fuhrer*

FIRST DECREE FOR IMPLEMENTATION
NOVEMBER 14, 1935

#3 (1) Subjects who are Jewish *Mischlinge* with two fully Jewish grandparents may conclude marriages with subjects of German or kindred blood, or with subjects who are Jewish *Mischlinge* having only one fully Jewish grandparent, only by permission of the Reich Minister of the Interior and the Deputy of the Fuhrer, or of an agency designated by them.

(2) In making the decision, special attention is to be paid to the physical, psychological, and character attributes of the applicant, the duration of his family's residence in Germany, his own or his father's service in the World War, and other aspects of his family history . . . .

#4 No marriage is to be concluded between subjects who are Jewish *Mischlinge* having only one fully Jewish grandparent . . . .

DECREE REGARDING THE
REPORTING OF JEWISH PROPERTY, APRIL 26, 1938

Pursuant to the decree for implementation of the Four Year Plan of October 18, 1936, the following is decreed:

#1 (1) Every Jew must report and assess his entire domestic and foreign property as of the effective date of this decree, in accordance with the regulations that follow. Jews who are foreign subjects must report and assess only their property within this country.

(2) The duty to report and assess property also applies to the non-Jewish spouse of a Jew.

(3) Property must be reported separately for each person required to report.

#2 (1) For purposes of this decree, property includes the entire property of the person required to report, regardless of whether or not it is exempt from any or all taxes.

(2) Property does not include movable goods intended solely for the personal use of the person required to report, or household goods, unless they are luxury articles.

#3 (1) Each item of property is to be assessed at its common value on the effective date of this decree.

(2) The obligation to report does not apply where the total value of property subject to reporting does not exceed 5,000 Reichsmarks, not figuring liabilities.

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#4 (1) The report, prepared according to an official form, is to be submitted no later than June 30, 1938.

#7 The Plenipotentiary for the Four Year Plan may take measures necessary to ensure that the use made of property subject to reporting will be in keeping with the interests of the German economy.

#8 (1) Whoever on purpose or through negligence fails to comply with the obligation to report, assess, or register property according to the above provisions, or complies incorrectly or tardily, will be punished by imprisonment and a fine or by either of these penalties. In especially grave cases of purposeful violation, the sentence may be penal servitude up to

ten years. The perpetrator is also guilty if he commits the act abroad.

(2) Attempted violation is punishable.

(3) In addition to the penalty under Paragraphs 1 and 2, the sentence may specify confiscation of the property insofar as it was the object of the punishable act. When penal servitude is imposed, the sentence must specify confiscation.

The Plenipotentiary for the Four Year Plan
The Reich Minister of the Interior

SECOND DECREE FOR THE IMPLEMENTATION OF THE LAW REGARDING CHANGES OF FAMILY NAMES
AUGUST 17, 1938

Pursuant to #13 of the Law of January 5, 1938, regarding changes of family names and given names, the following is decreed:

#1 (1) Jews may be given only such given names as are listed in the Guidelines on the Use of Given Names issued by the Reich Minister of the Interior.

#2 (1) Insofar as Jews have other given names than those which may be given to Jews according to #1, they are obligated, beginning January 1, 1939, to assume an additional given name, namely, the given name Israel in the case of males, and the given name Sarah in the case of females.

(2) Whoever, according to Paragraph 1, must assume an additional given name is obligated to give written notice within a month from the date after which he is required to use the additional given name, both to the registrar with whom his birth and his marriage are recorded, and to the local police authorities in his place of residence or usual domicile.

The Reich Minister of the Interior
The Reich Minister of Justice

DECREE ON A PENALTY PAYMENT BY JEWS WHO ARE GERMAN SUBJECTS, NOVEMBER 12, 1938

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The hostile attitude of Jewry toward the German Volk and Reich, an attitude which does not shrink even from committing cowardly murder, necessitates determined resistance and harsh penalty.

I, therefore, pursuant to the Decree for the Execution of the Four Year Plan of October 18, 1936, order the following:

The payment of a contribution of 1,000,000,000 Reichsmarks to the German Reich is imposed on the Jews who are German subjects.

Berlin: November 12, 1938 *Plenipotentiary for the Four Year Plan*
Goring, Field Marshal

IN THE BEGINNING — KRISTALLNACHT

From 1933-1939, Adolf Hitler, by bluffs and threats, gained control of Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia and conquered Poland. This was the beginning of his attempt to conquer the world. At the same time that he wanted to conquer the world, he also wanted to get rid of those people who he believed were "inferior". Inferior means lower or of less value than other people. This included certain minority groups, but most of his hate and anger was expressed against the Jews. He ordered the Aryan Germans not to do business with the Jews and placed signs on their shops and in their businesses. Aryans were not permitted to marry Jews, mingle with Jews, go to Jewish doctors or live near Jews. At first he thought he would try to expel the Jews from Germany and any other country he would conquer but that was too difficult. Then he drew up his "Final Solution". The "Final Solution" was a cover-up name for the murder of all the Jews in Europe. Some German people who were not Jewish opposed these acts. He murdered them, too. Hitler did not kill a hundred Jews, or a thousand, or even a million. He put six million Jews to death. And it was difficult to do. Many Germans had to work on the "solution" of this problem — how to kill all of Europe's Jews.

This terrible period began with the discrimination against the Jews in 1933 when Hitler took over Germany; but on November 9, 1938 an act occurred which was the real beginning of tragedy for the Jews. There are many Jews still alive who were in Germany at the time. When you mention November 9, 1938 to them, they shudder. On that night all the synagogues in Germany were destroyed. Small, large, elegant or plain, costly or inexpensive, small town synagogues or huge city showplaces were all destroyed. Glass was smashed and buildings burned. Torah scrolls, arks, curtains, stores and any other property belonging to Jews was also destroyed. This night became known as Kristallnacht — the Night of Glass, but it was really the Night of the Broken Glass. What excuse did the Nazis use to cause such destruction?

On November 7, 1938, a 17-year-old German-Jewish refugee named Herschel Grynezpan, shot and killed Ernst vom Rath, the third secretary of the German embassy in Paris. Herschel had recently escaped to France because of the Nazi persecution of the Jews. The boy's father was among thousands of Jews sent to concentration camps in Poland in boxcar trains. Herschel received letters from his father describing the terrible journey and the inhuman conditions in the camp. The boy felt he had to do something to protest these happenings, so he went to the German embassy, hoping to kill the ambassador, but instead he shot and killed the third secretary.

This murder by the young lad was followed by what the German press called a "spontaneous" demonstration. Spontaneous means on the spot or unplanned. Dr. Goebbels, the German propaganda minister, claimed the demonstration was a reaction to the murder. Later, however, documents were discovered showing that this "spontaneous" demonstration on Kristallnacht had been planned to the tiniest detail, weeks in advance, by the Nazis. They were only waiting for some incident to set off the spark. The murder of vom Rath became that incident.

It was a night of horror throughout Germany. It was as though a single enormous torch suddenly passed over the entire country. The Nazis used the entire country. The Nazis used kerosene to start the fires and bombs to destroy the synagogues.

Newspapers in Germany described the fires, but they never mentioned how the fires came to be lit. The destruction in broken glass alone came to 6 million dollars. Then the Nazis insisted that the destruction had to be paid for by the Jews because they were accused of having started the trouble.

In Nuremberg, one German city, Jewish homes were destroyed with hatchets. Why hatchets? Early on the evening of November 9, there was a great rally of about 30,000 Nazis in Nuremberg. One Nazi official made a speech which angered the Nazis against the Jews. Then each Nazi received a hatchet and was given permission to do to the Jews whatever he wanted.

Many Germans "got even" with Jews of whom they were jealous or whom they hated or feared. They forced their way into Jewish homes, beat, killed and humiliated the people, destroying and stealing their property. One Jewish woman saw an architect smash the furniture in the home he had built for her 12 years earlier.

Following are the remembrances of two people who had lived in Germany during the time that Kristallnacht occurred:

> "I lived in Cologne, a city of about 100,000 on a street opposite an Orthodox temple, in a two-story apartment building. Next door was our small restaurant. About four houses away was the 4711 factory — a place that manufactured perfume. I woke up in the middle of the night hearing noises as though heavy barrels were being rolled about. I climbed out of bed and, looking through the window, thought I saw people at the factory.
>
> Nazis were going in and out of apartments and some Nazis rolled heavy kegs from the factory into the synagogue and put it on fire. I ran downstairs and woke my parents. We ran back to my room and locked

the door. We heard lots of noise, both in the house and in the restaurant. Finally the Nazis left. We went downstairs. Everything in the apartment and restaurant was smashed to pieces, including my beautiful grand piano. It was overturned and every single string had been cut. Sofas and chairs were upside down and books and valuables had been stolen."

Another first-hand report from a small town called Kassel. This person was only 14 years old when Kristallnacht occurred.

"I was visiting my aunt nearby when my father came to get me. He was very upset for he had just seen freight cars packed with Jews. We went to our small home, and about 2:00 in the morning, my uncle from another village knocked on the door. He told us Nazis had come into his village and arrested all the Jewish men. He hid and walked 14 miles to our home. My cousin, who was 17 years old, had been tied onto a horse and dragged about the village. The two large synagogues in my town were burned. At night I went back to stay with my aunt because she was alone. She wept all night and recited prayers over and over. The next morning all the Jewish apartments in my town were ransacked. When I returned home, nothing was left but the house. My mother and sister were in jail. Every piece of china had been smashed, every piece of clothing stolen. The furniture had been hacked with saws and axes.

My father was sent to Buchenwald concentration camp for five weeks. We had nothing to eat and no one would sell us anything. My mother had a heart attack and the doctor refused to come. Jewish children were not allowed to go to public schools. At that time Jews could still be ransomed, and we finally were able to ransom my father. When he returned home, he had lost 60 pounds. Later, no one could be ransomed. We were fingerprinted and forced to wear a yellow star on the front and back of our clothing and on armbands. A large J was stamped on our passports ..."

There are hundreds of these kinds of true life accounts from this Night of Broken Glass. This was bad enough — but it was only the beginning.

The Test, by Bea Stadtler, pp. 6-10.

THE YELLOW BADGE

The Nazis did many things they thought would humiliate and shame the Jews and make them feel less than human. One of the things they thought would be very humiliating was to make the Jews stand out from everyone else. Therefore, they were forced to wear a symbol of their Judaism — a yellow 6-pointed star, outlined in black, with the word JUDE written in black. Jude is the German word for Jew. In some countries occupied by the Nazis, the Jews had to wear the star on an armband. In other countries the star had to be pinned to the chest and back of the outer garment.

Poland was the first country to enforce the wearing of the star in November, 1939. Those wearing the "Jew-Badge" could not travel on trains or public vehicles without a permit, nor could they walk on certain streets, or sit in parks. They could be arrested without cause and sent to hard labor or death. Jews ten years of age or older had to wear the star on the right sleeve of their clothing or overcoats. It was placed on a white armband, not less than 4 inches wide. The armband had to be provided by the Jews themselves.

In addition to wearing this sign, the star had to be placed in all Jewish shops, offices and apartments.

When the German government announced the enforcement of the wearing of the badge they said, "Jews who have completed their 6th year are forbidden to show themselves in public without the Jew-star . . . It must be worn visibly and firmly sewed to the left breast of clothing."

The reaction to this order in Germany was what the Nazis expected. Most people looked away from their Jewish friends and neighbors and behaved as if they did not notice the star. Some Germans spat on the Jew wearing the star, and a few brave souls tried to make the Jew feel accepted and smiled or shook hands with him.

However, unfortunately it was only a few people in each country who were upset and tried to defy the Germans. For the most part, people did not care.

Those Jews who had always been observant or orthodox were forced to wear the badge; but also those Jews who did not consider themselves to be Jews were sought out by the Nazis and forced to wear the badge. Even some who believed they were Christians had to wear the star because it was found they had Jewish blood from some great grandfather or great grandmother.

In March, 1942, the Germans tried to bring the badge to France. The French officials refused to cooperate. They were replaced. The new ones were no more cooperative. Finally, in June the decree was enforced. The badge had to be worn by Jews from the age of 6, and Jews had to pay a clothing coupon to purchase it. Clothing coupons were used to purchase badly needed clothing, but in this case, had to be used to purchase the badge instead.

Some Frenchmen were in sympathy with wearers of the badge, and Nazis complained that Jews wore their badges in cafes and restaurants where German soldiers ate. Some Frenchmen appeared in public wearing yellow handkerchiefs in their breast pockets and holding yellow stars in their hands. The angry Nazis arrested many of these sympathizers and sent them to concentration camps, forcing them to wear a white armband that said "Jew-Friend".

There is a story that when King Christian of Denmark was approached by the Nazis to force the Jews in Denmark to wear the badge, he said, "The Jews are a part of the Danish nation. We have no Jewish problem in our country. If the Jews are forced to wear the yellow star, I and my whole family shall wear it as a 'Badge of Honor'." It was not introduced in Denmark.

Very small groups of people in other countries, too, showed their sympathies at the beginning when the Jews were forced to wear the badge. The Jews, for their part, wore the badge without shame. In Hungary, Jews put their badges on a week before they were supposed to. When asked why, one girl answered, "We are Jews — why should we be ashamed?"

In 1945, when the Palestinian Jews from the future state of Israel came across the Alps to try to help the remnant of Jewry in Europe, they wore the Jewish star on their clothing and said: "This was to be a sign of shame — we consider it a Badge of Honor."

The Test, by Bea Stadtler, pp. 11-13.

SEPARATION

AND

GHETTOIZATION

1939 - 1941

PHASE II

SEPARATION AND GHETTOIZATION
(1939 - 1941)

I. Instructional Objectives

* To provide students with factual information on the Holocaust.
* To provide students with learning experiences which will allow them to experience the feelings, emotions, frustration, desperation and despair which victims suffered as a result of the Holocaust.
* To give students an understanding and appreciation for the courage, beliefs and values of the victims of the Holocaust, both living and dead.
* To begin an understanding of the perversion of the legal process and rejection of the institutions of democratic government and Western Civilization by Nazi Germany.

II. Major Concept: Separation and Ghettoization

Hitler expected that the Nuremberg Laws and events such as Kristallnacht would encourage the Jews to leave Germany. It was Hitler's expectation that they would flee Germany and settle in other parts of the world, thus solving the Jewish problem in Germany. This did not happen. Prior to the rise of Hitler, German Jews had felt assimilated into German society and considered Germany their homeland. They did not want to leave and believed the situation was only temporary and would improve. Therefore, the years 1939-41 mark a period of transition from a policy of forced exclusion to forced separation, deportation and ghettoization.

In September, 1939, Jews in German-occupied Poland were transferred to ghettos established in large cities. At the same time, a Jewish Council (Judenrat) was set up in every town and village to carry out the orders of the German authorities. Anti-Semitic decrees included: 1) wearing the yellow badge, 2) forced labor, 3) looting of Jewish property and 4) separation to labor camps.

Within a year most Jews were isolated in the ghettos. The first large ghetto was in Lodz, followed by the Warsaw Ghetto where approximately half a million Jews were imprisoned in the autumn of 1940.

In the large ghettos, Jews suffered from overcrowding, starvation and disease. The shortage of food, the lack of fuel for heating and the absence of proper sanitation services promoted outbreaks of infectious diseases such as typhus epidemics. So many died from hunger and disease in the Warsaw Ghetto that it was impossible to bury them with proper funerals. The bodies were collected from the streets and houses and buried in common graves.

HEYDRICH'S INSTRUCTIONS TO
CHIEFS OF EINSATZGRUPPEN, SEPTEMBER 21, 1939

The Chief of the Security Police

SECRET Berlin: September 21, 1939

To: *Chiefs of all Einsatzgruppen of the Security Police*
Subject: Jewish question in the occupied territory

I refer to the conference held in Berlin today and once more point out that the *planned overall measures* (i.e., the final aim) are to be kept *strictly secret*.

Distinction must be made between:

(1) The final aim (which will require extended periods of time), and
(2) The stages leading to the fulfillment of this final aim (which will be carried out in short terms).

The planned measures demand the most thorough preparation in their technical as well as economic aspects.

I

For the time being the first prerequisite for the final aim is the concentration of the Jews from the countryside into the larger cities.

This is to be carried out with all speed.
In doing so, distinction must be made:

(1) between the areas of Danzig and West Prussia, Posen, Eastern Upper Silesia, and
(2) the rest of the occupied territories.

As far as possible, the area mentioned (in *item 1*) is to be cleared of Jews; at least the aim should be to establish only a few cities of concentration.

In the areas mentioned in *item 2*, as few concentration points as possible are to be set up, so as to facilitate subsequent measures.

In this connection, it is to be borne in mind that only cities which are rail junctions, or at least are located along railroad lines, are to be designated as concentration points.
On principle, Jewish communities of *fewer* than 500 persons are to be dissolved and to be transferred to the nearest city of concentration.

II

Councils of Jewish Elders (Judische Altestenrate)

(1) In each Jewish community, a Council of Jewish elders is to be set up, to be composed of the remaining influential personalities and rabbis. The council is to comprise up to 24 male Jews (depending on the size of the Jewish community).
The council is to be made *fully responsible* for the exact and punctual execution of all directives issued or yet to be issued.

(2) In case of sabotage of such instructions, the councils are to be warned of the severest measures.

(3) The Jewish councils are to take an improvised census of the Jews in their local areas - broken down if possible by sex (age groups): a)up to 16 years of age, b) from 16 to 20 years of age, and c) over, as well as by principal occupational groups - and are to report the results in the shortest possible time.

(4) The Councils of elders are to be informed of the dates and deadlines for departure, departure facilities, and finally departure routes. They are then to be made personally responsible for the departure of the Jews from the countryside.
The reason to be given for the concentration of the Jews into the cities is that Jews have most influentially participated in guerrilla attacks and plundering actions.

(5) The Councils of Elders in the cities of concentration are to be made responsible for appropriately housing the Jews moving in from the countryside.
For general reasons of security, the concentration of Jews in the cities will probably necessitate orders altogether barring Jews from certain sections of cities, or, for example, forbidding them to leave the ghetto[2] or go out after a designated evening hour, etc. However, economic necessities are always to be considered in this connection.

(6) The Councils of Elders are also to be made responsible for appropriate provisioning of the Jews during the transport to the cities.
No objections are to be voiced in the event that migrating Jews take their movable possessions with them, to the extent that this is technically possible.

(7) Jews who do not comply with the order to move into the cities are to be allowed a short additional period of grace where circumstances warrant. They are to be warned of strictest punishment if they should fail to comply with this latter deadline.

2. This appears to be the earliest reference to the German plan to establish ghettos in which to confine the Jews.

The chiefs of the Einsatzgruppen will report to me continuously on the following matters:

(1) Numerical survey of the Jews present in their territories (broken down as indicated above, if possible). The numbers of Jews who are being evacuated from the countryside and of those who are already in the cities are to be reported separately.

(2) Names of cities which have been designated as concentration points.

(3) Deadlines set for the Jews to migrate to the cities.

(4) Survey of all Jewish-owned essential or war industries and enterprises, as well as those important for the Four Year Plan, within their areas.

If possible, the following should be specified:

a. Kind of enterprise
b. Which of these enterprises need to be Aryanized most promptly (in order to forestall any kind of loss)?
What kind of Aryanization is suggested? Germans or Poles?
c. How large is the number of Jews working in these enterprises (including leading positions)?
Can the enterprise simply be kept up after the removal of the Jews, or will such continued operation require assignment of German or Polish workers? On what scale?

Insofar as Polish workers have to be introduced, care should be taken that they are mainly brought in from the former German provinces, so as to begin the weeding out of the Polish element there.

FOUR DECREES ISSUED IN
OCCUPIED POLAND, 1939-1941

Decree on the Introduction of Forced Labor for the Jewish Population of the Generalgouvernement October 26, 1939

Pursuant to the Decree of the Fuhrer and Reich Chancellor on the Administration of the Occupied Polish Territories, of October 12, 1939, I issue this ordinance:

#1 Effective immediately, forced labor is instituted for Jews resident in the Generalgouvernement. For this purpose, the Jews will be concentrated in forced-labor teams.

#2 All Jewish men and women in the Generalgouvernement who are over ten years of age are obliged, beginning December 1, 1939, to wear a white band, at least 10 centimeters wide, with the Star of David on the right sleeve of their inner and outer clothing.

#3 Jewish men and women must themselves procure these arm bands and provide them with the appropriate distinguishing mark.

#4 (1) Violations will be punished by imprisonment.
(2) The Special Courts will have jurisdiction for judging such cases.

Third Decree on the Restriction of Residence in the Generalgouvernement, October 15, 1941

1) Jews who, without authorization, leave the residential district to which they have been assigned will be punished by death. The same punishment applies to persons who knowingly provide hiding places for such Jews.

2) Abettors and accomplices will be punished in the same way as the perpetrator, and an attempted act in the same way as an accomplished one. In less serious cases the sentence may be penal servitude, or imprisonment.

3) Cases will be judged by the Special Courts.

This ordinance takes effect on the day of promulgation.
Warsaw: October 15, 1941

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNTS OF CHILDREN LIVING IN THE GHETTO

"Dear Diary,

We're here five days, but word of honor it seems like five years. I don't even know where to begin writing, because to many awful things have happened since I last wrote in you. First, the fence was finished and nobody can go out or come in..... From today on, dear diary, we're not in a ghetto but a ghetto camp, and on every house they've posted a notice which tells exactly what we're not allowed to do..... Actually, everything is forbidden, but the most awful thing of all is that the punishment for everything is death. It doesn't actually say that this punishment also applies to children, but I think it does apply to us, too."

Eva (age 13)

"I've learned here to appreciate ordinary things. Things that, if we had them when we were still free, we didn't notice at all. Like riding a bus or train, or walking freely along the road to the water, say or go buy ice cream. Such an ordinary thing and it's out of our reach."

Charlotte (age 14)

"More and more people were robbed on the streets, especially for food. It happened to me once. I was coming home with a loaf of bread under my arm, when a young man ran up to me, grabbed the bread, bit off a big piece, and threw the rest back to me. Everything happened so fast that I did not have time to pick up the rest of the loaf; a group of small children grabbed it and ate it. I ran home, crying and shaking."

Liliana

"The most fearful sight is that of freezing children, dumbly weeping in the street with bare feet, bare knees, and torn clothing."

Emanuel Ringelblum

"Children of the Ghetto -- a cursed generation that played with corpses and death, that knew no laughter and no joy -- children who were born into darkness and terror and fright; children who saw no sun."

David Wdowinsky

From Through Our Eyes: Children Witness the Holocaust by Itzhak Tatelbaum

THE WARSAW GHETTO

On September 1, 1939, the German army invaded Poland. At the time of the invasion, 3 million Jews were living in Poland where they had lived in large numbers for many centuries. To accomplish mass annihilation more efficiently, the Nazis, in many Polish cities, established ghettos where Jews were forced to live. The largest ghetto was in Warsaw. The Jewish population of the entire city, 350,000, was moved into a very small neighborhood. Then about 150,000 Jewish refugees from other Polish towns were jammed into the overcrowed area. This was only the beginning ...

Jews had to leave their homes in other parts of the city and move into the ghetto. They had no wagons to move furniture and clothing and so took only what they could carry on their backs or in wagons or baby buggies. Three and four families were forced to live together in one tiny room.

The Jews of the Warsaw ghetto were completely cut off from the outside world, deprived of their sources of livelihood and condemned to a living death.

The Germans did not provide enough food for even half the number of people in the ghetto. The bowl of soup that was eaten was often boiled from straw. It was forbidden to bring food into the ghetto, and though some small amounts were smuggled in, many Jews starved to death.

Since the Jews had brought only the clothing they could carry and since the Nazis forced them to give up fur coats and even coats with fur collars, they had little warm clothing. Although small quantities of coal were smuggled into the ghetto, this coal was very costly and most Jews could not afford it. Polish winters are long and very, very cold, and so from lack of clothing and lack of heat, many Jews froze to death.

Because 500,000 persons were forced to live in an area where only 35,000 people had previously lived, the terrible disease typhoid began to spread. There was little water and it was not fit for drinking. Sanitary conditions were very poor. Many Jews in the ghetto died from typhoid.

Life was bitter. But although there were a few Jews who exploited the others, and a handful who thought they could save their lives by working with the Germans, most of the Jews behaved in a humane and decent fashion, even heroically.

In spite of all the death, filth and starvation, some of the leaders tried to raise the spirits of the ghetto inhabitants. Although schools for children were forbidden, they existed underground on all levels. In back rooms, on long benches or near a table, little school children sat and learned. In time of danger, the children learned to hide their books between their trousers and stomachs and then button their jackets and coats. There were classes and lectures for adults, mostly in Yiddish. There were also lectures and classes for medical students, and laboratories were set up. Theater groups performed plays in Yiddish until the ghetto was destroyed. Artists, musicians and writers in the ghetto were encouraged.

The Nazi idea of having a little fun was to come into the ghetto to beat up old people, shoot children and help themselves to anything they might want. But a time came when Germans dared not come within the ghetto walls, except in large groups and armed with machine guns. They learned to fear and respect a small resistance group that had come together in the ghetto. The Jewish Fighters Organization, headed by a young man named Mordecai Anilewitz, was responsible for this change.

SELECTED POEMS OF THE HOLOCAUST

Many of the victims of the Holocaust were young people who may have been your age and had their whole lives ahead of them. The literature of the Holocaust is an impressive body of poems, stories, novels and dramas created by victims, survivors and observers. The following poems are examples of the vast outpouring of expression inspired by the agony and murder of millions. After reading the poetry, you will better understand the feelings of the 6,000,000 Jews murdered during World War II.

FEAR

By Eva Pickover, age 12

Today the ghetto knows a different fear,
Close in its grip, Death wields an icy sythe,
An evil sickness spreads a terror in its wake,
the victims of its shadow weep and writhe.

Today a father's heartbeat tells his fright.
And mothers bend their heads into their hands.
Now children choke and die with typhus here,
a bitter tax is taken from their bands.

My heart still beats inside my breast
While friends depart for other worlds.
Perhaps it's better — who can say?
Than watching this, to die today?

No, no, my God, we want to live!
Not watch our numbers melt away.
We want to have a better world,
We want to work — we must not die!

(Eva Pickover was born May 15, 1929 and was murdered in Auschwitz concentration camp in 1943.)

I BELIEVE

Poet unknown

I believe in the sun when it is not shining.
I believe in love when feeling it not.
I believe in God even when he is silent.

THE BUTTERFLY

by Pavel Friedman

The lost, the very lost,
So richly, brightly, dazzling yellow.
Perhaps if the sun's tears
would sing against a white stone ....

Such, such a yellow
Is carried lightly 'way up high.
It went away I'm sure because it wished to
kiss the world good-bye.

For seven weeks I've lived in here,
Penned up inside this ghetto.
But I have found my people here.
The dandelions call to me
And the white chestnut candles in the court.
Only I never saw another butterfly.

That butterfly was the last one.
Butterflies don't live in here,
in the ghetto.

(Pavel Friedman died in Auschwitz on September 29, 1944)

THE FIRST TEN AMENDMENTS TO THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION (BILL OF RIGHTS)

AMENDMENT I

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

AMENDMENT II

A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed.

AMENDMENT III

No Soldier shall, in time of peace be quartered in any house, without the consent of the Owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

AMENDMENT IV

The rights of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probably cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

AMENDMENT V

No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the Militia, when in actual service in time of War or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation.

AMENDMENT VI

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining Witnesses in his favor, and to have the Assistance of Counsel for his defense.

AMENDMENT VII

In Suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury, shall be otherwise re-examined in any Court of the United States, than according to the rules of the common law.

AMENDMENT VIII

Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

AMENDMENT IX

The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

AMENDMENT X

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

The German Partition of Poland, 1939/41-1945

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

RESCUE

AND

RESISTANCE

RESCUE AND RESISTANCE

1. Instructional Objectives

To give students an understanding and appreciation for the courage, beliefs and values of the victims of the Holocaust, both living and dead.

To help students understand the importance of individual choice and responsibility for the people of a free society.

2. Major Concepts

1. Militant Resistance:

Jews did resist. Some joined fighting groups in the ghettos, even in the concentration camps: Sobibor is an example. Others managed to escape and formed fighting groups or joined the partisans in the woods, or worked with various "underground" networks and organizations.

2. Spiritual Resistance:

Jews, without weapons, weak from hunger, degradation and mistreatment defied their Nazi rulers by attempting to maintain as normal and humane an existance as possible in the ghettos and in the camps.

These victims drew pictures, wrote poetry, kept diaries, observed the Jewish holidays, customs and traditions knowing that, if discovered, they would most likely lose their lives.

Jews everywhere -- in ghettos, in camps, in hiding -- responded even in the extremity of their suffering with a stubborn determination to outlast their oppressors, with a grim will to live, to survive. Wherever they had the least opportunity, they tried to salvage something of their familiar world, to re-create their communal institutions, to devise means of mutual aid and construct islands of culture and civilization that would comfort and hearten them, that would enable them to retain their humanity in a world gone savage. There were makeshift schools for children and lectures for adults, religious services and religious study groups, books and libraries, and sometimes even theater and music.

3. Rescue:

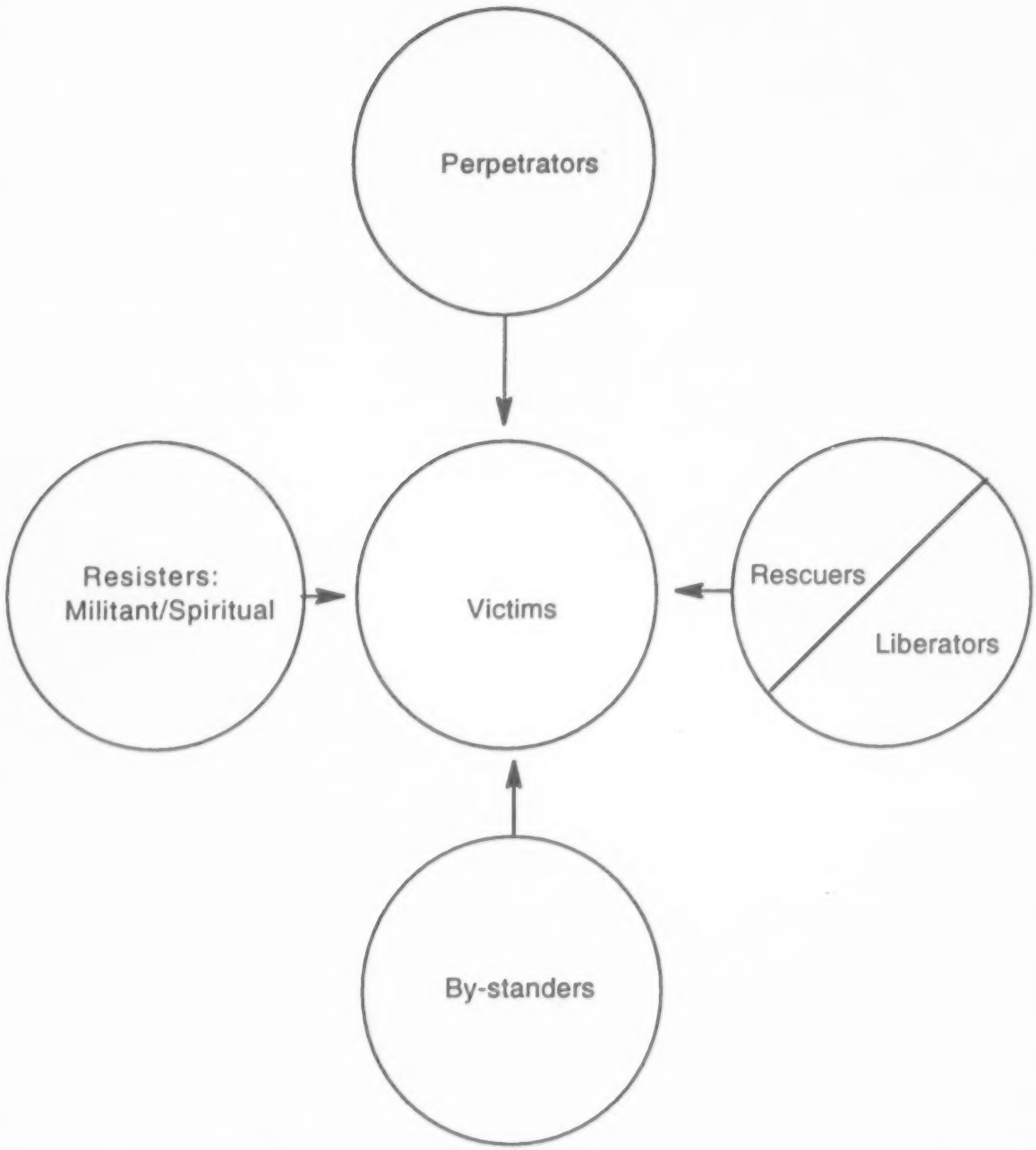
During the Holocaust, there were a few people, many of whom were

Christians, who could not stand by and do nothing while Jews – friends, neighbors, sometimes total strangers – were persecuted and hunted down. At great risk to themselves they took actions – sometimes large, more often small – which saved a life. Or many lives. And for these actions they are called in Hebrew *Hasidei Umot HaOlam*, the "Righteous Among the Nations of the World".

These exceptional men and women acted with great altruism and moral courage by sheltering or otherwise aiding Jews during those dark days, often at considerable risk to themselves and their families. In Poland, for example, individuals caught sheltering or even selling food to Jews usually were summarily executed.

Rescuers serve as role models for us and for future generations. They teach us that, even in the hell of the Holocaust, each human being has the capacity to act humanely.

People in the Holocaust



THE WARSAW GHETTO UPRISING

When the Nazis occupied Warsaw and established the ghetto, Mordecai was a young man. He tried in many ways to help his fellow Jews and finally, at the end of 1942, he organized a fighting unit. He operated a secret radio station and informed the people in the ghetto what was happening outside the ghetto walls.

Mordecai was convinced that everyone in the ghetto would die. "The question is," he asked, "how shall we die?" He answered his own question. "We have.decided to die in battle." He began organizing all the young and middle-aged people in the ghetto for battle. He included girls and women as well as boys and men. He drilled and trained and obtained weapons, some of which were purchased at enormous costs and smuggled into the ghetto. Grenades and molotov cocktails were produced by hand at the rate of about 50 a day.

In January, 1943, the Germans rounded up a few hundred Jews for deportation to the death camps. They dragged these unfortunate people to the place where they were loaded on cattle trains which would take them to the concentration camps. Mordecai entered the crowd with some of his comrades. At a signal they attacked the Germans. The captured Jews fled and the Germans scattered in confusion, leaving their wounded and dead.

The deportations stopped for three months. The Germans were preparing themselves for a terrible battle. But the ghetto fighters also were preparing themselves. Mordecai worked day and night. He was everywhere. He helped dig bunkers with secret tunnels. A bunker is an underground hiding place with shafts for air. There were also a number of very large bunkers hidden in the ghetto. Mordecai also helped set up tank-blocks in entrances to buildings. He organized the collection of arms. He was in constant contact with the ghetto with detailed information about every alley and passageway for the other fighters. To a friend he wrote:

> "We don't have a moment's rest. We sleep in our clothes. At every entry into the ghetto we stand on guard, day and night. We are making the final preparations. Soon we shall have to separate ourselves from life and go to the place that no one wants to go to. But ours is the correct path. We cultivated in our hearts the idea of revolt ...

On Sunday, April 18, 1943, the leaders of the central ghetto met under the chairmanship of Mordecai. At the end of the meeting he distributed weapons. Each group received baskets of molotov cocktails. Some food was distributed and poison for those fighters who might be caught and did not want to be tortured by the Nazis. Houses were barricaded with furniture and sandbags and pillows were placed on window sills for support and protection. Finally, an all night watch was set up in the ghetto.

On Monday, the Nazis attacked. A sqadron of motorcyclists, heavy trucks, infantry, heavy machine guns, ambulances, a field kitchen, field telephones and twelve armed vehicles entered the ghetto. On the main streets, they set up tables and benches with the telephones. Full of confidence in their superior strength and weapons, the German column reached the corners of the two main streets ... and were stopped. A hail of molotov cocktails sent them fleeing in panic, again leaving behind their dead and wounded. One tank after another was hit with well-aimed hand-made bombs and the men driving them were burned alive inside the tank. Panic broke out among the Germans. The Nazi report to headquarters was: "The Jewish resistance was unexpected, unusually strong and a great surprise."

On April 23, Mordecai Anilewitz wrote to a friend:

> "Be well my friend. Perhaps we shall meet again. The main thing is that the dream of my life came true. I was fortunate enough to witness Jewish defense in the ghetto in all its greatness and glory."

The fighting continued, but because of lack of arms, grew weaker. On May 8, the Germans found the bunker at #18 Mila Street. This was the bunker that hid many of the fighters, including Mordecai Anilewitz. They threw poison gas into the bunker and then shot all those who came out. Whether Mordecai was killed by the gas or whether he committed suicide we shall probably never know.

Most of the fighters were killed, but a few of those who had fought against the Nazis escaped through the sewers and joined partisan groups in the forest to continue the fight.

The Jews in the ghetto, with their pitiful weapons, held out longer against their Nazi enemies than the Poles had held out when the Germans attacked Poland.

The Test, by Bea Stadtler, pp. 25-33
The Holocaust: A Cast Study of Genocide, by Albert Post, p. 26

VLADKA MEED

The Warsaw Ghetto uprising, the symbol of Jewish resistance to the Nazis, was not an isolated event, but rather the culmination of many forms of Jewish resistance throughout the world. During the first years of the Ghetto, the nature of resistance had been to preserve our Jewish way of life against the barbaric onslaught of the Nazis. Survival, to outwit the enemy and to live and to witness the destruction—that was our goal.

It was only after July 1942, when the deportations began from the Warsaw Ghetto, that the realization slowly dawned on us that, despite the German assurances of "only resettlement" to other towns, the Final Solution meant death.

How could our people, who for generations had cherished human values, imagine the utter madness of an enemy who planned their total annihilation? How could we even conceive of the death camps perfected by German science and industry?

It took time until the ghetto Jew learned to believe the truth of the gas chambers, but finally, as the realization grew that the Nazis would spare no one, the idea of armed struggle took hold of those left in the ghettos.

In October 1942, the coordinated Jewish Fighters Organization of Warsaw—ZOB[1]—came into being and I, a member of the Jewish underground, was sent out of the Ghetto on a mission among the Poles—a Jewish girl, but I had Polish features and I was fluent in the Polish language. I was trusted to try and obtain arms for the Fighters' Organization.

The core of our Fighters' Organization consisted of illegal youth organizations—Zionists, Socialists, Bundists, and Communists—who were remnants of the prewar political youth movements. Over 500 fighters were organized into 22 units. Though most of the fighters were in their teens or early twenties, they were imbued with a spirit of idealism and heroism. In the beginning, the armaments in the possession of the Jewish Fighters' Organization were one revolver.

Those who say that organized Jewish armed resistance came too late in the Ghetto would do well to remember that it came earlier than that of any other oppressed people in Europe. Every other underground movement waited with its own revolt until the Allied armies were practically at the gate of the cities, so as to assure their success. This was true of the French in Paris and later on of the Poles in Warsaw, but the Jews—the most persecuted and the ones in the most hopeless position—were the first to revolt.

It was 18 months earlier, on January 18, 1943, as soon as we got hold of a few revolvers, that the first German soldiers fell in the Warsaw Ghetto. The surprise attack induced the Germans to halt the deportation. January 18 marked the turning point for the Ghetto, for on that day the Ghetto had dared to strike back in an organized fashion by setting fire to German factories and carrying out death sentences against informers and collaborators. The Fighters' Organization won the support of the Warsaw Ghetto Jews.

Through bulletins placed on the walls of Ghetto buildings, the Jews were informed of the aims and works of the underground. A tax was put on the wealthy and on the remaining Ghetto institutions. Money and jewelry were collected. Bakers and merchants secretly supplied bread and food to the fighting units. Those who still had possessions of value had to contribute for armaments.

"Resist! Don't let yourself be taken away," was the call.

"I no longer have any authority in the Ghetto," Mark Lichtenbaum, the head of the then-appointed Jewish Council, admitted to the Nazis when he was ordered to supervise further deportations. The Fighters' Organization expressed the will and the feeling of the remaining 60,000 Warsaw Ghetto Jews.

But our biggest problem was to obtain arms. We sent out desperate pleas to the outside world begging for guns, but these pleas fell on deaf ears. Pitiful was the response from the Polish underground. Instead, the Jewish resistance organization had to find its own way.

I will never forget when Michael Klepfish, our armaments engineer, and I together tested our first homemade bomb outside the Ghetto walls, and it worked!

With mounting excitement, armaments were smuggled into the Ghetto. Primitive factories were set up in basements and attics to manufacture Molotov cocktails and grenades. By then we had learned of the German plans to make Warsaw completely Judenrein, free of Jews. The end was drawing near. Feverishly we worked preparing ourselves to face the enemy by building secret hiding places and bunkers, storing food, and practicing with small arms.

None of us expected to survive an attack on the Nazis nor did we even expect to influence in the smallest way the war. But nevertheless, a profound conviction that our cause was just drove us on.

On Passover—April 19, 1943—at two o'clock in the morning, the guards of the resistance organization noticed movements of new German troops near the Ghetto wall. The whole Ghetto was immediately alerted. Fighting groups took up their positions. Others were ordered to the prepared bunkers and hiding places, and when the first German soldiers marched into the Ghetto in the morning, they found the streets empty.

Suddenly, at certain intersections, they came under fire. From buildings, from windows, from rooftops of houses, Jews were shooting. The Germans withdrew. They set up artillery around the Ghetto walls and from there they systematically bombarded our Ghetto positions.

The Ghetto did not yield. A Jewish unit under the command of Hersh Berlinsky waited for the Germans at the entrance to the brush-making factory, where one of our few Ghetto land mines was planted. The first German ranks entered the factory; a silent signal a moment later; a loud explosion, and German corpses laid strewn on the ground amidst their own wrecked weapons. Unfortunately, it was the only one of our four mines to go off.

Such were the arms with which we fought. We were so poorly equipped. We had only a handful of grenades and revolvers against the combined might of the Wehrmacht.

Day after day, week after week passed in fighting. In the first days, the Jewish fighters tried to hold on to their positions. Then, they shifted to partisan methods. Groups would emerge from the bunkers to seek out the enemy. In these encounters, whoever saw the other first and was quickest with his weapon was the victor of the moment. Inexperienced, untrained civilians fought against a well-drilled army—a primitive Molotov cocktail against a tank, a gun against a flamethrower, a revolver against a machine gun.

One side of the street against the other. One house against the next. Block after block, street after street, the Germans set on fire. The fire that swept the Ghetto turned night into day. The flames, the heat, and the suffocating smoke drove the Jews from their houses and bunkers. Men, women, and children jumped out of the windows and ran through the burning winds looking for places where they could breathe. But where could they go when everything was burning?

I can still see the towers of flame. I can still smell the stench of burning houses and hear the agonizing screams for help.

And in the midst of this flaming hell, the resistance went on until the entire Ghetto was a charred rubble. General Stroop, who destroyed the Warsaw Ghetto, stated in an official report that the Jewish uprising came to an end on May 16 after four weeks of struggle.

We know, of course, that after that date the Ghetto was unable to continue organized resistance since the majority of our military organization had been killed. Mordecai Anilewicz, the leader of the uprising, and his entire staff at Mila 18[4] were gassed. Many others were burned to death, but for long weeks afterward, other Jews remained hidden in the still-smoldering ruins and bunkers and would not give up themselves.

For weeks shots were still heard in the Ghetto. The same General Stroop in another report informed his superiors that he blew up or gassed 631 Jewish bunkers. This means 631 Jewish points of resistance. No one knows exactly the number of Jews who perished in the bunkers. No one can tell about their last hours or their deaths.

Those final days united them all—those who had fallen with arms in hand, those who were gassed, those who suffocated in the smoking ruins, and those who were burned to their death. They were all united in one great chain of resistance against their enemy.

During the days of the uprising, the Jewish underground sent radio information to the world, to our representatives in the Polish government-in-exile in England. We pleaded for ammunition, for help, but the world sat silently by. Our people were entirely alone, abandoned. Those of us who survived can never forget the feeling of desertion we experienced. We shall never be able to find justification for having been forsaken in our last hours of struggle.

One year later, I was in the uprising of the city of Warsaw, and I remember at that time the planes flying over the city, throwing down arms and medical supplies for the fighters.

But when our Warsaw Jews were fighting, the skies over the Ghetto were empty.

In the months afterwards, we learned of other Jewish uprisings in ghettos, towns, and death camps. Later, as the Allies came closer, the other civilian uprisings took place. But the Warsaw Ghetto uprising—doomed from the start yet inspired by the highest ideals of humanity and human dignity—became the symbol of heroism and resistance for all people—and for all time.

SAMUEL GRUBER

My name is Samuel Gruber. In the wartime it was Mietek.

In September 1939 in Poland, when the war broke out, I found myself drafted into the Polish army. After eight days of fighting, I was wounded in my right shoulder and taken prisoner by the Germans. After a short stay in a hospital, I was sent out with other Polish prisoners of war to Stalag 13A near Nuremberg, Germany. There they selected all Jewish prisoners and put us in separate barracks and sent us out for all kinds of manual work.

In February 1941, the Germans decided to send all Jewish prisoners of war back to Poland, stating, "You are no more prisoners of war. You are plain Jews." And as such, they sent me and about 2,000 others to a camp near Lublin. Here, they gave us over to the SS. Before we were under the Wehrmacht. They put us to work all over the town of Lublin and then to build the known concentration camp Majdanek. Every day there were beatings, hangings, and shootings. When we saw this, we started to organize. Then we started talking to people about what to do and how to plan to escape.

I think I live today because I was a believer. I believed when Hitler said that he would kill all the Jews. I believed when Himmler and Goebbels and others wrote in their books and their theory that they would kill us all. I believed it, but a lot of us did not. When I came over to my people and asked them to run away with me, a lot of them said, "No. Why should we? We don't know what will happen there. And here we have a place to sleep. They give us food. All right, they are beating some of us, they are killing some of us, but they wouldn't kill everybody."

But I believed that they would do it. Realizing that the whole camp of 2,000 people couldn't escape, I organized a group of 22 Jews. In October 1942, I ran away to the woods around Lublin. In the beginning, we had a very hard time adjusting to our new life. We had no guns, no weapons to defend ourselves, and food was also a problem.

In a short while, we found some connections with other Jewish boys and girls who had run away from concentration camps and other ghettos and also with some Polish groups. Together we organized a partisan unit ready to fight the Germans. We started to sabotage the links of communication and the railway train, stop trucks, cut telephone wires, ambush German soldiers, and kill spies and collaborators. After a time, our Jewish group was singled out by the leader as the best organized fighting men in the woods.

I want to recall here one episode of our actions. I recall the first train derailment we engineered and the excitement of it. We prepared for this moment for three days ahead, finding out the right spot, timing, and also where the military installation and placement of German soldiers were. The night was dark, and we took positions on the embankment around a railroad line going from Lublin to Warsaw.

Our bomb expert put his bomb under the train rail, and we were all waiting with nervous tension for the train to come. After half an hour, we heard a locomotive hissing. Our explosion erupted, and the train turned on its back. The train carried oil, war materials, tanks, and parts for the military machinery. There were interruptions for two to three days in the military communications.

This was a very big accomplishment for us and made us very proud and gave us the courage to fight more.

All over Poland, Jews seeing their plight, started to organize and fight back. There were revolts in the ghettos of Warsaw, Vilna, Grodno, Bialystok and others, and in the concentration camps of Sobibor and Treblinka, but the remnants from those fights and from the revolts came to us, to the partisan sector. It is estimated that 50,000 Jews fought in the partisans.

I wrote a book about my experience. The name is *I Chose Life*. I am glad that I was able to write that for what I and my fellow fighters went through. Too many comrades perished in the struggle, and by writing this story in detail I believe I fulfilled their dying last wish that their sufferings should not be forgotten.

TO ARMS!
THE PROCLAMATION OF THE REBELS IN THE GHETTO OF VILNA

Jews, defend yourselves with arms!

The German and Lithuanian hangmen have approached the gates of the Ghetto. They have come to murder us! Soon they will be leading us in droves through the gates.

Thus hundreds were led away on Yom Kippur!

Thus were led away our brothers and sisters, our mothers and fathers, our children.

Thus tens of thousands were led to their death! But we shall not go!

We will not stretch out our necks to the slaughterer like sheep!

Jews, defend yourselves with arms!

Do not believe the lying promises of the murderers. Do not believe the words of traitors. Whoever leaves the Ghetto is sent to Fonar. (A Vilna suburb where Jews were murdered in tens of thousands.)

Fonar means Death!

Jews, we have nothing to lose; sooner or later we shall be killed. Who can believe that he will survive when the fiends are exterminating us with calculated efficiency? The hands of the executioner will ultimately reach everyone; escape and cowardice will save no one.

Only armed resistance can possibly save our lives and our honor.

Brothers, it is better to die in the battle of the Ghetto than to be led away like sheep to Fonar! Lest you forget -- there is an organized Jewish fighting force which will rebel with arms.

Help the Rebellion!

Do not hide in hideaways and shelters. In the end you will be caught like rats in the traps of the murderers.

Masses of Jews, get out into the streets! If you have no arms, raise your hammers! And those who have no hammer let them use iron bars, even sticks and stones!

For our fathers!

For our murdered children!

As payment for Fonar!

Kill the murderers!

In every street, in every yard, in every room, in the Ghetto and outside, kill the mad dogs!

Jews, we have nothing to lose; we shall save our lives only when we kill the killers.

Long live liberty!

Long live our armed resistance!

Death to the murderers!

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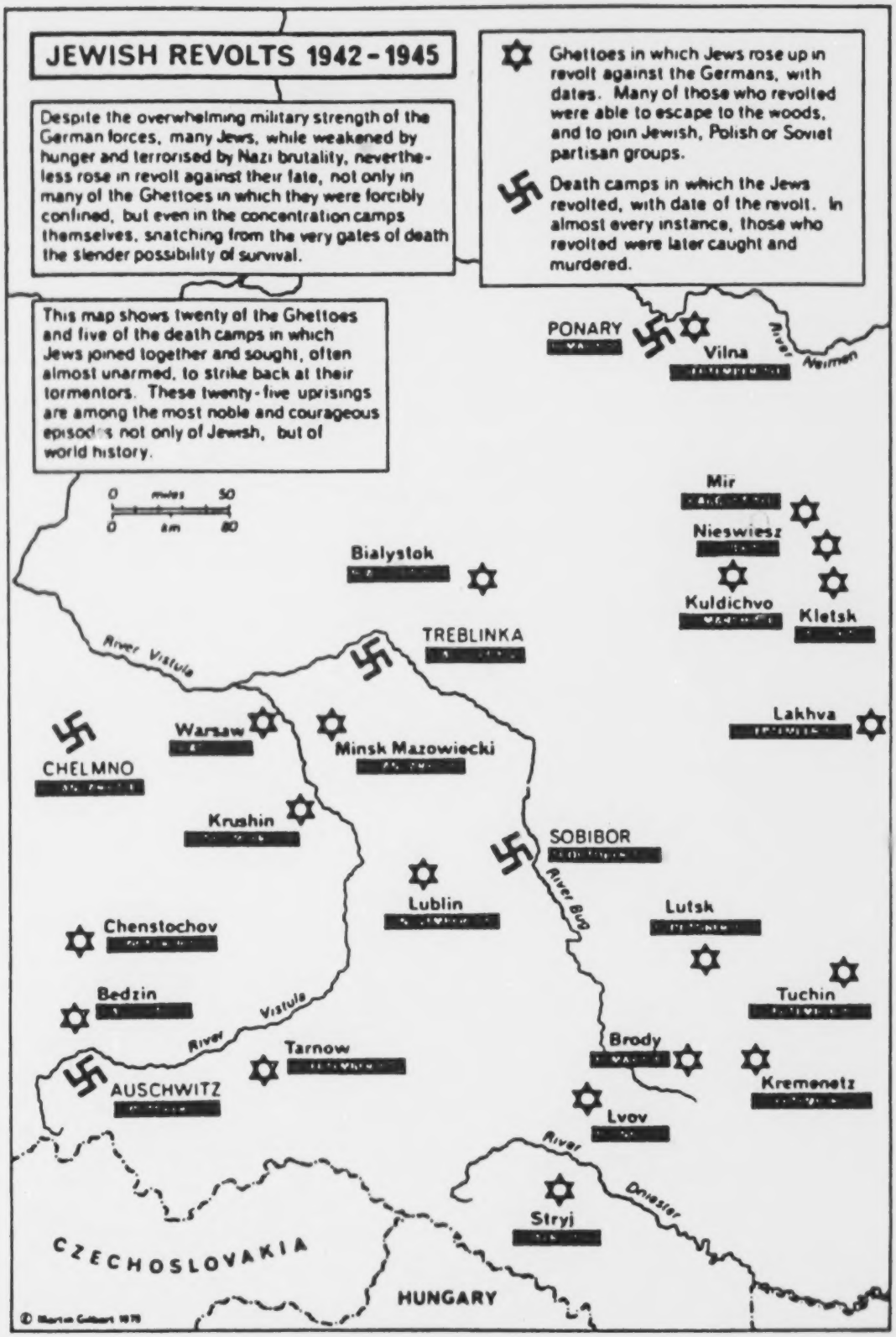
from Sara Feinstein, *Flame and Fury*


JEWISH REVOLTS 1942 - 1945
Despite the overwhelming military strength of the German forces, many Jews, while weakened by hunger and terrorised by Nazi brutality, nevertheless rose in revolt against their fate, not only in many of the Ghettoes in which they were forcibly confined, but even in the concentration camps themselves, snatching from the very gates of death the slender possibility of survival.
This map shows twenty of the Ghettoes and five of the death camps in which Jews joined together and sought, often almost unarmed, to strike back at their tormentors. These twenty-five uprisings are among the most noble and courageous episodes not only of Jewish, but of world history.
Ghettoes in which Jews rose up in revolt against the Germans, with dates. Many of those who revolted were able to escape to the woods, and to join Jewish, Polish or Soviet partisan groups.
Death camps in which the Jews revolted, with date of the revolt. In almost every instance, those who revolted were later caught and murdered.
0 miles 50
0 km 80
PONARY
Vilna
River Neiman
Mir
Nieswiesz
Bialystok
Kuldichvo
Kletsk
TREBLINKA
River Vistula
Lakhva
Warsaw
Minsk Mazowiecki
CHELMNO
Krushin
SOBIBOR
River Bug
Lublin
Lutsk
Chenstochov
Tuchin
Bedzin
River Vistula
Tarnow
Brody
Kremenetz
AUSCHWITZ
Lvov
River Dniester
Stryj
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
HUNGARY

MARION PRITCHARD

On May 10, 1940, the German Army invaded the Netherlands. The invasion was a surprise. During World War I the Netherlands had managed to maintain its neutrality, and we hoped to be able to do that again. I was living in Nymegen, close to the German border and awoke very early in the morning to the drone of numerous aircraft flying overhead and Germans on motorcycles lining the street. It was clear that the planes were not engaged in one of their regular raids on England, but that we were being attacked. It was a miracle that the Dutch held out for even five days in view of the overwhelming military superiority of the enemy.

The Germans knew that anti-Semitism would not be acceptable to the vast majority of the Dutch people. After the surrender, the occupation forces instituted a very unsubtle education/propaganda approach, aimed at converting the general population to the Nazi ideology. Obviously it would be much easier to isolate and then round up and deport the Jews if the majority of the citizens were in favor of this process. I remember a film called "The Eternal Jew". I attended it with a group of friends, some fellow students at the school of social work, some Jewish, some gentile. It was so crude, so scurrilous, that we could not believe anybody would take it seriously, or find it convincing. But the next day one of the gentiles said that she was ashamed to admit that the movie had affected her. That although it strengthened her resolve to oppose the German regime, the film had succeeded in making her see the Jews as "them". And that, of course, was true for all of us, the Germans had driven a wedge in what was one of the most integrated communities in Europe.

Gradually the Germans instituted and carried out the necessary steps to isolate and deport every Jew in the country. They did it in so many seemingly small steps, that it was very difficult to decide when and where to take a stand. One of the early, highly significant measures was the Aryan Attestation: all civil servants had to sign a form stating whether they were Aryans or not. Hindsight is easy; at the time only a few enlightened people recognized the danger and refused to sign. Then followed the other measures: Jews had to live in certain designated areas of the towns they lived in, and the curfew was stricter for them than for the general population. Jews over the age of six had to wear yellow stars on their clothing; Jewish children could not go to school with gentile children; Jews could not practice their professions, use public transportation, hire a taxicab, shop in gentile stores, or go to the beach, the park, the movies, concerts, or museums. The Jewish Committee was instructed by the Germans to publish a daily newspaper in which all these measures were announced, the regular Dutch press was not allowed to print anything about Jewish affairs. And in 1942 the deportations started in earnest.

One morning on my way to school I passed by a small Jewish children's home. The Germans were loading the children, who ranged in age from babies to eight-year-olds, on trucks. They were upset and crying. When they did not move fast enough the Nazis picked them up, by an arm, a leg, the hair, and threw them into the trucks. To watch grown men treat small children that way -- I could not believe my eyes. I found myself crying with rage. Two women coming down the street tried to interfere physically. The Germans heaved them into the truck, too. I just sat there on my bicycle, and that was the moment I decided that if there was anything I could do to thwart such atrocities, I would do it.

Some of my friends had similar experiences, and about ten of us, including two Jewish students who decided they did not want to go into hiding, organized very informally for this purpose. We obtained Aryan identity cards for the Jewish students, who, of course, were taking more of a risk than we were. They knew many people who were looking to *onderduiken*, "disappear", as Anne Frank and her family were to do.

We located hiding places, helped people move there, provided food, clothing, and ration cards, and sometimes moral support and relief for the host families. We registered newborn Jewish babies as gentiles (of course there were very few births during these years) and provided medical care when possible.

Then I was asked by two men I knew well -- one of whom had become a leader in the Dutch Resistance Movement -- to find a place for a friend of theirs, a man with three small children, aged four, two, and two weeks. I could not find an appropriate place and moved out into part of a large house in the country, about twenty miles east of Amsterdam, that belonged to an elderly lady who was a very close friend of my parents. The father, the two boys, and the baby girl moved in and we managed to survive the next two years, until the end of the war. Friends helped take up the floorboards, under the rug, and build a hiding place in case of raids. These did occur with increasing frequency, and one night we had a very narrow escape.

Four Germans, accompanied by a Dutch Nazi policeman, came and searched the house. They did not find the hiding place, but they had learned from experience that sometimes it paid to go back to a house they had already searched, because by then the hidden Jews might have come out of the hiding place. The baby had started to cry, so I let the children out. Then the Dutch policeman came back alone. I had a small revolver that a friend had given me, but I had never planned to use it. I felt I had no choice except to kill him. I would do it again, under the same circumstances, but it still bothers me, and I still feel that there "should" have been another way. If anybody had really tried to find out how and where he disappeared, they could have, but the general attitude was that there was one traitor less to worry about. A local undertaker helped dispose of the body, he put it in a coffin with a legitimate body in it. I hope that the dead man's family would have approved.

Was I scared? Of course the answer is "yes". Especially after I had been imprisoned and released. There were times that the fear got the better of me and I did not do

something that I could have. I would rationalize the inaction, feeling it might endanger others, or that I should not run a risk, because what would happen to the three children I was now responsible for, if something happened to me, but I knew when I was rationalizing.

People often ask, why did I decide to do what I did?

Let me digress for a moment. Some have explored this question, why did some gentiles act, while others stood by. I have been troubled by the tendency to divide the general population during the war into the few "good guys" and the large majority of "bad guys". That seems to me a dangerous oversimplification.

Let me give you two examples, one involving a Dutch family, and one involving German soldiers.

At one point I had to take a Jewish baby to the northeast part of Holland. A good home had been located, and I had been assured that the people there would not change their minds. It was a long, arduous trip, the baby was fretful, and I was exhausted. When I arrived at the station and found the man I had been instructed to look for, he told me that the house was not available anymore. The family had been betrayed and arrested. We must have looked very pathetic, because my informant, who initially just seemed anxious to get rid of us, invited me to come with him and rest a while. He led me to a small house at the end of the village. It was warm in the house (a great luxury in those days) but they were clearly people of very moderate financial circumstances. I sat down, and immediately fell asleep. When I woke up the woman had changed, fed and soothed the baby and was explaining to her four or five children that they should pray for me because I was a sinner, that I had this baby out of wedlock, and that my punishment was that they were going to keep the baby, and I would never see it again. The husband walked me back to the station and apologized, but explained that if curious villagers were to ask the children questions about this new baby in the family, they would be able to tell a convincing story.

Why did they respond? There were many Dutch who sheltered Jews out of their unshakable conviction that this was the Christian thing to do and what God would want. This was a family who responded for that reason. I have heard this view expressed by other Dutch people.

Another example involves some German soldiers. During the winter of 1944-45, food was extremely scarce in the west, and thousands of women and children, and a few men, trudged to the farms in Groningen and Friesland to buy or barter or beg some flour, potatoes, or even butter and bacon. I made the trip with my bicycle (by this time without tires), took my flute and some of the family silver, and was able to obtain what seemed like a wonderful supply of food. The Germans were constantly patrolling the roads, but the main danger point was near Zwolle, where one had to cross a wide river, the Ijssel. There were always many rumors among the people on the road: when it might be safe to cross the bridge, where a rowboat might be

located, and how much would be charged to be taken across, etc. That night the story was that it would probably be safe to cross an hour before curfew time. About 40 of us approached the bridge, but we were stopped, searched, and arrested by German soldiers who took us to a building they were using as a command post. We were told that the food was confiscated, but that we would be allowed to leave the next morning.

I had reached the point where I did not care what happened, threw all caution to the winds, and vented the accumulated rage of the previous four years. In spite of attempts of the other people to stop me (they were concerned for my safety), I told the soldiers what I thought of the war, the Germans in general, Hitler in particular, and the concentration camps.

They did not respond at all. They next morning two of them marched me outside and I did not know what to expect. But they returned my bicycle and my supplies, put me on a truck, and drove me over the bridge.

Why? I don't know. We did not talk. But they took a risk, an enormous risk. They had some basic decency left.

The point I want to make is, that there were indeed some people who behaved criminally by betraying their Jewish neighbors and thereby sentencing them to death. There were some people who dedicated themselves to actively rescuing as many people as possible. Somewhere in between was the majority, whose actions varied from the minimum dedency of at least keeping quiet if they knew where Jews were hidden to finding a way to help them when they were asked.

It did not occur to me to do anything other than I did. After what I had seen outside that children's home, I could not have done anything else. I think you have a responsibility to yourself to behave decently. We all have memories of times we should have done something and didn't. And it gets in the way the rest of your life.

Now, in retrospect, and after reading Alice Miller's excellent book, *For Your Own Good: Hidden Cruelty in Childrearing and the Roots of Violence* (New York: Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 1983), I believe that courage, integrity, and a capacity for love are neither virtues, nor moral categories, but a consequence of a benign fate; in my own case, parents who listened to me, let me talk, and encouraged in every way the development of my own authentic self. It may be redundant to add that they never used corporal punishment in any form. Being brought up in the Anglican Church was a positive experience for me and imbued me early on with a strong conviction that we are our brothers' keepers. When you truly believe that, you have to behave that way in order to be able to live with yourself.

Marion P. van Binsbergen Pritchard was honored by Yad Vashem in 1983 for helping Jews during the occupation of Holland. After the war, she moved to the United States and now lives in Vermont. She is a psychoanalyst, and is in the film, "The Courage to Care".

Chana Szenes — Portrait of a Heroine

by
Peter Hay

SOURCE: Handout preceding publication by Peter Hay, *Ordinary Heroes: Chana Szenes and the Dream of Zion* (New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1986). Printed with permission from Peter Hay.

The myth that European Jews went to their death passively has impeded understanding and acceptance of the full tragedy of the Holocaust. The story of Chana Szenes,* her mother Catherine, and her brother George provides a counter-balance to that myth and a microcosm of the incomprehensible bereavement of the Jewish people.

Hannah, a national heroine in Israel, contradicts the stereotype of the unresisting or fleeing victim as much as of the helpless woman. In the darkest hour of the Jewish people she gave up the safety of Palestine and her life. She volunteered as a paratrooper to be dropped into occupied Europe. She was executed as a British spy at the age of 23.

Hannah was born in 1921 in Budapest, the birthplace also of Theodor Herzl, the father of modern political Zionism. Her family was assimilated into Hungarian society and cultural life. Hannah wanted to be a writer like her father, a celebrated playwright, Bela Senesh. In the growing anti-Semitic atmosphere of the 1930s Hannah became a Zionist and decided to emigrate to Palestine — alone. She was barely eighteen and World War II had just started when she arrived in Nahalal — to study agriculture at the school founded by the Canadian WIZO.

The young girl who wrote poetry, went to dances and did not know the meaning of housework in Budapest, now spent twelve hours a day in the laundry and the chicken-coop, doing what had to be done to build the land. Graduating after two years, she helped to found Sdot Yam, a kibbutz eked out of sand dunes among the ruins of ancient Caesarea.

By 1943 the true dimensions of Hitler's war against the Jews were known in Israel. Hannah's diary and letters show constant anxiety about her brother George, on a fantastic odyssey from occupied France to Palestine, and Catherine, who was trapped in Hungary, then an ally of Nazi Germany. Hannah was tormented by a sense of helplessness — of being safe while millions faced annihilation.

She fought hard to join the Palmach, the underground arm of the Haganah (an arm for Jewish independence before the state of Israel was founded), and she was trained by the British as part of an elite group of 33 commandos to help downed airmen escape. The parachutists were dropped into occupied Yugoslavia. The month was March, 1944, and Adolf Eichmann had just brought his final solution to Hungary, the last enclave for about one million Jews in Central Europe.

Hannah was impatient to continue her mission to Budapest, but with the German occupation, this was considered too dangerous now. She fought her superiors for weeks until the leader of the group, Reuven Dafne, reluctantly gave in to her insistent arguments. "She was fearless, dauntless, stubborn," he wrote later. The poet-tomboy, as he called Hannah, gave him a short poem the night she left. Dafne was angry at her futile sacrifice and almost

*Editor's Note: "Chana Szenes" is the original spelling of the subject's name. However, "Hannah Senesh," the anglicized form of her name, is more frequently used and will be used hereafter in this curriculum.

threw away the poem. Every Israeli now knows "Blessed is the Match" by heart.

Hannah was captured soon after she crossed into Hungary. For five months the military authorities and the Gestapo tried to break her body and spirit. They failed and even developed a grudging admiration for her fearless and outspoken courage. The worst moment came when Hannah was confronted with the person she loved most, her mother. The British had promised to get Catherine out of Hungary, and Catherine believed Hannah to be safe in Palestine. Now they were to spend several months in the same prison, but separated. Neither gave in to their torturers.

When Hannah was captured in June, 1944, Eichmann had already sent almost half a million Hungarian Jews to Auschwitz, where the gas chambers were operating beyond peak capacity. It would be another month before Raoul Wallenberg would arrive in Budapest to save a remnant.

Even though she knew that her mission had failed in military terms, Hannah was cheerful and optimistic in jail, right up to her trial. Amidst the chaos of the Nazi retreat, she was secretly murdered on November 7th, 1944, before sentence was pronounced. In 1950 her remains were taken to Mount Herzl in Jerusalem where she was given a hero's funeral by the State of Israel.

Hannah died fulfilled because she knew that her mission was to bring hope. She felt she had succeeded if a single Jew could retain hope because free Jews dropped from the sky to help them. And, of course, she was right. She became a legend among the partisans, in the ghettoes and prisons of Budapest. Her gesture was symbolic, and that is why — in Abba Eban's words — "a whole generation came to see her as a symbol of vast martyrdom. She bequeathes to her survivors, especially the youth among them, the lesson of inescapable responsibility."

In the middle of the war Hannah wrote this quote in her diary: "All the darkness cannot extinguish a single candle, yet one candle can illuminate all the darkness." Her life was such a candle, and it is still burning today.

(Note: Peter Hay was born in Budapest in the year Hannah died; their families have been close friends for three generations. A Holocaust survivor himself, Peter Hay was educated at Oxford and now lives in Los Angeles. His book *Ordinary Heroes: Chana Szenes and the Dream of Zion* first appeared in 1986 and is now available in paperback from Paragon House.)

Poems by Hannah Senesh (Chana Szenes)

Blessed is the Match

Blessed is the match consumed
in kindling flame.

Blessed is the flame that burns
in the secret fastness of the heart.

Blessed is the heart with strength to stop
its beating for honor's sake.

Blessed is the match consumed
in kindling flame.

One-Two-Three*

One-two-three —
    eight feet long,
Two strides across, the rest is dark —
Life hangs over me like a question mark.

One-two-three —
    maybe another week
Or next month may still find me here,
But death, I feel, is very near.

I could have been
    twenty-three next July;
I gambled on what mattered most,
The dice were cast. I lost.

Budapest 1944

*Her last poem, written in prison, was translated from the Hungarian by Peter Hay.

CONSEQUENCES OF RESISTANCE

POSITIVE	NEGATIVE
1.	1.
2.	2.
3.	3.
4.	4.
5.	5.
6.	6.
7.	7.
8.	8.
9.	9.
10.	10.

EXTERMINATION

1941 - 1945

PHASE III

EXTERMINATION
(1941 - 1945)

1. Instructional Objectives

To provide students with factual information on the Holocaust.

To provide students with learning experiences which will allow them to experience the feelings, emotions, frustrations, desperation and despair which victims suffered as a result of the Holocaust.

To give students an understanding and appreciation for the courage, beliefs and values of the victims of the Holocaust, both living and dead.

To begin an understanding of the perversion of the legal process and rejection of the institutions of democratic government and Western Civilization by Nazi Germany.

2. Major Concept: Extermination

The third and last phase of the Nazi "Final Solution of the Jewish Problem" began in June, 1941, with the German invasion of the Soviet Union. It ended with the surrender of Germany in May, 1945. During these four years, Jews were savagely persecuted, subjected to horrific pain and humiliation and murdered by mass shootings or in the gas chambers of extermination camps.

Hundreds dug their own mass graves and then were lined up to be shot. Auschwitz, Treblinka and Sorbibor were huge death camps designed to house starving prisoners forced to work or to murder and cremate those too weak to work. Approximately 6 million Jews, 67% of the European Jewish population, died this way. Another five million non-Jews suffered the same fate. The extermination camps were designed to completely erase a people seen as enemies of the Third Reich -- they very nearly succeeded.

MINUTES OF THE WANNSEE CONFERENCE
January 20, 1942

Secret Reich Business!
Protocol of Conference

The conference on the final solution of the Jewish question was held on January 20, 1942, in Berlin, Am Grossen Wannsee No. 56-58.

I. At the beginning of the meeting the Chief of the Security Police and the SD, SS Obergruppenfuhrer Heydrich, announced his appointment by the Reich Marshall, as Plenipotentiary for the Preparation of the Final Solution of the European Jewish Question, and pointed out that this conference had been called to clear up fundamental questions. The Reich Marshall's request to have a draft sent to him on the organizational, substantive, and economic concerns on the final solution of the European Jewish question necessitates consideration by all central agencies directly concerned with these questions.

Primary responsiblity for the handling of the final solution of the Jewish question, the speaker states, is to lie, regardless of geographic boundaries, with the Reichsfuhrer SS and the Chief of the German Police (Chief of the Security Police and the SD).

The Chief of the Security Police and the SD gave a brief review of the struggle conducted up to now against this enemy. The most important aspects are:

a. Forcing the Jews out of the various areas of life of the German people;

b. Forcing the Jews out of the living space of the German people.

In carrying out these efforts, acceleration of the emigration of the Jews from Reich territory was undertaken in intensified and systematic fashion.

By decree of the Reich Marshall, a Reich Central Office for Jewish Emigration was set up in January 1939, and its direction was entrusted to the Chief of the Security Police and the SD. In particular, its tasks were:

a. To take all measures toward preparation for intensified emigration of the Jews;

b. To direct the stream of emigration;

c. To expedite emigration in individual cases.

The objectives of these tasks was to cleanse the German living space of Jews in a legal way.

The disadvantages entailed by forcing emigration were clear to all the authorities. But in the absence of other possible solutions, they had to be accepted for the time being.

The handling of emigration was not only a German problem, but also a problem with which the authorities of the countries of destination had to deal. Financial difficulties -- such as increases decreed by the various foreign governments in the moneys which immigrants were required to have -- as well as lack of steamship berths and intensified restrictions on immigration hampered the emigration efforts exceedingly. Despite these difficulties, a total of approximately 537,000 Jews was processed into emigration by October 31, 1941.

Financing for emigration was handled by the Jews or Jewish political organizations themselves. Well-to-do Jews had to finance the emigration of destitute Jews.

II. Emigration has now been replaced by evacuation of the Jews to the East.

These actions are to be regarded only as provisional options. Even now practical experience is

being gathered that is of major significance in view of the coming final solution to the Jewish question.

In connection with this final solution of the European Jewish question, approximately 11 million Jews may be presumed to be affected. They are distributed among individual countries as follows: (partial listing)

Generalgouvernement	2,284,000
Belgium	43,000
France: Occupied Territory	165,000
Unoccupied Territory	700,000
The Netherlands	160,800
Italy, including Sardinia	58,000
Rumania, incl. Bessarabia	342,000
Slovakia	88,000
Hungary	742,800
U.S.S.R.	5,000,000

However, the numbers of Jews given for the various foreign states reflect only those of Jewish faith, as definitions of Jews according to racial principles are still partly lacking. The handling of the problem in the individual countries, especially in Hungary and Rumania, will meet with certain difficulties, on account of prevailing attitudes and ideas. To this day, for example, a Jew in Rumania can for money obtain appropriate documents offically confirming him to be of some foreign citizenship.

Under appropriate direction, in the course of the final solution, the Jews are now to be suitably assigned to labor in the East. In big labor gangs, with the sexes separated, Jews capable of work will be brought to these areas, employed in roadbuilding, in which task a large part will undoubtedly disappear through natural diminution.

The remnant that may eventually remain, being undoubtedly the part most capable of resistance, will have to be appropriately dealt with, since it represents a natural selection and, in the event of release, is to be regarded as the germ cell of a new Jewish renewal. (Witness the experience of history.)

In the course of the practical implementation of the final solution, Europe is to be combed through from west to east.

The evacuated Jews will first be brought, group by group, into so-called transit ghettos, to be transported from there farther to the East.

An important prerequisite for the implementation of the evacuation as a whole, SS Obergruppenfuhrer Heydrich explained further, is the exact determination of the category of persons that may be affected.

The intent is not to evacuate Jews over 65 years of age, but to assign them to a ghetto for the aged. Theresienstadt is under consideration.

Along with these age groups, Jews with serious wartime disabilities and Jews with war decorations (Iron Cross, First Class) will be taken into the Jewish old-age ghettos. With this efficient solution, the many requests for exceptions will be eliminated at one stroke.

The beginning of each of the larger evacuation actions will depend largely on military developments. With regard to the handling of the final solution in the European areas occupied by us and under our influence, it was proposed that the appropriate specialists in the Foreign Office confer with the competent official of the Security Police and the SD.

In Slovakia and Croatia the undertaking is no longer too difficult, as the most essential problems in this matter have already been brought to a solution there. In Rumania, likewise, the government has by now appointed a Commissioner for Jewish Affairs. For settling the problem in Hungary it will be necessary in the near future to impose upon the Hungarian Government

an adviser in Jewish problems.

In occupied and unoccupied France, the roundup of the Jews for evacuation can, in all probability, take place without great difficulties.

III. In the implementation of the final-solution program, the Nuremberg Laws are to form the basis; and in this context, a solution of the questions concerning mixed marriages and Mischlinge is a precondition for complete settlement of the problem.

In connection with a letter from the Chief of the Reich Chancellery, the Chief of the Security Police and the SD discusses the following points -- theoretically, for the time being:

1. *Treatment of first-degree Mischlinge*

As far as the final solution of the Jewish question is concerned, first-degree Mischlinge are deemed equal to Jews.

The following will be exempt from this treatment: First-degree Mischlinge married to persons of German blood from whose marriages children (second-degree Mischlinge) have been born. These second-degree Mischlinge are deemed essentially equal to Germans.

The first-degree Mischling who is to be exempted from evacuation is to be sterilized, in order to prevent any offspring and to settle the Mischling problem once and for all. Sterilization takes place on a voluntary basis. It is, however, the condition for remaining in the Reich. The sterilized Mischling is thereafter freed from all restrictive regulations to which he was previously subject.

2. *Treatment of second-degree Mischlinge*

Second-degree Mischlinge are normally classed with persons of German blood.

3. *Marriages between full Jews and persons of German blood*

In such instances it must be decided from case to case whether the Jewish spouse is to be evacuated or whether, in consideration of the effect of such a measure on the German relatives of the mixed couple, he or she is to be assigned to an old-age ghetto.

SS Gruppenfuhrer Hofmann takes the position that extensive use must be made of sterilization, particularly since the Mischling, when confronted with the choice of being evacuated or sterilized, would prefer to submit to sterilization.

Secretary of State Dr. Stuckart states that the practical implementation of the possible solutions just communicated for settling the problems of mixed marriages and those of the Mischling would entail endless administrative labor in their present form. Thus, in order to take biological realities fully into account, Secretary of State Dr. Stuckart suggested that compulsory sterilization be undertaken.

As to the question of the effect the evacuation of Jews may have on economic life, Secretary of State Neumann stated that the Jews employed in essential war industries could not be evacuated for the present, as long as no replacements were available.

SS Obergruppenfuhrer Heydrich pointed out that those Jews would not be evacuated anyway, according to the directives approved by him for the implementation of current evacuation actions.

Secretary of State Dr. Buhler stated that the Generalgouvernement would welcome it if the final solution of this problem were begun in the Generalgouvernement, because here the transport problem plays no major role and considerations of labor supply would not hinder the course of this action. Jews needed to be removed as quickly as possible

from the territory of the Generalgouvernement, he said, because here particularly the Jew constitutes a marked danger as a carrier of epidemics, and also because by his constant black-market operations he throws the economic structure of the country into disorder. Furthermore, of the approximately two-and-one-half million Jews here in question, the majority of cases were unfit for work, he added.

Secretary of State Dr. Buhler further states that the solution of the Jewish question in the Generalgouvernement is primarily the responsibility of the Chief of the Security Police and the SD and that his work would be supported by the agencies of the Generalgouvernement. He had only one request, he said: that the Jewish question in this territory be solved as quickly as possible.

In conclusion, the various kinds of possible solutions were discussed, and here both Gauleiter Dr. Meyer and Secretary of State Dr. Buhler took the position that certain preparatory tasks connected with the final solution should be performed right in the territories concerned, but that, in doing so, any alarm among the population must be avoided.

With a request by the Chief of the Security Police and the SD to the conference participants that they afford him appropriate support in carrying out the tasks connected with the solution, the conference was concluded.

Autobiography of Höss
Camp Commander

THE FINAL SOLUTION OF THE JEWISH QUESTION IN AUSCHWITZ CONCENTRATION CAMP

In the summer of 1941, I cannot remember the exact date, I was suddenly summoned to the Reichsführer SS, directly by his adjutant's office. Contrary to his usual custom, Himmler received me without his adjutant being present and said, in effect:

"The Führer has ordered that the Jewish question be solved once and for all and that we, the SS, are to implement that order.

The existing extermination centers in the East are not in a position to carry out the large actions which are anticipated. I have, therefore, earmarked Auschwitz for this purpose, both because of its good position as regards communications and because the area can be easily isolated and camouflaged. At first I thought of calling in a senior SS officer for this job, but I changed my mind in order to avoid difficulties concerning the terms of reference. I have now decided to entrust this task to you. It is difficult and onerous and calls for complete devotion notwithstanding the difficulties that might arise. You will learn further details from Sturmbannführer Eichmann of the Reich Security Head Office who will call on you in the immediate future.

The departments concerned will be notified by me in due course. You will treat this order as absolutely secret, even from your superiors. After your talk with Eichmann you will immediately forward to me the plans of the projected installations.

The Jews are the sworn enemies of the German people and must be eradicated. Every Jew that we can lay our hands on is to be destroyed now during the war, without exception. If we cannot now obliterate the biological basis of Jewry, the Jews will one day destroy the German people."

On receiving these grave instructions, I returned forthwith to Auschwitz, without reporting to my superior at Oranienburg.

Shortly afterwards Eichmann came to Auschwitz and disclosed to me the plans for the operations as they affected the various countries concerned. I cannot remember the exact order in which they were to take place. First was to come the eastern part of Upper Silesia and the neighboring parts of Polish territory under German rule, then, depending on the situation, simultaneously Jews from Germany and Czechoslovakia, and finally the Jews from the West: France, Belgium and Holland. He also told me the approximate numbers of transports that might be expected, but I can no longer remember these.

We discussed the ways and means of effecting the extermination. This could only be done by gassing, since it would have been absolutely impossible to dispose by shooting of the large numbers of people that were expected, and it would have placed too heavy a burden on the SS men who had to carry it out, especially because of the women and children among the victims.

Eichmann told me about the method of killing people with exhaust gases in lorries, which had previously been used in the east. But there was no question of being able to use this for these mass transports that were due to arrive in Auschwitz. Killing with showers of carbon monoxide while bathing, as was done with mental patients in some places in the Reich, would necessitate too many buildings, and it was also very doubtful whether the supply of gas for such a vast number of people would be available. We left the matter unresolved. Eichmann decided to try to find a gas which was in ready supply and which would not entail special installations for its use, and to inform me when he had done so. We inspected the area in order to choose a likely spot. We decided that a peasant farmstead situated in the northwest corner of what later became the third building sector at Birkenau would be the most suitable. It was

isolated and screened by woods and hedges, and it was also not far from the railway. The bodies could be placed in long, deep pits dug in the nearby meadows. We had not at that time thought of burning the corpses. We calculated that after gas-proofing the premises then available, it would be possible to kill about 800 people simultaneously with a suitable gas. These figures were borne out later in practice.

Cyclon B gas was supplied by the firm of Tesch & Stabenow and was constantly used in Auschwitz for the destruction of vermin, and there was consequently always a supply of these tins of gas on hand. In the beginning, this poisenous gas, which was a preparation of prussic acid, was only handled by employees of Tesch & Stabenow under rigid safety precautions, but later some members of the Medical Service were trained by the firm in its use and, thereafter, the destruction of vermin and disinfection were carried out by them.

During Eichmann's next visit I told him about this use of Cyclon B and we decided to employ it for the mass extermination operation.

I cannot say on what date the extermination of the Jews began. Probably it was in September 1941, but it may not have been until January 1942. During the spring of 1942 the actions were comparatively small, but the transports increased in the summer, and we were compelled to construct a further extermination building. (These were called Bunkers.) The peasant farmstead west of the future site of crematoria III, IV and V was selected and made ready. Two huts near Bunker I and three near Bunker II were erected, in which the victims undressed. Bunker II was the larger and could hold about 1,200 people.

During the summer of 1942 the bodies were still being placed in the mass graves. Towards the end of the summer, however, we started to burn them, at first on wood pyres bearing some 2,000 corpses, and later in pits together with bodies previously buried. In the early days, oil refuse was poured on the bodies, but later methanol was used. Bodies were burned in pits, day and night, continuously.

By the end of November all the mass graves had been emptied. The number of corpses in the mass graves amounted to 107,000. This figure not only included the transports of Jews gassed up to the time when cremation was first employed, but also the bodies of those prisoners in Auschwitz who died during the winter of 1941-42, when the crematorium near the hospital building was out of action for a considerable time. It also included all the prisoners who died in the Birkenau camp.

During his visit to the camp in the summer of 1942, the Reichsführer SS watched every detail of the whole process of destruction from the time when the prisoners were unloaded to the emptying of Bunker II. At that time the bodies were not being burned. He had no criticism to make, nor did he discuss the matter. Gauleiter Bracht and Obergruppenführer Schmauser were present with him.

Shortly after the visit of the Reichsführer SS, Standartenführer Blobel arrived from Eichmann's office with an order from the Reichsführer SS stating that all the mass graves were to be opened and the corpses burned. In addition, the ashes were to be disposed of in such a way that it would be impossible at some future time to calculate the number of corpses burned.

Originally, all the Jews transported to Auschwitz on the authority of Eichmann's office were, in accordance with orders of the Reichsführer SS, to be destroyed without exception. This also applied to the Jews from Upper Silesia; but on the arrival of the first transports of German Jews, the order was given that all those who were able-bodied, whether men or women, were to be segregated and employed on war work. This happened before the construction of the women's camp, since the need for a women's camp in Auschwitz only arose as a result of this order.

The Reichsarzt SS, who laid down the policy of selection, held the view that only those Jews who were completely fit and able to work should be selected for employment. The weak and the old and those who were only relatively robust would very soon become incapable of work, which would cause a further

deterioration in the general standard of health and an unnecessary increase in the hospital accommodation, requiring further medical personnel and medicines, and all for no purpose since they would, in the end, have to be killed.

I myself held the view that only really strong and healthy Jews ought to be selected for employment.

The sorting process proceeded as follows: The railway carriages were unloaded one after the other. After depositing their baggage, the Jews had to pass individually in front of an SS doctor who decided on their physical fitness as they marched past him. Those considered capable of employment were immediately taken off into the camp in small groups.

It became apparent during the first cremations in the open air that in the long run it would not be possible to continue in that manner. During bad weather or when a strong wind was blowing, the stench of burning flesh was carried for many miles and caused the whole neighborhood to talk about the burning of Jews, despite the official counter-propaganda.

Moreover, the air defense services protested against the fires, which could be seen from great distances at night. Nevertheless, burnings had to go on, even at night, unless further transports were to be refused. The schedule of individual operations, fixed at a conference by the Ministry of Communications, had to be rigidly adhered to in order to avoid, for military reasons, obstruction and confusion on the railways concerned. These reasons led to the energetic planning and eventual construction of the two large crematoria, and in 1943 to the building of two further small installations.

The two large crematoria I and II were built in the winer of 1942-43 and brought into use in the spring of 1943. They had five three-retort ovens and could cremate about 2,000 bodies in less than twenty-four hours. Technical difficulties made it impossible to increase their capacities. Attempts to do this caused severe damage to the installations and, on several occasions, put them out of action altogether. Crematoria I and II both had underground undressing rooms and gas chambers in which the air could be completely changed. The bodies were taken to the ovens on the floor above by means of a lift. The gas chambers could hold about 3,000 people, but this number was never reached, since the individual transports were never as large as that.

Crematorium II, later designated bunker V, was used up to the last and was also kept as a stand-by when breakdowns occurred in crematoria I to IV. When larger numbers of transports were being received, gassing was carried out by day in number V, and numbers I to IV were used for those transports which arrived during the night. The capacity of number V was practically unlimited, so long as cremations could be carried out both by day and night. Because of enemy air attacks, no further cremations were permitted during the night after 1944. The highest total of people gassed and cremated within twenty-four hours was rather more than 9,000. This figure was attained in the summer of 1944, during the action in Hungary, using all the installations except number II. On that day, owing to delays on the line, five trains arrived, instead of three as expected, and in addition the carriages were more crowded than usual.

Because of the increasing insistence of the Reichsführer SS on the employment of prisoners in the armaments industry, Obergruppenführer Pohl found himself compelled to resort to Jews who had become unfit for work. The order was then given that, if the latter could be made fit and employable within six weeks, they were to be given special care and feeding. Up to then all Jews who had become incapable of working were gassed with the next transports, or killed by injection if they happened to be lying ill in the sick block. As far as Auschwitz-Birkenau was concerned, this order was sheer mockery. Everything was lacking. There were practically no medical supplies. The accommodation was such that there was scarcely even room for those who were most seriously ill. The food was completely insufficient, and every month the Food Ministry cut down the supplies still further. But all protests were unavailing and an attempt to carry out the order had to be made. The resultant overcrowding of the healthy prisoners could no longer be avoided. The general standard of health was thereby lowered, and diseases spread like wildfire. As

a result of this order the deathrate was sent up with a jerk and a tremendous deterioration in the general conditions developed. I do not believe that a single Jew was ever made fit again for work in the armaments industry.

During the previous interrogations I have put the number of Jews, who arrived at Auschwitz for extermination, at two and a half million. This figure was supplied by Eichmann who gave it to my superior officer, Gruppenführer Glücks, when he was ordered to make a report to the Reichsführer SS shortly before Berlin was surrounded. Eichmann and his permanent deputy Günther were the only ones who possessed the necessary information on which to calculate the total number destroyed. In accordance with orders given by the Reichsführer SS, after every large action all evidence in Auschwitz, on which a calculation of the number of victims might be based, had to be burned.

I myself never knew the total number and I have nothing to help me make an estimate of it. I can only remember the figures involved in the larger actions, which were repeated to me by Eichmann or his deputies:

From Upper Silesia and Generalgouvernement	250,000
Germany and Theresienstadt	100,000
Holland	95,000
Belgium	20,000
France	110,000
Greece	65,000
Hungary	400,000
Slovakia	90,000

When the Jewish transports unloaded on arrival, their luggage was left on the platform until all the Jews had been taken to the extermination buildings or into the camp. During the early days, all the luggage would then be brought by a transport detachment to the sorting office, "Canada" I, where it would be sorted and disinfected. The clothing of those who had been gassed in bunkers I and II or in crematoria I to IV was also brought to the sorting office.

Clothing and footwear were examined for hidden valuables (although only cursorily in view of the quantities involved) and then stored or handed over to the camp to complete the inmates' clothing. Later on, it was also sent to other camps. A considerable part of the clothing was passed to welfare organizations for resettlers and later for victims of air raids. Large and important munition plants received considerable quantities for their foreign workers.

Blankets and mattresses, etc. were also sent to the welfare organizations. In so far as the camp required articles of this nature, they were retained to complete their inventory, but other camps also received large consignments.

Valuables were taken over by a special section of the camp command and sorted out by experts, and a similar procedure was followed with the money that was found.

The extermination process in Auschwitz took place as follows: Jews selected for gassing were taken as quietly as possible to the crematoria, the men being separated from the women. In the undressing room prisoners of the special detachment, detailed for this purpose, would tell them in their own language that they were going to be bathed and deloused, that they must leave their clothes neatly together and, above all, remember where they had put them so that they would be able to find them again quickly after delousing. The prisoners of the special detachment had the greatest interest in seeing that the operation proceeded smoothly and quickly. After undressing, the Jews went into the gas chambers which were furnished with showers and water pipes and gave a realistic impression of a bath house.

The women went in first with their children, followed by the men who were always fewer in

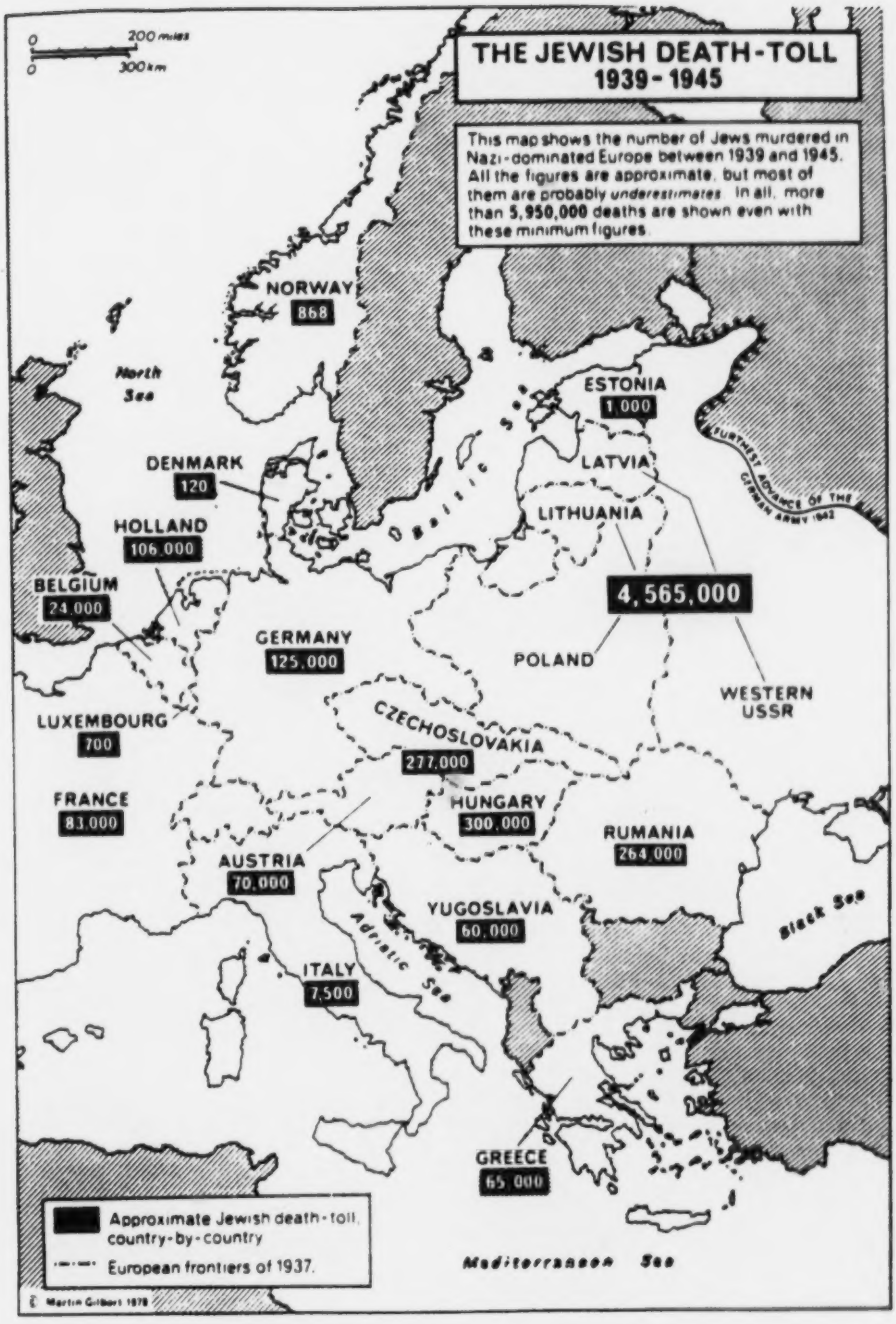
number. This part of the operation nearly always went smoothly, for the prisoners of the special detachment would calm those who betrayed any anxiety or who, perhaps, had some inkling of their fate. As an additional precaution, these prisoners of the special detachment and an SS man always remained in the chamber until the last moment.

The door would now be quickly screwed up and the gas immediately discharged by the waiting disinfectors through vents in the ceilings of the gas chambers, down a shaft that led to the floor. This ensured the rapid destribution of the gas. It could be observed through the peephole in the door that those who were standing nearest to the induction vents were killed at once. It can be said that about one-third died straight away. The remainder staggered about and began to scream and struggle for air. This screaming, however, soon changed to the death rattle and in a few minutes all lay still. After twenty minutes at the latest, no movement could be discerned. The time required for the gas to have effect varied according to the weather and depended on whether it was damp or dry, cold or warm. It also depended on the quality of the gas, which was never exactly the same, and on the composition of the transports which might contain a high proportion of healthy Jews, or old and sick, or children. The victims became unconscious after a frew minutes, according to their distance from the intake shaft. Those who screamed and those who were old or sick or weak, or the small children, died quicker than those who were healthy or young.

The door was opened half an hour after the induction of the gas and the ventilation switched on. Work was immediately begun on removing the corpses. There was no noticeable change in the bodies and no sign of convulsions or discoloration. There were no signs of wounding of any kind. The faces showed no distortion.

The special detachment now set about removing the gold teeth and cutting the hair from the women. After this, the bodies were taken up by lift and laid in front of the ovens, which had meanwhile been stoked up. Depending on the size of the bodies, up to three corpses could be put into one oven retort at the same time. The time required for cremation also depended on this, but on an average it took twenty minutes.

During the period when the fires were kept burning continuously, without a break, the ashes fell through the grates and were constantly removed and crushed to powder. The ashes were taken in lorries to the Vistula, where they immediately drifted away and dissolved. The ashes taken from the burning pits near bunker II and crematorium IV were dealt with in the same way.


THE JEWISH DEATH-TOLL
1939 - 1945
This map shows the number of Jews murdered in Nazi-dominated Europe between 1939 and 1945. All the figures are approximate, but most of them are probably *underestimates*. In all, more than **5,950,000** deaths are shown even with these minimum figures.
0 200 miles
0 300 km
NORWAY
868
North Sea
ESTONIA
1,000
DENMARK
120
LATVIA
Baltic
LITHUANIA
FURTHEST ADVANCE OF THE GERMAN ARMY 1942
HOLLAND
106,000
BELGIUM
24,000
4,565,000
GERMANY
125,000
POLAND
WESTERN USSR
LUXEMBOURG
700
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
277,000
FRANCE
83,000
HUNGARY
300,000
RUMANIA
264,000
AUSTRIA
70,000
YUGOSLAVIA
60,000
Adriatic Sea
Black Sea
ITALY
7,500
GREECE
65,000
Approximate Jewish death-toll, country-by-country
European frontiers of 1937.
Mediterranean Sea
© Martin Gilbert 1978

NUMBER OF JEWS KILLED BY COUNTRY

A textbook now used in elementary and secondary schools in West Germany discusses the fate of Jews under Hitler. The author, a German, tabulates the work done within the extermination camps. The chart is probably low in its estimate, but the mass death of human beings should not become a dispute over numbers.

Country	Jewish Population September, 1939	Jews Killed as of 1945	Percentage of Jewish Deaths
Poland	3,300,000	2,800,000	85 %
Russia	2,100,000	1,500,000	71.4 %
Rumania	850,000	425,000	50 %
Hungary	404,000	200,000	49.5 %
Czechoslovakia	315,000	260,000	82.5 %
France	300,000	90,000	30 %
Germany	210,000	170,000	81 %
Lithuania	150,000	135,000	90 %
Holland	150,000	90,000	60 %
Latvia	95,000	85,000	89.5 %
Belgium	90,000	40,000	44.4 %
Greece	75,000	60,000	80 %
Yugoslavia	75,000	55,000	73.3 %
Austria	60,000	40,000	66.6 %
Italy	57,000	15,000	26.3 %
Bulgaria	50,000	7,000	14 %
Others	20,000	6,000	30 %
	8,301,000	5,978,000	72 %

(Total from German Edition)

From The Holocaust: A Case Study of Genocide, by Albert Post

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNTS OF SURVIVORS OF THE DEATH CAMPS

"A few feet from where we got off the train, there was a Nazi officer standing and giving directions for people to go to different lines. Somehow I was put with an adult group and managed to stay together with my father. As I stood in judgment in front of the Nazi officer, he asked me how old I was. I was about to say that I was 12, but something held me back. Maybe it was fear. So I did not say anything. My father, realizing what was happening, said I was 14. The Nazi officer paused for a moment, looked me over and motioned his right arm, ordering me to go in the direction where the adults were going. Had I said that I was only 12 years old, I would have gone with the other children to my death."

David B.

"Women and children on this side, men over there," snarled the guards. Surprisingly, there was no expression of dismay at the separation. Whatever we may have felt, no one cried out in protest or refused to obey the order..... We were too demoralized by the long journey in the sealed boxcar to do anything but obey. We were too dazed at coming out into the light of day to have the possibility register in our minds that this was the final separation. Lajos and I and my father stood by each other as my mother and sisters were led away with the rest of the women and children."

"... and so, quietly, feet dragging with weariness and fear, the women trudged away and my mother and sisters disappeared from sight.

I turned my head trying to dismiss the picture of the smoking chimneys and the fires below them, but the vision did not leave. It became worse inside me when I realized that at the very moment my mother, Etu, Magda, Angel, and my playmate Keren, might be in there, consumed by the flames. I looked up. I could barely see the sky. The picture became real. I screamed....."

Mel

"An SS Noncommissioned officer came to meet us, a truncheon in his hand. He gave the order: 'Men to the left! Women to the right!' Eight words spoken quietly, indifferently, without emotion. Eight short, simple words. Yet that was the moment when I parted from my mother. I had not had time to think, but already I felt pressure of my father's hand. We were alone. For a part of a second I glimpsed my mother and my sisters moving away to the right. Tzipora held mother's hand. I saw them disappear into the distance; my mother was stroking my sister's fair hair, as though to protect her, while I walked on with my father and other men, and did not know that in that place, at that moment, I was parting from my mother and Tzipora forever."

"Eighteen," my voice was shaking. 'Are you in good health?' "Yes." 'What's your occupation?' 'Farmer," I heard myself say. This conversation cannot have lasted more than a few seconds. It had seemed like an eternity to me. The baton moved to the left. I took half a step forward. I wanted to see first where they were sending my father. If he went to the right, I would go after him. The baton once again pointed to the left for him too. A weight was lifted from my heart. We did not know which was the better side, right or left; which road led to prison and which to crematory. But for the moment I was happy: I was near my father."

Elie (age 15)

From Through Our Eyes: Children Witness the Holocaust by Itzhak Tatelbaum

Naked march into the night.

Midnight silence of Auschwitz.

You cannot hear a single step from all the bare feet marching on the ground. You do not know the length of the column in which you march, where it begins, where it ends. Around you breathe naked human bodies, marching. Six abreast. Six abreast.

A transport is being led to the Auschwitz "Bath House".

Over your head vaults a star-sprinkled sky, and before your eyes a smokestack thrusts skyward. Thick, fatty smoke gushes out. Sparks beyond count. Sparks scatter and flash across the starry sky, mingle with the stars, and you cannot tell whose light is the brighter.....

Night about you. Auschwitz about you. Death holds your life between his hands -- a circular mirror held up to your eyes. Death in person you don't as yet see. His face is hidden behind the mirror. His breath alone blows on you, the way wind blows on a spark in ashes --

The better to see it go out.

On both sides walk SS Germans, silhouettes of silence mantled in night. No longer are you free to choose your own death. Already, you've been handed over. Death, your master, is now taking you to his abode.

This is -- Auschwitz. Already your feet tread the corridors of your death. In a moment, you'll go inside and see him face to face: Him, your lord and master, Death-of-Auschwitz.

Hush. No one here dares breathe a word. Words are no more. Sparks slip out of the smokestack. You squeeze the bit of soap in your fist. Countless feet. Naked feet. You can't hear their steps. Night leads you unto itself. Stars vanish over your head. Nothing is yours anymore. Even your head's hair has been taken away from you. This hair is still worth something, you are shorn of all. Except for a single spark you still carry within you. Death has bought it on the Jew-Market. It belongs to him. Soon it will shoot out of the smokestack.

Auschwitz.

What kind of factory has death established here? Of what use to him can be the sparks leaping from the smokestack?

LIBERATION

AND

REACTION OF THE FREE WORLD

1945

PHASE IV

LIBERATION
(1945)

1. Instructional Objectives

To provide students with factual information on the Holocaust.

To provide students with learning experiences which will allow them to experience the feelings, emotions, frustrations, desperation and despair which victims suffered as a result of the Holocaust.

To give students an understanding and appreciation for the courage, beliefs, and values of the victims of the Holocaust, both living and dead.

2. Major Concept: Liberation

On May 8, 1945, Germany surrendered. The war in Europe was over. Six terrible years had ended. The devastation caused by the Nazis was now, in the relative calm of liberation, known. Eleven million people had been murdered, six million of them Jews. The allied forces from the west and the Russian forces from the east liberated the death camps. The rest of the world reacted in horror. As news and pictures told the enormity of the crimes committed by the Nazis, a shocked world recognized that liberation had come too late to save the lives of millions of innocent men, women and children. The evil had come to an end, but a terrible price had been paid.

In the words of one survivor: "And now this moment has come. Why is it I don't feel anything? Could it be all that I have lived through has taken away from me the ability to feel? Does the image of the gas chamber and the crematorium stand in my way, and will it always stand between me and life; will there always be a wall of faces of those who have been ordered to their death?" [1]

Yet another survivor said: "When I woke up, the sun was shining, it was a new world. The feeling of liberation was so strange, so different. More than anything else, it was my future that had been set free." [2]

1 from Albert Post, *The Holocaust: A Case Study of Genocide*
2 from Jack Eisner, *The Survivor*

"THE AMERICANS HAVE COME — AT LAST"

Capt. J. D. Pletcher, Berwyn, Ill., of the 71st Division Headquarters and Cpl. James DeSpain, Allegan, Michigan, arrived at Gunskirchen Lager the same morning the camp was found by elements of the Division. Capt. Pletcher's account of the scenes he witnessed follows:

"When the German SS troops guarding the concentration camp at Gunskirchen heard the Americans were coming, they suddenly got busy burying the bodies of their victims — or rather, having them buried by inmates — and gave the prisoners who were still alive what they considered an extremely liberal food ration: One lump of sugar per person and one loaf of bread for every seven persons. Then, two days or a day and half before we arrived, the SS left. All this I learned from talking to inmates of the camp, many of whom spoke English. Driving up to the camp in our jeep, Cpl. DeSpain and I, first knew we were approaching the camp by the hundreds of starving, half crazed inmates lining the roads, begging for food and cigarettes. Many of them had been able to get only a few hundred yards from the gate before they keeled over and died. As weak as they were, the chance to be free, the opportunity to escape was so great they couldn't resist, though it meant staggering only a few yards before death came.

"Then came the next indication of the camp's nearness — the smell. There was something about the smell of Gunskirchen I shall never forget. It was strong, yes, and permeating, too. Some six hours after we left the place, six hours spent riding in a jeep, where the wind was whistling around us, we could still detect the Gunskirchen smell. It had permeated our clothing, and stayed with us.

"Of all the horrors of the place, the smell, perhaps, was the most startling of all. It was a smell made up of all kinds of odors — human excreta, foul bodily odors, smoldering trash fires, German tobacco — which is a stink in itself — all mixed together in a heavy dank atmosphere, in a thick, muddy woods, where little breeze could go. The ground was pulpy throughout the camp, churned to a consistency of warm putty by the milling of thousands of feet, mud mixed with feces and urine. The smell of Gunskirchen nauseated many of the Americans who went there. It was a smell I'll never forget, completely different from anything I've ever encountered. It could almost be seen and hung over the camp like a fog of death.

"As we entered the camp, the living skeletons still able to walk crowded around us and, though we wanted to drive farther into the place, the milling, pressing crowd wouldn't let us. It is not an exaggeration to say that almost every inmate was insane with hunger. Just the sight of an American brought cheers, groans and shrieks. People crowded around to touch an American, to touch the jeep, to kiss our arms — perhaps just to make sure that it was true. The people who couldn't walk crawled out toward our jeep. Those who couldn't even crawl propped themselves up on an elbow, and somehow, through all their pain and suffering, revealed through their eyes the gratitude, the joy they felt at the arrival of Americans.

"An English-speaking inmate offered to show us around the camp. We accepted his offer. Another inmate organizer asked me if he could climb on the jeep to say a few words to his people. We helped him up on the hood and he yelled for order. He spoke in his native tongue — Hungarian, I believe — and my guide interpreted for us. He was asking the inmates to remain in the camp and not clutter up the roads, some 3,000 had already left, and he wanted his fellow prisoners to help the Yanks by staying off the roads. He told them that the Americans were bringing food and water and medical help. After every sentence he was interrupted by loud cheers from the crowd. It was almost like a political speech. Everyone was hysterical with joy at being found by the Americans, yet in a frenzy of hunger, for they had had no food since the Germans left two days before, and not enough to keep anyone alive for months before.

"During the talk of the man on our jeep hood, a tall, blondehaired man approached me. He spoke excellent English. He was an engineer, educated in New York. He had committed the crime of letting Jewish blood infiltrate into his family stream some generations back. As hungry as he was for food, he was hungry for news. He said the camp inmates had known all about the movements of the Yanks for the past five days. Every day they had known we were coming closer, and as we approached, the anticipation in the stinking hole of Gunskirchen heightened. Through the last few, foodless days, the inmates had lived on faith alone, he said. Faith that the Americans would come soon. He was vitally interested in knowing about all phases of the European War. He asked about the other armies, how far they had advanced, how fast they were moving, about the Russians. He eagerly listened to all the news I could give him.

"The man on the jeep hood spoke for about five minutes. At the completion he asked the people to clear the road so that we might proceed. Many of the more energetic waved the cheering crowds back to clear a path just wide enough for our vehicle.

"All wanted to get close enough to see and many wanted to touch us as we moved slowly on. It was like a triumphal procession with the milling crowd cheering and waving their arms in exaltation.

"The thousands of prisoners had been crammed into a few low, one-story, frame buildings with sloppy, muddy floors. Those who were able had come out of the buildings, but there were hundreds left in them — the dead, the near-dead, and those too weak to move. Sometimes, my guide said, it was so crowded in the buildings that people slept three-deep on the floor, one on top of the other. Often, a man would awake in the morning and find the person under him dead. Too weak to move even the pathetically light bodies of their comrades, the living continued sleeping on them.

"I want to make it clear that human beings subjected to the treatment these people were given by the Germans results in a return to the primitive. Dire hunger does strange things. The inmates of Gunskirchen were a select group of prisoners — the intellectual class of Hungarian Jews, for the most part professional people, many distinguished doctors, lawyers, representatives of every skilled field. Yet, these people, who would naturally be expected to maintain their sense of values, their human qualities, longer than any others, had been reduced to animals by the treatment of the Germans — the deliberate prolonged starvation, the indiscriminate murder on little or no provocation,

the unbelievable living conditions gradually brought about a change in even the strongest.

"The camp was littered with bodies. Since the Germans had left, the inmates had been unable to cope with the swiftly mounting death rate. As long as the SS men were in charge, they made the stronger inmates dig crude pits and bury the dead, not for sanitary reasons, but in an attempt to hide some of the evidence of the inhuman treatment given their prisoners.

"For the thousands of prisoners in Gunskirchen, there was one 20-hole latrine. The rule of the SS men was to shoot on sight anyone seen relieving himself in any place but the latrine. Many of the persons in the camp had diarrhea. There were always long lines at the latrine and it was often impossible for many to reach it in time because of hours spent waiting. Naturally, many were shot for they could not wait in line. Their bodies were still lying there in their own filth. The stench was unbelievable.

"Cpl. DeSpain and I both remarked later about the appearance of the inmates – that they all seemed to look alike. When men are reduced to skeletons, as these men were, they all resembled one another – the only difference being in their height and the color of their hair.

"My guide explained that many of the new prisoners at Gunskirchen had recently been forced to march from the vicinity of Hungary to Gunskirchen. There was very little food. They died like flies. If they fell out and were too weak to continue, the SS men shot them. The air-line distance from the Hungarian border to Gunskirchen is 150 miles. The intervening territory is full of mountains and winding roads, so the actual distance these people walked was far greater than 150 miles. It is not hard to imagine the thousands of skeletons that mark their route.

"The hunger in evidence is hard to imagine. We found huge animal bones in camp – the bones of a horse or cow the prisoners had found and smuggled into camp. Usually these prizes were eaten raw, the flesh torn from the bones and swallowed in great gulps.

"Rarely did a prisoner have the strength to curb his hunger long enough to cook what food he got. Outside the gate of the camp was the carcass of a horse that had been killed by shellfire. There was a great, gaping wound in his belly. As we passed it, one of the inmates was down on his knees, eating off the carcass. It had been dead several days. The next day when we came back, the whole side had been sliced away. Though our troops got food to them as soon as possible, many could not wait. Of course, we quickly gave away all the rations and cigarettes we had. It was strange to see them eat the cigarettes instead of smoking them. Not one cigarette did I see smoked. They were all swallowed in a hurry.

"American troops soon organized things. Water was hauled in German tank wagons. All horses and wagons in the vicinity were put on a food hauling detail. We found a German food warehouse three miles from Gunskirchen stocked with dried noodles, potatoes, soups, meats and other food. German civilians took it to Gunskirchen under the supervision of American military government personnel, and before we could establish proper control some of the prisoners had gobbled down the food, gorged themselves and died. A starving person must learn to eat all over again.

"None of the inmates of Gunskirchen will ever be the same again. I doubt

if any of us who saw it will ever forget it – the smell, the hundreds of bodies that looked like caricatures of human beings, the frenzy of the thousands when they knew the Americans had arrived at last, the spark of joy in the eyes of those who lay in the ditches and whispered a prayer of thanks with their last breaths. I felt, the day I saw Gunskirchen Lager, that I finally knew what I was fighting for, what the war was all about."

SIGMUND STROCHLITZ

It is with a sense of obligation and humility that I will share with you the grim realities the survivors faced immediately after being liberated from the Nazi inferno.

Having forgotten how people live, only knowing how people die—not how they die in real life, in normal life, but how they die in flames—we survivors reentered this world, accepted leadership positions, and became a source of vitality and a testimony to the indestructible spirit of the Jewish people.

Let me turn the clock back to those days when the gates of hell were shut and the chimneys of concentration camps stopped vomiting black clouds of human flesh, and we were told we are free.

It was April 15, 1945—liberation day. It is anchored in my mind and even compared by some survivors with the stories of Biblical salvations. Our prayers for liberation that we uttered in silence, in desperation, and perhaps more in defiance, and our hopes to survive that we nourished for such a long time became on that sunny, bright Sunday morning a reality. Yet, there was no joy or any sense of happiness among survivors of Hitler's Final Solution. We felt strangely empty, with a submerged sense of guilt for having survived.

The western world was celebrating victory and rightfully and properly so. We were the remnants of once-flourishing Jewish communities, broken physically and mentally, and confused on our liberation day by the sheepish and cowardly behavior of the Nazi murderers and bewildered by the actions and reactions of our liberators. We suspected that the Germans, the perpetrators of the greatest crimes against the Jewish people and mankind, even though badly defeated and living in abject poverty, would be able in time on their own soil to rebuild their lives and their homes.

Only we alone were facing an uncertain future. We alone could not go back. There were no homes anywhere. Where once our ancestors lived for generations, there were no families waiting for us. Only stones, stinking of indignity and humiliation, were there to greet us. This was not a happy ending. It was the beginning of something unknown, disturbing. An empty victory.

Furthermore, the hostile or, at best, indifferent behavior of the local population during the war gave us good reason to believe that we would not be received with open arms by those who took over our homes and our possessions.

The cries were loud, and yet mute. We only sensed freedom in solitude, reading on one another's despairing faces the knowledge that tomorrow would bring no one else back to share the burden of facing a new reality alone.

The natural instinctive reaction during those first weeks of liberation—as I so well remember— was to look for somebody to lean on. We were yearning for something to hold onto, to have faith in, to draw us forward, to bring us back into the mainstream of life. But we were looking in vain.

Our liberators to whom our gratitude was boundless, the victors for whom our admiration was limitless, traumatized by the experiences of a horrible war and shocked by what they had encountered in the liberated camps, were eager to return to civilian life and be reunited with their families. For the Allied governments, after years of exhausting fighting, the monumental problems of postwar awakening were their first priority and, again, rightfully so.

So, with every passing day, it became more evident to us that we must not appear before the world as separate individuals, but that we were a community, a family united by what we had lived through together, by what we had felt together, and that we were no more the Jews that once lived in Poland, France, Hungary, or in any other part of Europe.

We were the Jews, the survivors, who could and must find comfort and meaning in supporting each other and only hoping that in time the world would recognize the need to resettle us.

Accepting that premise was difficult for those few who were arguing that if they had known what the outside world was going to be like, they would have given in long ago. We understood them even if we disagreed. We lived for many years in liberated camps or in cities among the murderers.

The gates of Palestine were shut. Nobody really wanted us. We finally became an embarrassment, and with the help of President Truman, those armed with courage went to Israel to build a Jewish homeland.

Some attracted by the vision of a comfortable and easy life landed in the United States, while others scattered and dispersed all over the world—not bitter, not sinking into a paralyzing sadness, somber and riddled with doubts, but determined not to become prisoners of yesterday, victims unable to meet new challenges.

Grief did not become our master. We chose to rebuild our shattered lives, raising families in strange cultures, coping with unknown behavior patterns, making contributions to our adopted countries, and helping to build societies based on freedom and justice for all. The pain, however, was constant, residing silently in the private places of the heart.

The wounds opened, however hidden in the innermost recesses of our minds. The past was shared in the privacy of our homes only with those who survived the cataclysm, even though the desire to bear witness, to tell the world what happened, was essentially what kept many of us alive.

Today it is with pride and perhaps a sense of accomplishment that I whisper, mindful of our irreplaceable losses: We survivors did not waste our lives.

ESTHER COHEN

To speak of liberation and what it means to me is to speak from the heart and the soul, and probably for hours. But in respect to the time element, I have taken the privilege of just writing out a few notes and giving you one feeling that I have.

At the actual time of liberation, I do not think I truly believed it was over. Certainly, hard as I tried, I could never begin to understand the madness, the blackness, and the brutality of the years past that were now over. What I did know was that for the first time in what seemed like an eternity, people had smiles on their faces, even if those smiles lasted only a moment, as their minds flashed back to those lost, to a world gone mad, to acts and events that were beyond human comprehension.

What I remember best is my father taking me in his arms and saying to me, "My dear child. Our family, once a strong beautiful tree, is no more. They have chopped it in pieces and cast those pieces in the inferno. But a branch has survived, and now that branch must grow, and from it must come new life." Those words and my mother's eyes when she looked at me have remained in my heart and my soul as a reminder that somehow I lived when so many others did not.

But it was some time later that I began to feel free and secure. It was in the United States, in New York, at our first apartment—a small room with two cots and a small bathroom down the hall shared with many families. It was and is to this day the best place I have ever lived in, for in that small room I could read, I could dream, I could do whatever my heart desired, and no one could come to harm me. I was free—free at last. I could go to school, walk the streets, I could go to the synagogue with my family on the Sabbath. I could even have friends with whom I could argue about different issues, and they would still be my friends. I could no longer be hurt because I was born a Jew.

As the years went on, the meaning of being free took on much deeper feelings. There was the inevitable question of "Why me? Why did I survive?" Eventually I gave up on that question, for I knew that I would never have the answer.

But yet, some answers did come to other questions. Yes, there were people out there who cared, who were willing to give their lives so that we could live and maybe, more importantly, so that mankind might have a just reason to go on. For as our brothers and sisters were dying, with them was vanishing any and all reason for the human race to continue.

It is today in this room that I feel the meaning of liberation. It is at the polling booths in my city when I am free to follow my conscience that I know the full meaning of my liberation. It is when I watch the sun rise in Jerusalem that I joyfully cry for being free.

I thank God, and I thank the men and women who fought so valiantly to free me and to restore justice and reason. I will never forget.

SECRET

PERSONAL REPORT TO THE PRESIDENT[1]

One of the greatest crimes in history, the slaughter of the Jewish people in Europe, is continuing unabated.

This Government has for a long time maintained that its policy is to work out programs to save those Jews and other persecuted minorities of Europe who could be saved.

You are probably not as familiar as I with the utter failure of certain officials in our State Department, who are charged with actually carrying out this policy, to take any effective action to prevent the extermination of the Jews in German-controlled Europe.

The public record, let alone the facts which have not yet been made public, reveals the gross procrastination of these officials. It is well known that since the time when it became clear that Hitler was determined to carry out a policy of exterminating the Jews in Europe, the State Department officials have failed to take any positive steps reasonably calculated to save any of these people. Although they have used devices such as setting up intergovernmental organizations to survey the whole refugee problem, and calling conferences such as the Bermuda Conference to explore the whole refugee problem, making it appear that positive action could be expected, in fact nothing has been accomplished.

The best summary of the whole situation is contained in one sentence of a report submitted on December 20, 1943, by the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate, recommending the passage of a Resolution (S.R. 203), favoring the appointment of a commission to formulate plans to save the Jews of Europe from extinction by Nazi Germany. The Resolution had been introduced by Senator Guy M. Gillette in behalf of himself and eleven colleagues, Senators Taft, Thomas, Radcliffe, Murray, Johnson, Guffey, Ferguson, Clark, Van Nuys, Downey and Ellender. The Committee stated:

> "We have talked; we have sympathized; we have expressed our horror; the time to act is long past due."

Whether one views this failure as being deliberate on the part of those officials handling the matter, or merely due to their incompetence, is not too important from my point of view. However, there is a growing number of responsible people and

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[1] Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, Hyde Park, N.Y., Morgenthau Diaries, Book 694, pp. 194-202, 1/16/44, Document 5.

organizations today who have ceased to view our failure as the product of simple incompetence on the part of those officials in the State Department charged with handling this problem. They see plain Anti-Semitism motivating the actions of these State Department officials and, rightly or wrongly, it will require little more in the way of proof for this suspicion to explode into a nasty scandal.

In this perspective, I ask you to weigh the implications of the following two cases which have recently come to my attention and which have not as yet become known to the public.

I.

World Jewish Congress Proposal to Evacuate Thousands of Jews from Rumania and France

On March 13, 1943, the World Jewish Congress representative in London sent a cable to their offices here. This cable stated that information reaching London indicated it was possible to rescue Jews provided funds were put at the disposal of the World Jewish Congress representation in Switzerland.

On April 10, 1943, Sumner Welles cables our Legation in Bern and requested them to get in touch with the World Jewish Congress representative in Switzerland, who Welles had been informed was in possession of important information regarding the situation of the Jews.

On April 20, 1943, the State Department received a cable from Bern relating to the proposed financial arrangements in connection with the evacuation of the Jews from Rumania and France.

On May 25, 1943, State Department cabled for a clarification of these proposed financial arrangements. This matter was not called to the attention of the Treasury Department at this time although the Treasury has the responsibility for licensing all such financial transactions.

This whole question of financing the evacuation of the Jews from Rumania and France was first called to the attention of the Treasury Department on June 25, 1943.

A conference was held with the State Department relating to this matter on July 15, 1943.

One day after this conference, on July 16, 1943, the Treasury

Department advised the State Department that it was prepared to issue a license in this matter.

It was not until December 18, 1943, after having interposed objections for five months, that the State Department, precipitously and under circumstances revealing the fictitious character of their objections, instructed Harrison to issue the necessary license.

During this five months period between the time that the Treasury stated that it was prepared to issue a license and the time when the license was actually issued delays and objections of all sorts were forthcoming from officials in the State Department, our Legation in Bern, and finally the British. The real significance of these delays and objections was brought home to the State Department in letters which I sent to Secretary Hull on November 23, 1943, and December 17, 1943, which completely devastated the excuses which State Department officials had been advancing.

On December 18 I made an appointment to discuss the matter with Secretary Hull on December 20. And then an amazing but understandable thing happened. On the very day I made my appointment the State Department issued a license notwithstanding the fact that the objections of our Legation in Bern were still outstanding and that the British had indicated their disapproval for political reasons.

State Department officials were in such a hurry to issue this license that they not only did not ask the Treasury to draft the license (which would have been the normal procedure) but they drafted the license themselves and issued it without even consulting the Treasury as to its terms. Informal discussions with certain State Department officials have confirmed what is obvious from the above-mentioned facts.

This wasn't all that my letter and appointment precipitated. I had told Secretary Hull that I wished to discuss the British objections -- in simple terms, the British were apparently prepared to accept the probable death of thousands of Jews in enemy territory because of "the difficulties of disposing of any considerable number of Jews should they be rescued". Accordingly, on that day of "action" for our State Department, December 18, they sent a telegram to the British Foreign Office expressing astonishment at the British point of view and stating that the Department was unable to agree with that point of view.

Breckenridge Long, who is in charge of such matters in the State Department, knew that his position was so indefensible that he was unwilling even to try to defend it at my pending conference with Secretary Hull on December 20. Accordingly, he took such action as he felt was necessary to cover up his previous position in this matter. It is, of course, clear that if we had not made the record against the State Department followed by my request to see Secretary Hull, the action which the State Department officials took on December 18 would either never have been taken at all or would have been delayed so long that any benefits which it might have had would have been lost.

II.

Suppression of Facts Regarding Hitler's Extermination of Jews in Europe

The facts are as follows:

Sumner Welles as Acting Secretary of State requests confirmation of Hitler's plan to exterminate the Jews. Having already received various reports on the plight of the Jews, on October 5, 1942 Sumner Welles as Acting Secretary of State sent a cable (2314) for the personal attention of Minister Harrison in Bern stating that leaders of the Jewish Congress had received reports from their representatives in Geneva and London to the effect that many thousands of Jews in Eastern Europe were being slaughtered purusant to a policy embarked upon by the German Government for the complete extermination of the Jews in Europe. Welles added that he was trying to obtain further information from the Vatican but that other than this he was unable to secure confirmation of these stories. He stated that Rabbi Wise believed that information was available to his representatives in Switzerland but that they were in all liklihood fearful of dispatching any such reports through open cable or mail. He then stated that World Jewish Congress officials in Switzerland, Riegner and Lichtheim, were being requested by Wise to call upon Minister Harrison; and Welles requested Minister Harrison to advise him by telegram of all the evidence and facts which he might secure as a result of conferences with Riegner and Lichtheim.

State Department receives confirmation that the extermination was being repidly carried out. Pursuant to Welles' cable of October 5 Minister Harrison forwarded documents from Riegner confirming the fact of extermination of the Jews (in November 1942), and in a cable of January 21, 1943 (482) relayed a message from Riegner

and Lichtheim which Harrison stated was for the information of the Under Secretary of State (and was to be transmitted to Rabbi Stephen Wise if the Under Secretary should so determine). This message described a horrible situation concerning the plight of Jews in Europe. It reported mass executions of Jews in Poland; the Jews were required before execution to strip themselves of all their clothing which was then sent to Germany; in Germany deportations were continuing; many Jews were being deprived of rationed foodstuffs; no Jews would be left in Prague or Berlin by the end of March, etc.; and in Rumania 130,000 Jews were deported to Transnistria; about 60,000 had already died and the remaining 70,000 were starving; living conditions were indescribable; Jews were deprived of all their money, foodstuffs and possessions; they were housed in deserted cellars, and occasionally twenty to thirty people slept on the floor of one unheated room; disease was prevalent, particularly fever; urgent assistance was needed.

Sumner Welles furnishes this information to the Jewish organizations. Sumner Welles furnished the documents received in November to the Jewish organizations in the United States and authorized them to make the facts public. On February 9, 1943 Welles forwarded the messages contained in cable 482 of January 21 to Rabbi Stphen Wise.

The receipt of this message intensified the pressure on the State Department to take some action.

Certain State Department officials attempt to stop this Government from obtaining further information from the very source from which the above evidence was received. On February 10, the day after Welles forwarded the message contained in cable 482 of January 21 to Rabbi Wise, and in direct response to this cable, a most highly significant cable was dispatched to Minister Harrison. This cable, 354 of February 10, read as follows:

> "Your 482, January 31
>
> "In the future we would suggest that you do not accept reports submitted to you to be transmitted to private persons in the United States unless such action is advisable because of extraordinary circumstances. Such private messages circumvent neutral countries' censorship and it is felt that by sending them we risk the possibility that steps would necessarily be taken by the neutral countries to curtail or forbid our means of communication for confidential official matter.
>
> Hull (SW)"

The cable was signed for Hull by "SW" (Sumner Welles). But it is significant that there is not a word in it that would even suggest to the person signing that it was designed to countermand the Department's specific requests for information on Hitler's plans to exterminate the Jews. The cable has the appearance of being a normal routine message which a busy official would sign without question. On its face it is most innocent and innocuous, yet when read together with the previous cables is it anything less than an attempted suppression of information requested by this Government concerning the murder of Jews by Hitler?

It is also significant that the message which provoked the ban on further communications of this character was not addressed to private persons at all byt was addressed to Under Secretary Welles at his own request and the information contained therein was only to be transmitted to the World Jewish Congress if Welles deemed it advisable.

Thereafter on April 10, 1943, Sumner Welles again requested our Legation for information (cable 877). Apparently he did not realize that in cable 354 (to which he did not refer) Harrison had been instructed to cease forwarding reports of this character. Harrison replied on April 20 (cable 2460) and indicated that he was in a most confused state of mind as a result of the conflicting instructions he had received. Among other things he stated:

> "May I suggest that messages of this character should not (repeat not) be subjected to the restriction imposed by your 354, February 10, and that I be permitted to transmit messages from R more particularly in view of the helpful information which they may frequently contain?"

The fact that cable 354 is not the innocent and routine cable that it appears to be on its face is further highlighted by the efforts of State Department officials to prevent this Department from obtaining the cable and learning its true significance.

The facts relating to this attempted concealment are as follows:

(i) Several men in our Department had requested State Department officials for a copy of the cable of February 10 (354). We had been advised that it was a Department communication; a strictly political communication, which had nothing to do with economic matters; that it had only had a very limited distribution within the

Department, the only ones having anything to do with it being the European Division, the Political Adviser and Sumner Welles; and that a copy could not be furnished to the Treasury.

(ii) At the conference in Secretary Hull's office on December 20 in the presence of Breckinridge Long I asked Secretary Hull for a copy of cable 354, which I was told would be furnished to me.

(iii) By note to me of December 20, Breckinridge Long enclosed a paraphrase of cable 354. This paraphrase of cable 354 specifically omitted any reference to cable 482 of January 21 -- thus destroying the only tangible clue to the true meaning of the message.

(iv) I would never have learned the true meaning of cable 354 had it not been for chance. I had asked one of the men in my Department to obtain all the facts on this matter. He had previously called one of the men in another Deivision of the State Department and requested permission to see the relevant cable. In view of the Treasury interest in this matter, this State Department representative obtained cable 354 and the cable of January 21 to which it referred and showed these cables to my representative.

The facts I have detailed in this report, Mr. President, came to the Treasury's attention as a part of our routine investigation of the licensing of the financial phases of the proposal of the World Jewish Congress for the evacuation of Jews from France and Rumania. The facts may thus be said to have come to light through accident. How many others of the same character are buried in State Department files is a matter I would have no way of knowing. Judging from the almost complete failure of the State Department to achieve any results, the strong suspision must be that they are not few.

This much is certain, however, the matter of rescuing the Jews from extermination is a trust too great to remain in the hands of men who are indifferent, callous, and perhaps even hostile. The task is filled with difficulties. Only a fervent will to accomplish, backed by persistent and untiring effort can succeed where time is to precious.

[signed] HENRY MORGENTHAU JR.
Jan. 16, 1944

In May 1939 several months before the war began, the ship "St. Louis" set sail from Hamburg, Germany, with 937 Jewish refugees aboard. They all had Cuban landing certificates, but when the ship reached Havana, the Cuban government refused to allow them to land, because Cuba was in the midst of an election campaign. The population feared economic competition from Jewish immigrants and the government, which was trying to win votes, cancelled the entry permits.
The ship then sailed for Florida. However, President Roosevelt was similarly concerned about unemployment in the United States and refused to allow the refugees to land. The ship was forced to return to Europe. Most of the passengers on the "St. Louis" landed in European countries that were later conquered by the Nazis.

The "Struma", a rickety cattle-boat packed beyond capacity with 769 Rumanian Jews, set sail for Istanbul, Turkey, where the passengers hoped to get visas for Palestine. But the Turkish government would not let them land and the British refused to let them go on to Palestine. The ship drifted for 74 days before it sank near Istanbul; all the passengers drowned.

WHILE SIX MILLION DIED

What did the United States know about Nazi plans for the annihilation of the Jews? What were the various reactions in the United States to this knowledge? Could we have done anything to prevent the murder of 6,000,000 men, women and children?

To answer these questions, two types of information must be examined — materials published openly from 1933 to 1945 and government documents which were denied to the public.

DOCUMENT #1

Telegram to the United States from Swedish Representative to the United States, August, 1939

Received alarming report that in Fuhrer's (Hitler's) headquarters plan discussed and under consideration according to which all Jews in countries occupied or controlled by Germany should, after deportation and concentration in East, be exterminated at one blow to resolve once and for all the Jewish question in Europe. Action reported planned for autumn. Methods under discussion including Prussic Acid. Informant stated to have close connections with highest German authorities and his reports generally speaking are reliable.

DOCUMENT #2

Report Sent to United States by Ernest Frischer, Czechosolvakian Government Official, August, 1939

Weekly Consumption in Ounces

	Bread	Meat	Sugar	Fats
German	80	17½	8	9½
Pole	62	9	5½	2¼
Jew	14	4½	1¾	9/10

DOCUMENT #3

Report from United States Minister to Switzerland, Leland Harrison, to the United States, September, 1940

Harrison cabled the United States that a Polish colleague had informed him that Jews in Warsaw (Poland) were being collected in lots of 5,000-10,000 and shipped East, "their whereabouts and fate unknown". On October 6, another message read: "Numerous reports which I have received from both Jewish and non-Jewish sources ... indicate beyond doubt that Jews are being systematically evacuated from western European countries ... ghettos of larger cities such as Warsaw are being cleared and that Jews evacuated therefrom have been sent eastward to an unknown fate."

DOCUMENT #4

Report from the International Red Cross to the United States, October 29, 1942

1. There exists an order of Hitler demanding the extermination of all Jews in Germany and in the occupied countries up to December 31, 1942.

2. ... the order is in the course of being executed (carried out).

3. Information on the order has come from two sources:

   a. Official of the German Ministry of Foreign Affairs
   b. Official of the German Ministry of War

DOCUMENT #5

Secretary of State Cordell Hull, May 7, 1943

Hull argued against bringing any refugees to the United States in excess (more than) of the immigration quota, since this "would be likely to result in throwing the whole refugee question into Congress, where there is a prevailing sentiment for even more curtailment (stopping) of immigration into this country ... I cannot recommend that we open the question of relaxing our immigration laws ... considering the generous quantity of refugees we have already received."

DOCUMENT #6

Swedish Proposal to the United States, May, 1943

Sweden was prepared to request that Germany release 20,000 Jewish children, who would be cared for in Sweden until the end of the war. The Swedish government inquired if the United States and England would share the cost of food and medicine for the children.

In October, the United States government responded in the negative, saying that "limiting the rescue program to Jewish children might antagonize the Germans".

DOCUMENT #7

Texas House of Representatives

"We must ignore the tears of sobbing sentimentalists and internationalists, and we must permanently close, lock and bar the gates of our country to immigration waves and then throw the key away."

DOCUMENT #8

Catholic & Protestant Clergy Petition to President Roosevelt
January 9, 1939

The petition called upon the United States to open its doors to German-Jewish children.

Mrs. Roosevelt later explained her husband's position as he was trying to get half a billion dollars to expand the Air Corps and to construct naval bases and did not want to antagonize the Congress. "Franklin refrained from supporting causes in which he believed because of political realities."

DOCUMENT #9

House and Senate Committee Meetings on Immigration
April, 1939

Witness, Mrs. Agnes Waters, from the Widows of World War I veterans:

"This nation will be helpless to guarantee to our children their rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness if this country is to become the dumping ground for the persecuted minorities of Europe."

DOCUMENT #10

President's Statement on Nazi Criminality, March 24, 1944

"In one of the blackest crimes of all history, the wholesale systematic murder of the Jews of Europe goes on unabated (unstopped) every hour ... We should again proclaim our determination that none who participate in these acts of savagery shall go unpunished ... All who share the guilt shall share the punishment.

Hitler is committing these crimes against humanity in the name of the German people. I ask every German and every man everywhere under Nazi domination (control) to show the world by his action that in his heart he does not share these insane criminal desires. Let him hide these pursued victims, help them to get over their borders, and do what he can to save them from the Nazi hangman."

While Six Million Died, by Arthur D. Morse

A 10

IMPLICATIONS FOR DEMOCRACY

AND

UNIVERSALITY OF THE HOLOCAUST

1945 TO THE PRESENT

PHASE V

IMPLICATIONS FOR DEMOCRACY AND UNIVERSALITY OF THE HOLOCAUST

1. Instructional Objectives

To help students recognize those factors and conditions which cause events similar to the Holocaust to happen in any society.

To teach students the inevitable consequences of hatred, prejudice, bigotry and scapegoating.

To begin an understanding of the perversion of the legal process and rejection of the institutions of democratic government and Western Civilization by Nazi Germany.

2. Major Concept: Implications for Democracy

"Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it."
Santayana

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."
Wendell Phillips

"I want my students to learn that an individual can matter, can make a difference, can rebel against an unjust authority, can stand up against group pressure, can intercede on another's behalf.....

I want to make them stronger and better people, to encourage them to be the social activist of their time, the ones who will take responsibility, who will be the Resisters and the Rescuers.

I want them to believe that the world is repairable and to encourage action in repairing whatever part of their world is torn by injustice or evil....."

excerpts from presentation by
Karen Shawn, Washington, DC
February, 1988

Steps of Evil

"To live in this process is absolutely not to be able to notice it . . . Each step was so small, so inconsequential, so well-explained or, on occasion, 'regretted,' that, unless one were detached from the whole process, one no more saw it developing from day to day than a farmer in his field sees the corn growing. One day it is over his head."

. . . . . Each act, each occasion, is worse than the last, but only a little worse. You wait for the next and the next. You wait for one great shocking occasion, thinking that others, when such a shock comes, will join with you in resisting.

But the one great shocking occasion, when tens or hundreds or thousands will join with you, never comes. If the last and worst act of the whole regime had come immediately after the first and smallest, thousands, yes, millions would have been sufficiently shocked.

But of course this isn't the way it happened. In between come all the hundreds of little steps, some of them imperceptible, each of them preparing you not to be shocked by the next. Step C is not so much worse than Step B., and, if you did not make a stand at Step B, why should you at Step C? And so on to Step D . . . .

<u>The Holocaust: A Study of Genocide</u>
Board of Education of the city of New York

Hangman

by

Maurice Ogden

SOURCE: Maurice Ogden, *Hangman* (Tustin, California: Media Masters, Inc. for Regina Publications, Third Edition, June 1968). Printed with permission from Maurice Ogden.

1.

Into our town the Hangman came,
Smelling of gold and blood and flame —
And he paced our bricks with a diffident air
And built his frame on the courthouse square.

The scaffold stood by the courthouse side,
Only as wide as the door was wide;
A frame as tall, or little more,
Than the capping sill of the courthouse door.

And we wondered, whenever we had the time,
Who the criminal, what the crime,
The Hangman judged with the yellow twist
Of knotted hemp in his busy fist.

And innocent though we were, with dread
We passed those eyes of buckshot lead;
Till one cried: "Hangman, who is he
For whom you raise the gallows-tree?"

Then a twinkle grew in the buckshot eye,
And he gave us a riddle instead of reply:
"He who serves me best," said he,
"Shall earn the rope on the gallows-tree."

And he stepped down, and laid his hand
On a man who came from another land —
And we breathed again, for another's grief
At the Hangman's hand was our relief.

And the gallows-frame on the courthouse lawn
By tomorrow's sun would be struck and gone.
So we gave him way, and no one spoke,
Out of respect for his hangman's cloak.

2.

The next day's sun looked mildly down
On roof and street in our quiet town
And, stark and black in the morning air,
The gallows-tree on the courthouse square.

And the Hangman stood at his usual stand
With the yellow hemp in his busy hand;
With his buckshot eye and his jaw like a pike
And his air so knowing and businesslike.

And we cried: "Hangman, have you not done,
Yesterday, with the alien one?"
Then we fell silent, and stood amazed:
"Oh, not for him was the gallows raised . . ."

He laughed a laugh as he looked at us:
". . . Did you think I'd gone to all this fuss
To hang one man? That's a thing I do
To stretch the rope when the rope is new."

Then one cried "Murderer!" One cried "Shame!"
And into our midst the Hangman came
To that man's place. "Do you hold," said he,
"With him that was meant for the gallows-tree?"

And he laid his hand on that one's arm,
And we shrank back in quick alarm,
And we gave him way, and no one spoke
Out of the fear of his hangman's cloak.

That night we saw with dread surprise
The Hangman's scaffold had grown in size.
Fed by the blood beneath the chute
The gallows-tree had taken root.

Now as wide, or a little more,
Than the steps that led to the courthouse door,
As tall as the writing, or nearly as tall,
Halfway up on the courthouse wall.

3.

The third he took — we had all heard tell —
Was a usurer and infidel,
And: "What," said the hangman, "have you to do
With the gallows-bound, and he a Jew?"

And we cried out: "Is this one he
Who has served you well and faithfully?"
The Hangman smiled: "It's a clever scheme
To try the strength of the gallows-beam."

The fourth man's dark, accusing song
Had scratched our comfort hard and long;
And "What concern," he gave us back,
"Have you for the doomed —
the doomed and black?"

The fifth. The sixth. And we cried again:
"Hangman, Hangman, is this the man?"
"It's a trick," he said, "that we hangmen know
For easing the trap when the trap springs slow."

And so we ceased, and asked no more,
As the Hangman tallied his bloody score;
And sun by sun, and night by night,
The gallows grew to monstrous height.

The wings of the scaffold opened wide
Till they covered the square from side to side;
And the monster cross-beam, looking down,
Cast its shadow across the town.

4.

Then through the town the Hangman came
And called in the empty streets my name —
And I looked at the gallows soaring tall
And thought: "There is no one left at all

For hanging, and so he calls to me
To help pull down the gallows-tree."
And I went out with right good hope
To the Hangman's tree and the Hangman's rope.

He smiled at me as I came down
To the courthouse square through the silent
town,
And supple and stretched in his busy hand
Was the yellow twist of the hempen strand.

And he whistled his tune as he tried the trap
And it sprang down with a ready snap —
And then with a smile of awful command
He laid his hand upon my hand.

"You tricked me, Hangman!" I shouted then,
"That your scaffold was built for other men ...
And I no henchman of yours," I cried,
"You lied to me, Hangman, foully lied!"

Then a twinkle grew in the buckshot eye:
"Lied to you? Tricked you?" he said, "Not I.
For I answered straight and I told you true:
The scaffold was raised for none but you.

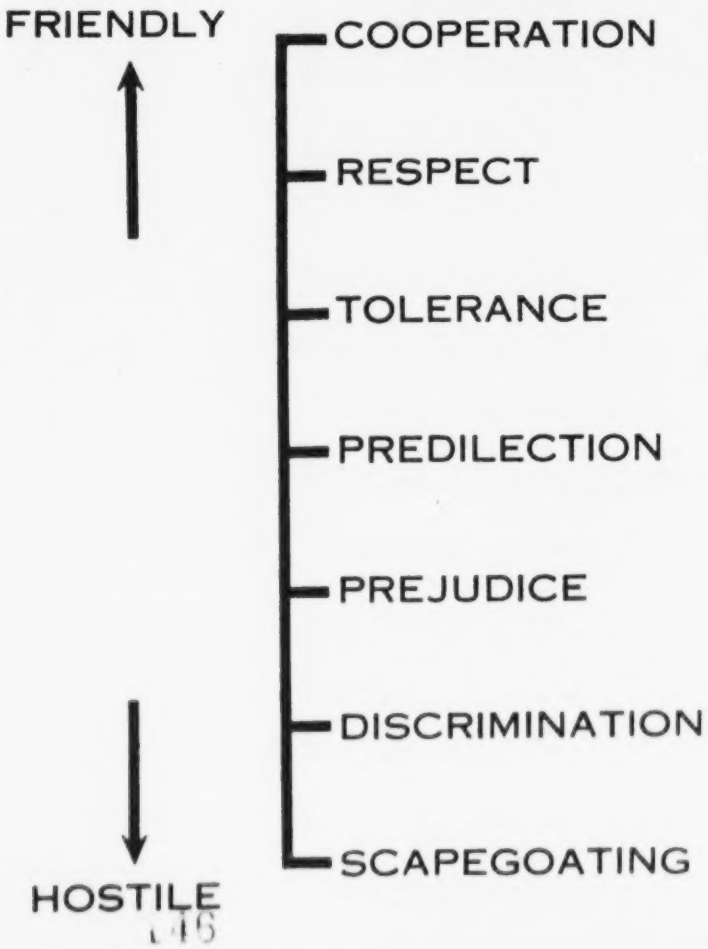
"For who has served more faithfully
Than you with your coward's hope?" said he,
"And where are the others that might have stood
Side by your side in the common good?"

"Dead," I whispered; and amiably
"Murdered," the Hangman corrected me:
"First the alien, then the Jew ...
I did no more than you let me do."

Beneath the beam that blocked the sky,
None had stood so alone as I —
And the Hangman strapped me,
and no voice there
Cried "Stay!" for me in the empty square.

Reprinted from ABC's of Scapegoating

A CONTINUUM OF SOCIAL RELATIONSHIPS AMONG HUMAN GROUPS



WHAT IS SCAPEGOATING?

Scapegoating is at work when a businessman blows up at some slight defect in his wife's cooking after a trying day at the office, or when his wife soundly spanks Junior for a minor disobedience after she has lost a close rubber of bridge. In these as in all other cases of scapegoating the goat is either wholly undeserving of any punishment or blame, or at least only partially deserves so severe a punishment.

Scapegoating may be defined as:

> *a phenomenon wherein some of the aggressive energies of a person or a group are focused upon another individual, group, or object; the amount of aggression and blame being either partly or wholly unwarranted.*

Scapegoating grows out of impulses common to all human beings. It is under the severe impact of unusual frustration and hardship, misinterpreted through primitive reasoning, that the excesses of scapegoating occur.

We may appropriately regard scapegoating as lying at the unfavorable extreme of a continuum in social relationships. It is at the opposite end of the scale from friendly, cooperative behavior between groups.

Let us define the stages or degrees of hostile relationships that are readily distinguishable, starting with predilection, the mildest and most normal form of group-exclusion, through active prejudice and discrimination, to scapegoating itself.

Predilection is the simple preference of an individual for one culture, one skin color, one language as opposed to another. If you like Mexican culture and I do not, there is no use disputing about our respective tastes. We are privileged to disagree on such matters, and, as a rule, we respect one another's choice. Predilections are inevitable and natural. But they are the first step toward scapegoating if and when they turn into more active biases, that is to say, into –

Prejudice. Here we have a rigid, inflexible, exaggerated predilection. A prejudice is an attitude in a closed mind. Impervious to evidence and to contrary argument it makes for prejudgment. Some Europeans think all Americans are loud-mouthed spendthrifts. This stereotyped judgment is fixed. It is hard to change. It is a prejudice. An Oxford student is said to have remarked, "I despise all Americans, but I've never met one I

didn't like." This anecdote suggests that prejudgments may stand even when every particle of available evidence is against them. Some people with prejudices think all Negroes are stupid, all Scotsmen are tight-fisted, all women inferior to men.

Prejudice, if not *acted out*, if kept to oneself, does no great *social* harm. It merely stultifies the mind that possesses it. But prejudice expressed leads to –

Discrimination, which differs from scapegoating chiefly in the amount of aggression shown. Discrimination is an act of exclusion prompted by prejudice. Generally it is based not on an individual's intrinsic qualities but on a "label" branding the individual as a member of a discredited group. It means separating forcibly and unjustly from our vocation, our neighborhood, our schools, even our churches, a person against whom we are prejudiced because he bears an unsavory label. Note well, it is not *we* who move out, prompted by our predilection, but *they* whom we forcibly exclude from intruding into "our domain."

Scapegoating is full-fledged aggression in word or deed. The victim is abused verbally or physically. He usually cannot fight back, for we see to it that we pick only on minority groups weaker than ourselves. The essential cowardliness of scapegoating is illustrated by our persecution of the Salem "witches," a small, frail handful of neurotic women and elderly people who could not offer effective resistance.

As long as human beings have choices to make, they will make them on the basis of some inclination. Predilections are the basis for such choices, normal enough and inevitable. But unjust generalizations on the basis of these predilections lead to the formation of prejudices which, if uncontrolled, breed discrimination. Finally, if conditions are ripe – if frustration, ignorance, and propaganda combine in proper proportions – discrimination breaks over into scapegoating.

MOTIVES IN SCAPEGOATING

We now examine the motivations behind scapegoating.

A. Thwarting and Deprivation

People are often deprived of what they want or what they have. Such deprivation frequently results in anxiety and then in aggression. In scapegoating such aggression is directed not against the *source* of the thwarting or deprivation, but against *some other* object that happens to be convenient. Sometimes this scapegoat is at least partially to blame. But as a rule the scapegoat is made to pay not only for the deprivations in which he may have played some minor part, but also for frustrations of long standing, most of which have nothing whatever to do with the scapegoat. The cat sharpening her claws on the rug may annoy one, but after a bad day at the office, the kick one directs at the cat is likely to be more vicious than usual.

In times of social crisis our deprivations are multiplied many times: prices are high, so too are taxes; war threatens; the H-Bomb hangs over us; we grow fearful. There is no direct action we may take to do away with these deprivations and threats, therefore we respond to our frustrations by scapegoating the Government, the Negro, Labor, the "Reactionary" or the "Communist" or the Foreigner, or the religion of the other fellow.

B. Guilt Evasion

Guilt feelings arise from the omission or commission of certain deeds. Such feelings may be relieved by blaming others for one's own sins. This projection of guilt onto others is the classic form of scapegoating. The goat carries our burden of sin. Hitler, the arch-scapegoater, blamed the Jews for precisely those crimes against morality and decency of which he himself was eminently guilty: conspiracy, war-making, demoralizing the social life of the community, sex perversion. It made Hitler feel innocent to heap his sins and those of his countrymen on the heads of an irrelevant group.

Such guilt-projection is common. All of us are prone to this weakness. We never feel so innocent as when we "see" and criticize our own sins in other people.

C. Fear and Anxiety

1. Fear is an acute feeling that some specific danger threatens us. It may be reduced or dispelled by a preventive attack on what is considered to be the threat. Often in time of war, we do not distinguish between real and pseudo-threats.

Our fears of spies and saboteurs in wartime led us to be unduly suspicious of foreigners and of innocent minority groups. For many months all of the Pacific Coast Japanese-Americans were held in internment camps, although few, if any at all, were really spies.

2. Anxiety is a vaguer anticipation of danger. Like fear, it represents a feeling of insecurity. It can be alleviated by rationalizations which take the form of verbal scapegoating.

In times of social strain, like the present, we may not actually intern a minority group. But it helps "explain" our vague anxieties to ourselves if we talk about the disloyalty, conspiracies, or threat of other groups. With all these menaces around us, why shouldn't we feel jittery and anxious? We talk and lie, and lie and talk, about such "dangerous" groups, hoping thereby to relieve our anxiety – or at least to explain it to ourselves.

D. Self-Enhancement

1. Feelings of *inferiority* may lead to scapegoating, in order that the individual may convince himself of his own value and strength.

The physically weak child by verbally scapegoating another child, affirms his own strength. Or he may bully a still weaker child in compensation for his own feelings of inferiority.

2. The individual who feels *insecure* may obtain comfort by allying himself with a distinctive ("better" and "different") group, and thus bolster his ego.

It is no accident that hate groups take on the insignia of pomp and ritual. Nor is it strange that the mumbo-jumbo of the Ku Klux Klan, of the White Citizens' Councils, of the Negro "Muslim" movement, and of similar organizations should attract largely the insecure, the negligible, the nobodies of our society. An inflation of the ego results from joining with others who declare themselves better than some scapegoated group (of different complexion, foreign origin, or different faith).

3. Very important as a factor in scapegoating is the demagogue's *desire for power*. Scapegoating is a useful tool in his attempt to gain power, for it helps to achieve unity among supporters. He tells them that the group they hate is in fact responsible for their troubles, and that by rallying around him, the leader, they can most effectively defeat their enemy. The demagogue creates a bogey in order to solidify his own leadership. He often benefits financially.

E. Conformity

Conformity makes for security. If everyone around us is given to scapegoating, and particularly those we value highly, then only by imitating their actions can we be fully accepted in the group whose approval we desire. Many Germans scapegoated the Jews to establish themselves as acceptable Nazis and thus avoid persecution for themselves. In our own society most people will agree with a bigot rather than contradict him to his face lest they lose caste in the bigot's eyes.

Conformity may be less deliberate than in the above case. An individual may conform to the current pattern of prejudice and persecution simply because he habitually imitates the prevailing folkways. He is scarcely aware that he is an imitator.

Children, as we shall see, are especially inclined to take over parental prejudices uncritically. They will unquestionably accept their parents' assurance that Negroes are people with whom one just doesn't have social contacts.

F. Tabloid Thinking

Periods of social strain bring out vividly the helplessness every individual feels in the face of world-wide forces. He must seek to simplify the issues in order to make possible some understanding of this social chaos. It is less trouble to think of "the bankers," or the army "brass hats" as responsible for war, than to figure out its complex economic and cultural causes. Simplification of issues provides for economy of energy: if a person feels hostile and aggressive it is more economical for him to attack one single obstacle in his path than to diffuse his attack upon the many not fully understood causes of his difficulties.

The psychological reason for tabloid thinking is well expressed by Thouless:

> *The most finely developed mind reaches at some point the limit of the complexity it can grasp. With the majority of men, this limit is reached rather early. Long before it is reached a certain mental idleness steps in, making us tend to accept mental food well below the limits of our digestion.*

An issue seems nicely simplified if we blame a group or class of people rather than the complex course of social and historical forces.

It is much easier to blame the Democrats or the Republicans in Congress for some policy of which we disapprove than to look up the voting records of individuals and find out who is really to blame (undoubtedly a mixture of Republicans and Democrats).

In the cases we have discussed we note that our aggression is "displaced." The group we blame is wholly, or largely innocent. Why is it

that aggression is seldom directed against the *true* cause of the deprivation, fear, guilt?

Among the factors that may prevent the expression of aggression against the true provoker are the following:

1. We may be afraid that the party who is really to blame will retaliate and make it worse for us. When you are really angry at your boss, you cannot confront so powerful a being with your wrath, and so may turn on your secretary who is helpless against you.

2. We may be afraid that some other party will punish us for a too direct attack.

In some regions of the world, if a white man violates your interests in some way, you would certainly be punished for taking the law into your own hands, but you may store up your wrath and without fear of punishment take it out on some defenseless colored person who has the misfortune to cross your path.

3. We may have strong internal inhibitions against attacking the provoker. In our society one may not hit a woman even if one has good reason to. One may, however, bottle up one's rage until an unprotected scapegoat appears.

4. Often, of course, the provoker isn't accessible; he cannot be reached because of external rather than internal obstacles. The schoolboy who ate up his pal's candy bar is absent, so the deprived boy becomes irritable and aggressive toward some classmate immediately present.

5. Most important of all, when we are unable to understand the roots of our discomfort, we may turn to a pre-existing prejudice to supply the "cause" and receive the wrath.

If a marginal worker loses his job, this economic frustration is no easier to bear simply because the worker is ignorant of its causes. Having a pre-existing prejudice against foreigners, or Negroes, this prejudice is allowed to grow into violence because it seems vaguely related to the complex issue which the worker does not understand. "Displacement" thus results from an illogical association of ideas.

6. Once in a while the respect or love we feel for the provoker may make it impossible to believe that he may be guilty.

In her eagerness to defend her son from an accusation, the mother may accuse the little boy down the street.

Top management in an industrial firm is remote and often endowed with great prestige. Hence it sometimes happens that a disgruntled worker fails to blame these policy-makers for the conditions that offend him but directs his venom instead at the foreman or even at his fellow-workers.

TYPES OF SCAPEGOATERS

All of us have been exposed to these influences. In some of us, due to strong counteractive teachings, prejudice has failed to develop. In others, the prejudices are dormant, or not expressed in socially harmful ways. A prejudice that is well controlled will injure no one but its possessor. Dormant prejudices, however, are dangerous because in times of stress and strain they can be fanned into a flame. Skillful demagogues turned home-loving, only latently anti-Semitic Germans into ferocious scapegoaters. Some Americans, with dormant anti-Negro prejudice, have been turned under crowd influence into a destructive mob.

Scapegoating tendencies thus may rise or fall according to circumstance. But we have among us certain chronic types of scapegoaters whose nature it is important to understand. Recent studies suggest that five such types may be distinguished.

1. *The compulsive scapegoater.* For certain people prejudice is the mainspring of their mental life, and scapegoating is for them a compulsive activity.

Here we find the pathologically warped minds. Obsessed by delusions of persecution, such people may believe that the Jews are trying to ruin their business, destroy their church, or bring unnamed calamities upon them. Not all people who are mentally deranged in this manner are recognized to be insane. Some, of course, are in hospitals where they belong. But occasionally a paranoiac of this order escapes psychiatric custody, and is loose in the community spreading wildly the poison from his delusions. Such a paranoiac is aggressive and tries to take revenge on his "persecutors." He is not going to sit back and let the blankety-blank Irish, or Jews, or Communists take over. He will fight them. He distributes slanderous literature, or he becomes a leader who organizes crackpot groups, incites to violence, and sometimes, shoots to kill.

2. *The thwarted scapegoater.* Those who find their jobs and their incomes fairly satisfying are much less likely to feel hostility toward minority groups than those who are dissatisfied with their work and their wages. This fact has been recently established through careful research. It offers conclusive proof that for some people of aggressive temperament, scapegoating is displaced hostility stemming from continuous frustration. Those who resort to aggressive scapegoating to work out their fears and frustrations show their inability to cope with their problems in a realistic and adaptive manner.

Some frustrated individuals seem to feel their own worth only when they pull others down. Some seem to crave the excitement of hate, of accusation, of witch-hunting, to offset the dullness and deprivation in their lives. It was noted that certain individuals who lost their homes in Maine forest fires took a grim and irrational pleasure in blaming the Communists for the fires. Nature was too impersonal a scapegoat. Some tangible villain had to be found. Communism was a fashionable scapegoat.

A white truck driver who had worked for years on completely friendly terms with a Negro associate, suddenly turned against him, and trotted out all the stereotyped accusations against his race. An analysis of the case showed that the only reason for this abrupt shift to scapegoating lay in a current quarrel between the white man and his wife regarding their place of residence. He had come to feel so resentful and bitter that he had to have an extra object for his aggression. His Negro companion served the purpose.

3. *The conventional scapegoater.* Recent studies have uncovered yet another pattern, perhaps the commonest of all. There are many people who have a curiously defensive and bigoted philosophy of life. At first they seem to be individuals who are thoroughly conventional and conservative: they are church members (though not genuinely religious); they are patriotic in a conventional sense; they go in for clubs and sororities, and thus build up their security by identifying themselves with safe in-groups. These individuals are also strangely lacking in self-knowledge, being unable to flex their minds and see themselves as others see them. Whatever they do tends to fall into a rigid pattern of habit. They are afraid of life unless they are following conventional paths of safe conduct. Asked whether they regard the world as a hazardous place where men are basically evil they tend to say "yes." Asked whether they are more afraid of gangsters or of swindlers, they generally reply "swindlers" (thus showing less of the natural fear of physical violence, and more of a pervading suspiciousness of their fellow men).

When such a pattern of traits is encountered it is generally associated with projective blaming of others for all the inconveniences and difficulties the person encounters in the course of his life. Specifically, such people are usually anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, anti-out-group. They lack self-insight and the grace to blame themselves when things go wrong.

4. *The conforming scapegoater.* The foregoing three types of persons all manifest some disorder in their own personal lives, for which they tend to punish a scapegoat. There is, in addition, the individual who is merely thoughtless and inclined to join the crowd when he is exposed to its ways. Many individuals who would not scapegoat by themselves, will do so if it is expected. They prefer not to seem to be opposing their own group. If his group does not invite a Negro, Mexican, Catholic, or Baptist into the home or club, neither does the conforming scapegoater. If rumors or slander are current, he will thoughtlessly repeat them. If violence breaks out he may join in to keep his position in his own group. The conforming scapegoater may be a weakling, but he is not in himself as disordered as are the more aggressive types.

5. *The calculating scapegoater.* Rather rare, but not unknown, is the cold-blooded demagogue who has a good perspective on the whole process of scapegoating. He knows that with so many compulsive, thwarted, conventionalist, and conforming scapegoaters around, he can exploit their frailties to his own advantage. He knows that people united against a common enemy have a certain grim solidarity. If he can become their leader, he can obtain money from them (membership dues to his nightshirt organization), or election, if he covets it, to some public office. Demagogues of this sort are not unknown in American political life. It is not always easy, however, to tell whether a given ringleader in scapegoating is himself of the compulsive or calculating type.

In depicting these types as separate and distinct entities, we must of course admit that mixtures occur. A given scapegoater may be both compulsive and calculating, thwarted and conventional. Indeed, in an individual case, any combination may exist.

THE VICTIM

We have discovered reasons for scapegoating and have discussed people who scapegoat. Next we turn our attention to the victims and to their response to the attack.

Choice of the victim. What are some of the characteristics of a person or group that is vulnerable to scapegoating attacks?

The victim has *distinguishing, salient characteristics.* He is easily identified; he has "high visibility." Some of the following distinguishing characteristics single out certain groups as scapegoat possibilities: color of skin, features of face, gesture, a foreign language, names with distinctive national flavor, food habits, religious customs, other cultural peculiarities.

The victim has *little possibility for retaliation* because the scapegoater is stronger than he in terms of prestige, number, or sheer physical strength. As someone has remarked, "A scapegoat is a safe goat."

Also, it frequently happens that the *victim's strength has been previously undermined* through attack. School children often pick as their victims children who have already suffered previous ostracism, perhaps someone the teacher has ridiculed, or a child poorly dressed, ugly, physically weak, or in some other way defenseless. Usually the victim cannot answer back. Due to long browbeating, or by nature, the scapegoat silently endures all accusations. He knows that retaliation is futile.

The victim is usually *accessible.* He is one of the minority group common in the locality, someone encountered often enough to serve as a tangible target. The victim usually is someone who has been a traditional object of blame. Centuries of scapegoating lie behind today's anti-Semitism. Folklore sustains our condescension toward the Negro. Long standing fear of change in some quarters underlies the scapegoating of liberals, who are falsely labeled "communists." The victim may *personify* an idea that is disliked. In old Salem the witches personified the devil. Today we may attack any leader who represents the group whose ideas we repudiate. Conservatives scapegoated Franklin Roosevelt. Labor scapegoats the spokesmen for "business." Americans of Japanese origin, though loyal to America throughout World War II, became a target for citizens who hated Japanese aggression.

Responses of the victim. The victim of scapegoating may attempt a variety of responses to defend himself against abuse.

He may deny to himself the existence of scapegoating, thus striving to repress the unpleasant fact. Some German Jews fooled themselves for a long time by thinking that since they were really good Germans, they could not be the real objects of Hitler's attack. In America there are some Negroes (but not many) who profess to believe that the Negro is treated fairly.

The victim may try to adapt through compliance. He meets the scapegoaters' demands in his outward behavior, being humble, silent or servile as the case may require.

Inwardly the victim may assume an attitude of resignation, perhaps with the aid of religion or a stoical philosophy of life. Occasionally he may obtain some substitute satisfaction through fantasy, imagining himself a free man accepted for his merits alone.

He may attempt resistance in various ways. For instance, he may strive to hide or deny his origins and thus become assimilated into the dominant group. Some foreign-born change their names. Some Negroes with light skin succeed in "passing."

The resistance may take the form of assertive competition, striving by extra efforts, extra study, extra cleverness, to offset the artificial restrictions and handicaps imposed through prejudice.

Or the victim may seek protective legislation (for example, fair employment, fair education, or fair housing acts,) or may take part in organizations devoted to the safeguarding of civil rights. Many such groups derive strong support from the current victims of prejudice.

Sometimes the victim scapegoats the persecutor, as when the Jew stereotypes and derides the gentile, or when the Negro, sometimes unfairly, blames all white people for the indignities he suffers.

An additional response to scapegoating is the tendency of the victims to close ranks. In-group feeling becomes enhanced. (Little Italys or Chinatowns, ghettos of all kinds.) To some extent this natural response aggravates the difficulty, for members of the majority group may perceive this simple and understandable response as evidence of clannishness, hostility, and even conspiracy.

In the long run, victims show in their culture many reflections of the injustice they suffer. Their religion, their literature, their painting, their music take on expressions of melancholy, of pathos, or of wistful hope. Or, their art may take on the character of protest, anger, revolt.

In the eyes of the bigot all of these various reactions to scapegoating are likely to be mis-perceived. Whatever response is made will be the "wrong" response. The victim will be judged as too compliant or too aggressive, too clannish or too intrusive, and his art as too wistful or too protesting. To understand *why* the person we dislike reacts as he does, clarifies our perceptions. If we were in the shoes of the victim we would develop the same sorts of defense. To understand the victim's

inevitable defensive reactions is the first step toward supplanting antipathy with sympathy.

When patience is exhausted. No group of people ever really thinks of itself as inferior to other groups. If historical circumstance singles out a certain group as scapegoats any or all of the foregoing responses and defenses may occur. Compliance, resignation, extra personal effort, seeking legal protection, in-group solidarity – all these responses to victimization occur. And all of them may fail to win the state of equal respect that is desired. Patience is exhausted. What then?

More forceful retaliation results. Mass protests arise. Sometimes they are non-violent, relying for their effectiveness on moral suasion. But sometimes they get out of hand with riotous and bloody consequences. The Watts area of Los Angeles has become a symbol for the ultimate, senseless, violent type of protest to which the victims of scapegoating may finally resort.

Legally such violence cannot be condoned, but psychologically it can still be understood – if the reader has followed the reasoning of this pamphlet. Victims can take only so much.

Although violent response is surely the "worst of all," oddly enough it often comes about when conditions show some trend toward improvement. Many of the injustices noted in these pages are now legally forbidden. The national conscience is far more sensitive to racial and ethnic unfairness than ever before. Schools, the press, churches, clubs, employers, television – all departments of social life are mending their ways. Research studies, interracial commissions, police departments, and municipal and state ordinances are working toward greater equality for all citizens. Paradoxically it is because the effort is great and the goal more clearly seen that impatience grows. Improvements, although under way, do not come rapidly enough to meet hope and expectation. Psychologists have a term to express the situation. It is "goal gradient," and is applied when the goal comes into clearer view (when one is on the "home stretch") thus evoking an extra burst of energy to reach the desired end. This concept helps us to understand the increased strain and protest, and even the increased violence, that today mark the speed-up in the struggle to eliminate racial injustice and scapegoating.

FORMS OF SCAPEGOATING

The forms that scapegoating take may be grouped under three general headings:

1. *Fantasy.* It is important psychologically to include scapegoating *in thought* because aggressive thoughts are often the precursors of *action.* To think hostile thoughts may lead to hostile deeds.

2. *Verbal aggression.* Scapegoating may be carried on in a stream of antipathetic speech. Aggressive verbalizations include name calling, insulting remarks, degrading connotations, as well as belittling of the victim's physical characteristics, ancestry, intellectual capacity, qualities of character, and social or economic status. Anti-locution is our favorite way of degrading.

   a. *Rumors* pointing to misdeeds, alleged immorality, planning of revolts are common. Such rumors generally precede outbreaks of violence. Seldom based on fact, they primarily reflect the hostile intentions of the persecutors themselves. Rumors are a method of justifying in advance some form of discrimination or active scapegoating.

   b. *Jokes, doggerel, derisive cartoons,* are a favorite method of expressing anti-Semitism. Libelous witticisms are often mixed with obscenities. Smut and slander are the twin shadows of prejudice.

   c. *Unjust accusations* of a heavy and sombre type are sometimes drawn up. Fictitious charges are circulated: the "Protocols of Zion" are solemnly presented as "evidence." A bigot prepares a list of "subversives," with nothing but his own bias to guide him.

   d. *Teasing* is a mild form, especially among children. Teasing is verbal scapegoating; and it, too, can damage the victim.

   e. *Threats* are verbal intimidations that may or may not stop short of violence.

Anti-locution may lead to:

3. *Coercive action.* Forcible scapegoating takes many forms, ranging from stone-throwing at a synagogue window to closing the public schools in southern communities where federal courts have ordered desegregation. Discrimination in employment and in housing are often due to scapegoating as surely as is vandalism, or South Africa's official sub-

jugation of non-European peoples. Hitler's genocide was the climax of invented cruelties – all of which reflect man's proneness to scapegoat out-groups.

Precisely what form scapegoating will take depends on many factors. Custom itself is an important condition. If social segregation is the prevailing practice, scapegoating will easily take the form of punishing minorities who overstep. If moral checks against harming other human beings are strong, scapegoating in general will be restrained.

Apart from custom, the amount of aggression released will depend upon the present intensity of frustration, upon the influence of some leader, upon the type of provocation the victim may have given, or upon the general state of unrest in the community. Often the precipitating circumstance seems slight, but the persecution is violent owing to the intensity of accumulated fear, frustration, guilt and prejudice that has been bottled up.

In our country, it not infrequently happens that a relatively rational and moral individual will abstain from physical or verbal attacks upon single members of a minority group, but at the same time condemn in thought and word the minority group as a whole. His sense of fair play does not let him harm an individual person but somehow permits him to slander a whole group.

Borderline Cases. It is not always possible to make a clear distinction between habits of discrimination and scapegoating, although the degree of aggressiveness displayed is the best criterion for making the distinction.

Somewhat easier is the borderline case where a person is made the butt of good-natured jokes and quips. Is he really a scapegoat? In such cases the victim is not disliked nor is he discriminated against. Prep school, army camps, naval crews often practice this kind of horse-play. There are unjust accusations (and even the scapegoater is aware that they are unjust): the victim is blamed (but his innocence is secretly acknowledged); there is aggression in word and in deed (but it is held within bounds, and in a good-natured way retribution may be made). In such instances the victim may be the "goat" but he is not, strictly speaking, a "scapegoat."

Scapegoating sometimes starts to develop but is nipped in the bud. The victim, for example, may cleverly reverse the tide against him by winning for himself favorable regard. The weak child about to become a victim may stiffen his resistance, or the child in a precarious social position may give a successful party. Or else, a third person may change the situation and distract the persecutors from their course. Obviously too, good law enforcement and strong public opinion restrain scapegoat tendencies.

There is one other borderline condition wherein scapegoating is institutionalized, and proceeds according to an unwritten code, accepted by persecutor, victim and onlooker alike. In public life when anger is aroused over some unsavory incident, it often happens that "a lamb is led to the slaughter" and the public (including the newspapers) is appeased. For example, when in a state institution for the insane a patient escapes, or a patient dies under suspicious circumstances, the superintendent finds it convenient to "investigate" and to fire someone. Often there is no culprit at all, but some employee must be blamed. In dismissing him the superintendent may secretly give him a good recommendation. The official does merely what is expected of him. Although unfair to the individual, such scapegoating is in fact a relatively easy way to repair one's public relations.

We should add that in a democracy the scapegoating of government officials is an accepted outlet for personal peeves. In particular the President of the United States, even though he may be popular at the outset of his administration, invariably attracts hostility which does not, from the rational point of view, appear even remotely appropriate. During the days of the New Deal a testy and captious Maine Republican farmer drove over a bump in the road (caused by frost) and grumbled, "This is a Roosevelt road." A rural Democrat similarly blamed President Eisenhower for the low price of eggs.

This peculiarity of our political system makes for gross unfairness, and requires a particularly tough statesman to "take it." So strong is the tendency for citizens to project blame for their own feelings of insecurity and frustration upon top officials of the government that it is impossible for any single administration to remain long in office, however successful it may have been from the objective point of view. Suffering from the ordinary frustrations of life, people sooner or later want to kick the "rascals" out.

APATHY

"Heroes are not born, but created by the dangers and trying circumstances of life."

"One's philosophy is not best expressed in words; it is expressed in the choices one makes....."
Eleanor Roosevelt

"The world is too dangerous a place to live in.....not because of the people who do evil, but because of the people who sit and let it happen."
Albert Einstein

"Fear not your enemies, for they can only kill you.....
Fear not your friends, for they can only betray you.....
Fear only the indifferent who permit the killers and betrayers to walk safely on the earth."
Edward Yashinsky

"The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing."
Edmund Burke

"Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it."
George Santayana

"First the Nazis came for the communists. I didn't speak up because I wasn't a communist. Then, they came for the Jews. I didn't speak up because I was not a Jew. When they came for the trade unionist, I didn't speak up because I wasn't a trade unionist. And, when they came for the Catholics, I didn't speak up because I was a Protestant. Then, when they came for me, by that time there was no one left to speak for anyone."
Pastor Martin Niemoller, Lutheran Minister in Germany

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."
Wendell Phillips

"To sin by silence when they should protest, makes cowards of men."
Abraham Lincoln

"When you have a choice to make and you don't make it.....that in itself is a choice."
William Jones

"Each time a person stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others.....she/he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope, and, crossing each other from a million different centers of energy and daring, those ripples build a current that can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance."
Robert Kennedy

UNITED NATIONS
DECLARATION OF RIGHTS OF THE CHILD

- Every child in the world has rights.
- Every child has the right to be strong and healthy in mind and body.
- Every child has the right to have a name and a country.
- Every child has the right to have enough food to eat, a place to live, and a doctor's care.
- Every child who is handicapped has the right to special treatment and care.
- Every child has the right to grow up in a family feeling safe, loved and understood.
- Every child has the right to go to school and to play.
- Every child has the right to be watched over and taken care of in times of danger.
- Every child has the right to be protected from cruelty or unfair treatment.
- Every child has the right to grow up without fear and hatred, and with love, peace, and friendship all around.